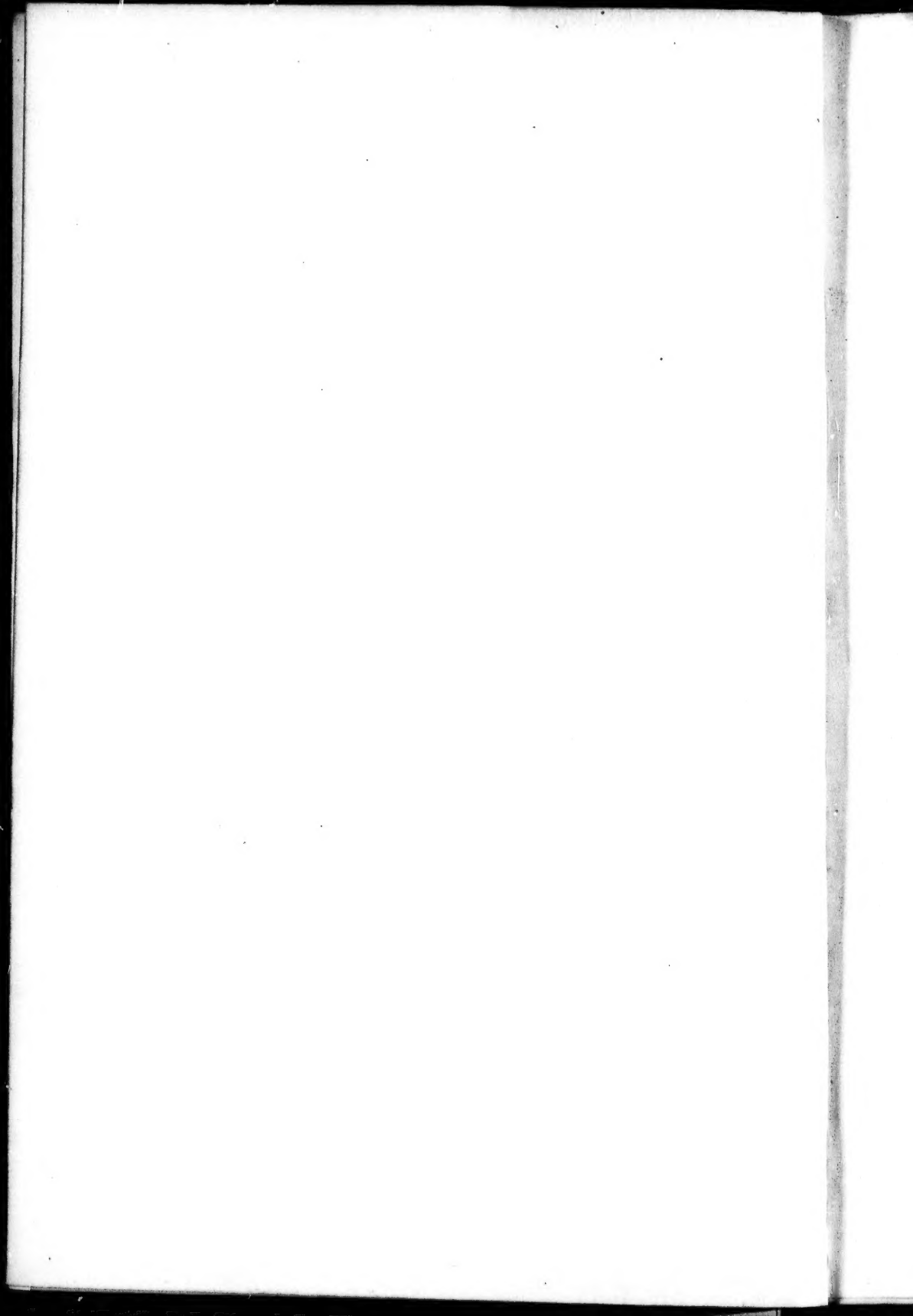
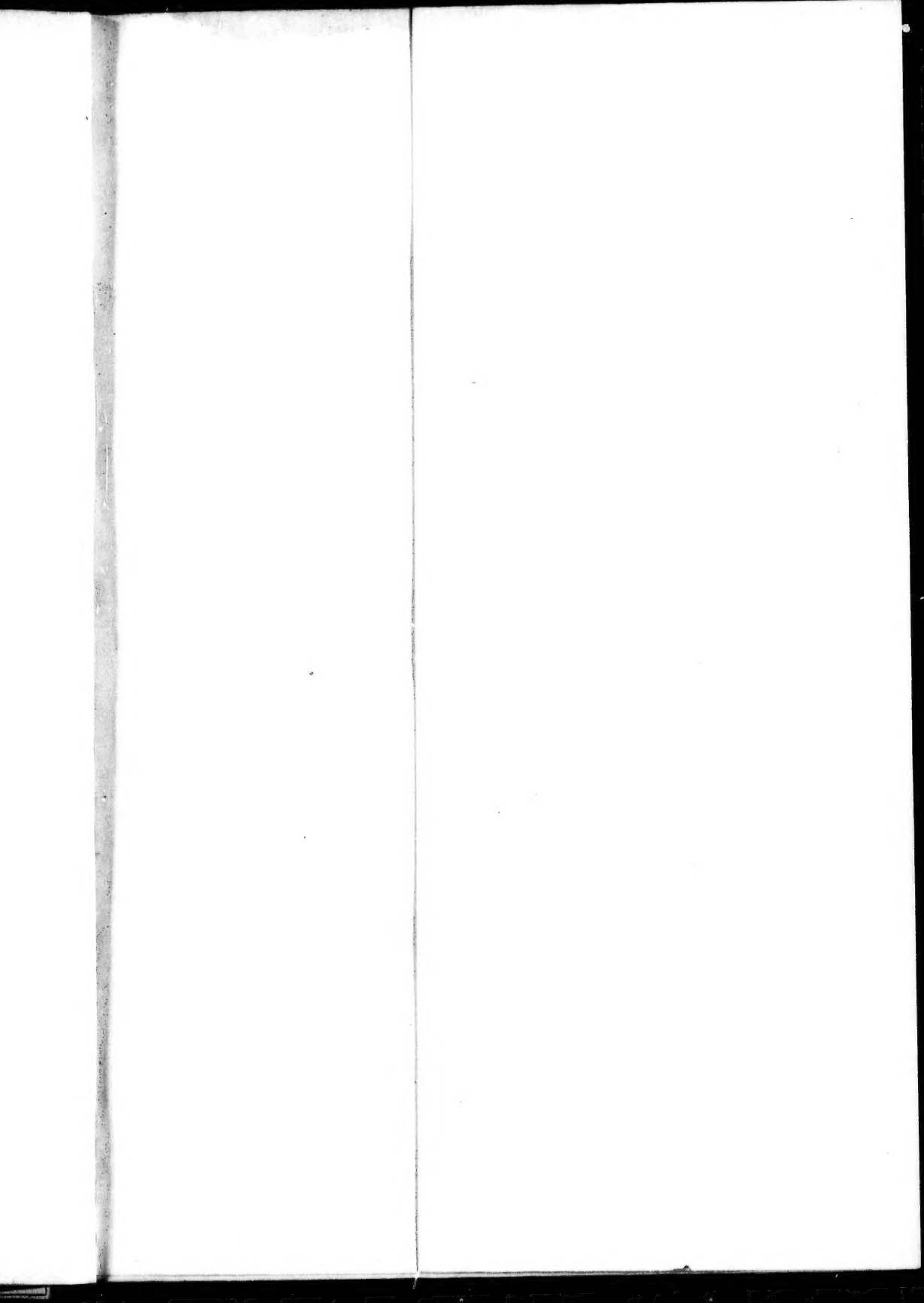




THE CRUISE OF THE "ST. GEORGE," R.Y.S.
TO SEE THE WORLD.









icated thus: —

THE CRUISE
OF
THE "ST. GEORGE," R.Y.S.

(E. J. WYTHES, Esq., Bickley Park, Kent, owner)

TO SEE THE WORLD,
1891-92.

BY
GEORGE FYFE, M.D.

WELLINGTON, SALOP:
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The Course of the Yacht

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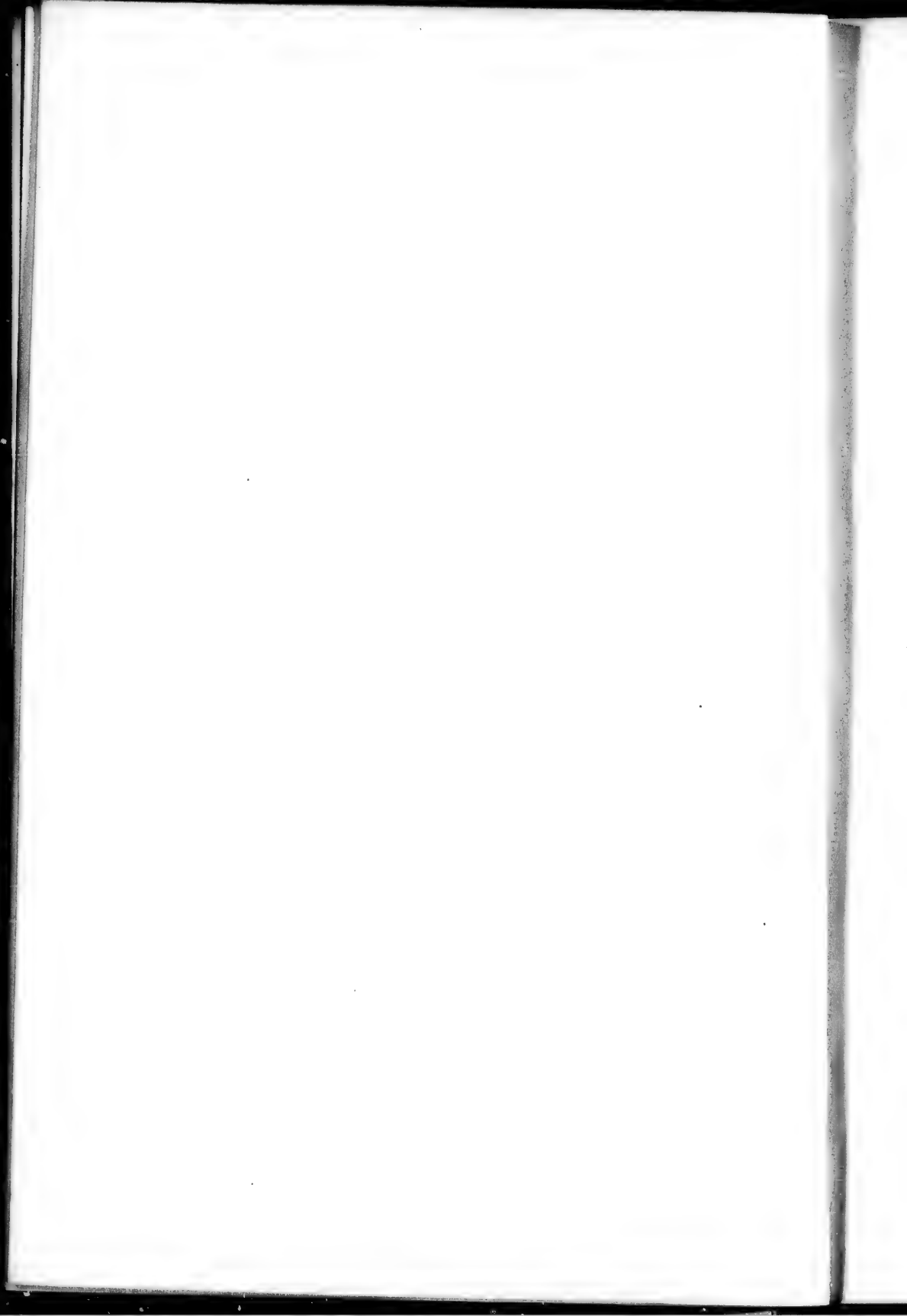
PREFACE.

THESE letters have no pretensions to literary or scientific merit, but only profess to give a chatty account of the Cruise of Mr. Wythes and party in his splendid yacht, the *St. George*, R.Y.S. to see the World; of what we saw and the people we met, with just so much of historical retrospect and allusion as seemed necessary to give interest and cohesion to the general matter. As they originally appeared in a Lincolnshire newspaper (hence sundry local allusions), the style was adapted for the cursory glance of the newspaper skimmer, but having been written on the spot and sent home from point to point of the 43,000 miles of sea-way we traversed, it is hoped they may be found still smelling so fresh of the sea breeze as to supply to such readers as would liked to have been with us, a pleasing mental picture of a social cruise round the globe.

GEORGE FYFE, M.D.

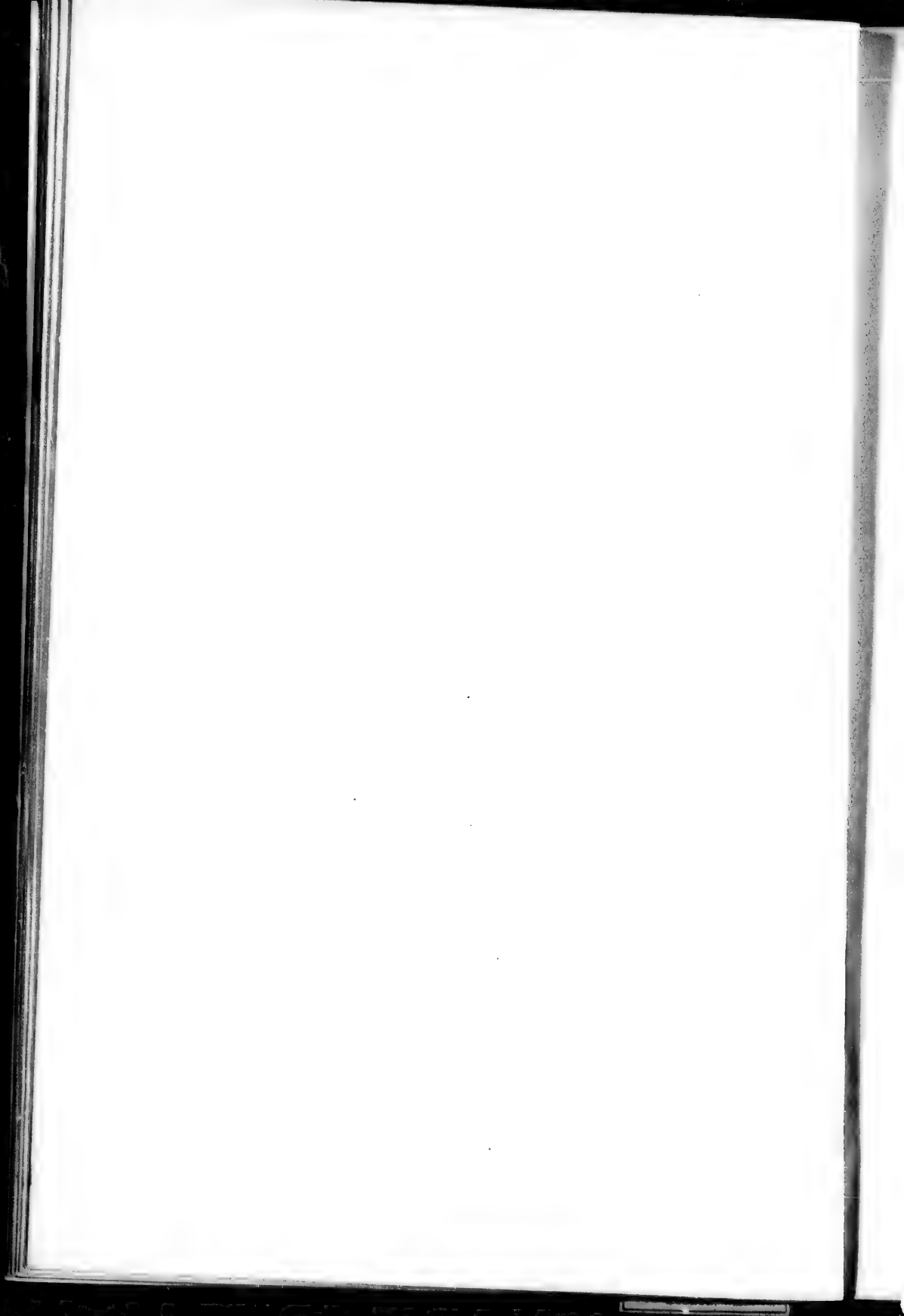
Wellington,
Salop.

October, 1893.



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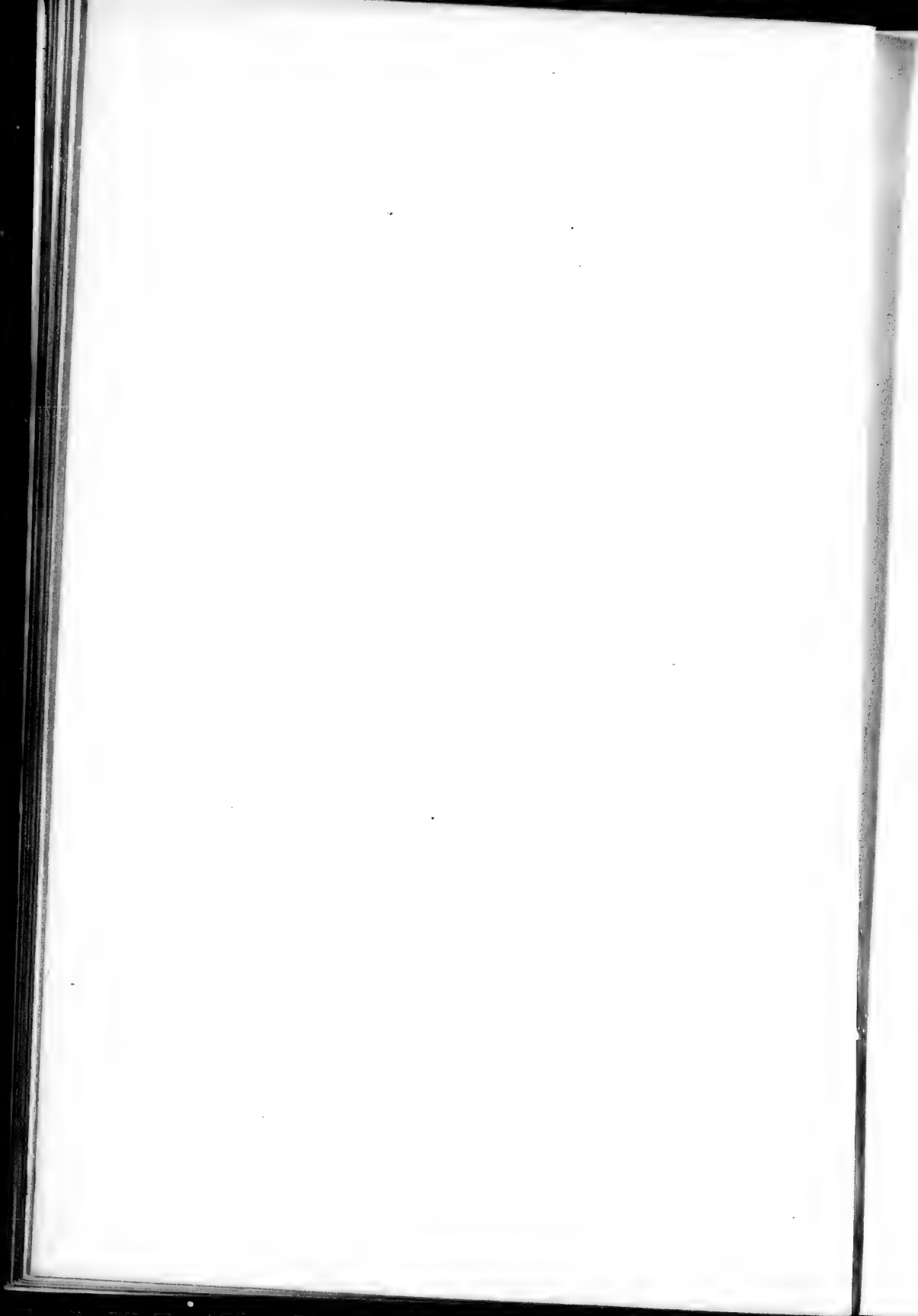


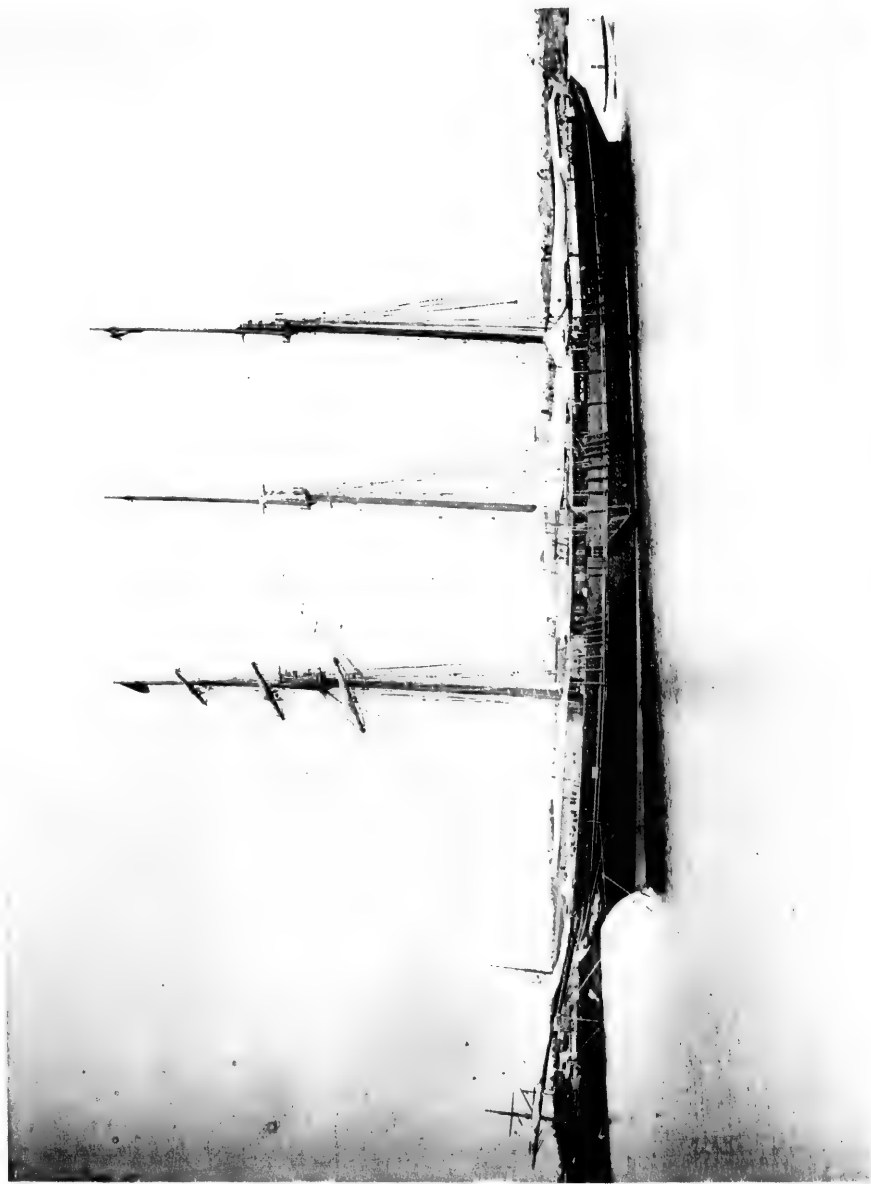
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The "S. George." RVS

THE CRUISE OF THE "ST. GEORGE," R.Y.S. TO SEE THE WORLD.

LETTER I.

SOUTHAMPTON TO MALTA.

THERE are perhaps few people who at some period of their lives have not felt a longing "to see the world." Time and expense, however, come in the way with most of us, and with those to whom these obstacles do not apply, the great majority are probably deterred from gratifying their globe-trotting inclinations by a lurking dread that travelling and voyaging in distant parts are necessarily attended with discomforts and perils—a mistaken notion, by the way, so far as I am assured by all the best travelled people I have ever met. To such as I have bracketed in the above remark, it has occurred to me that an occasional summary of the brief and roughly made entries of my diary of a circumnavigation pleasure cruise may not prove unacceptable reading, and I therefore send you the first instalment, covering the 2,300 miles of sea-way, between Southampton Water and Valetta harbour. Let me first, however, introduce you to the *St. George* yacht, and the 'live stock' aboard of her who are to be under my medical care for the two years of our far sea-roving pilgrimage round the globe.

The *St. George* is a three-masted auxiliary-screw steam yacht, and next to the Royal yachts is one of the largest and finest of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which her owner is a member. She was built at Leith, by Ramage & Ferguson, from the design and specifications of a first-class yacht architect (Mr. Storey) for her owner's use (E. J. Wythes, Esq.,) and has cost about £50,000. The predominant idea in her construction has been to combine strength and sailing qualities and special adaptation for navigation in distant seas, with elegance of yacht like symmetry, and every home like convenience and indeed luxurious comfort for the sea-farers aboard of her. The *St. George* is a hundred and ninety-two feet long and thirty-two feet beam, 1,000 tonnage, double-bottomed of teak and steel, first-class engined, and with every thing in duplicate in case of break downs where repairs could not be effected; capable of steaming twelve knots an hour and of doing fifteen under canvas, for which she is specially rigged with arrangements for feathering her screw to favour her sailing speed; electric lighted all over and electric search light if at any time needed. As to our cabins they are like elegantly upholstered bedrooms, ten feet high and nearly twelve feet square, with marble baths and hot and cold water arrangements. The saloon is thirty feet wide, well-lighted and ventilated, with open fireplace and overmantle, richly furnished, decorated and upholstered; has organ, piano, and well-selected library, chiefly travel, science, and fiction; as well as ample lounging and writing conveniences. The reception and smoking room on the deck is in keeping with the saloon, and forms an elegant and luxurious lounge for wet days and evenings. The fact is, until we were rudely disillusionised by the "heasy-hosy" sensations of the choppy sea of the Atlantic, that we were soon to make the acquaintance of, we could readily beguile ourselves into thinking that we were not aboard at all, but living in an elegant home on shore. As to what I have jocosely called our "live stock" there are fifty-three all told, consisting of thirty-seven A.B's and ship's officers, nine in steward's department, and seven gentlemen including the owner and myself. Our table is an exceptionally excellent one in viands, wines, beverages, &c., as well as in the no less important matters of cooking and waiting. Add to all this, that the owner is the kindest and most thoughtful of hosts, and his friends aboard excellent fellows all, and indeed no better could be found for *compagnons de voyage*, because of their irrepressible spirits

for rollick and repartee, which not even the terrible "duster" we encountered in the Bay of Biscay could quite subdue. With this "quasi kind of introductory"—as Daniel O'Connell used to say—to the *St. George* and her occupants, I will now get under weigh with my narrative.

We left our moorings in Southampton Water on Monday morning, 19th January, 1891, after taking in a hundred and thirty tons of coal, and filling our water tanks, with the temperature so low that the decks became sheeted with ice in the vain attempt to wash them after the coaling; and even the whistle steam pipe was frozen up. We had, however, a delightful run down the Channel, with a light north-easterly wind to Start Point, which we reached about 8-30 p.m. This would be Tuesday in the log book, as the nautical day begins at 12 o'clock noon. Our course was now shaped for Ushant, and we were in hopes, as a light north-east wind generally forecasts a favourable passage through the Bay of Biscay, that our first night at sea would be as comfortable as the previous day and merry evening had been enjoyable. Towards morning, however, the wind swung round to south-west—the prevailing wind of the Atlantic—and a strong breeze sprang up with a very nasty choppy sea. Matters got rapidly worse after passing Cape Ushant, and steering s.w. $1\frac{1}{2}$ West across the Bay of Biscay for Finisterre. During all Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the gale continued to increase in violence, scourging the sea into fury, and making mountains and valleys of the waves. The *St. George* had now a lively time of it, as the big Atlantic rollers made her oscillate, according to the indications of the clinometer, from thirty degrees to port to thirty-nine to starboard, and she came by a good deal of damage by the heavy seas that from time to time broke over her. I hardly need add that nearly every man-jack of us suffered more or less acutely from the gastric horrors of *mal de mer*, and speaking for myself at least, by the end of my third day's antiperistaltic experiences I began to feel rather limp and woebegone, and probably, just then, sceptical ideas of the pleasures of yachting were not altogether absent from my mind. I am afraid I must here admit that I have lost all faith in medicinal remedies for sea-sickness, having tried several to no purpose—such as sodiumbromide, cocaine, antipyrin, &c. Some mitigation of one's miseries, however, may be derived from lying flat on your back, and living on dry biscuits and cold water, and probably, after the stomach

has become settled enough to retain it, a glass of champagne or brandy-and-soda water may be found useful as a pick-me-up. Our progress through the bay was slow, especially during Thursday, when the gale was at its worst, as her rate of going had to be slowed down to three knots an hour, to avoid driving her into the big seas that were unremittingly heading on to her, and to minimize the amount of damage they were inflicting upon her. Several fine bonitos and shoals of porpoises were occasionally seen disporting themselves alongside the yacht with the natatory antics peculiar to each. The bonito is said to be very good eating, and the fishermen on the French coast come a long way out into the bay to fish for them, which they do with hooks baited with feathers or a bit of bunting. It was great fun to watch the bonitos from the bridge, rushing through the water at great speed, and so near the surface as to be quite visible, and spring fairly out of it and then on again in their fleet career, as if to gather fresh momentum for their next spring. When we afterwards got into the Mediterranean we were further entertained by noticing the beautiful phosphorescent tracks they made at night on the surface of the water, and the rapidity with which they swam from side to side under the ship's hull, and then darting away with the speed of an express train, until their fiery trail gradually became lost to view in the distance. After passing Finisterre and getting into the "Portuguese Current," a considerable improvement took place in the weather. Our captain unintentionally gave the Spanish "Land's End" an extra wide berth, as, on taking the Azimuth, he found he was seventy miles off the shore instead of twenty as he had supposed. Had it so happened to have been foggy and cloudy weather, preventing observation being taken, as in H.M.S. *Serpent's* case, and the fifty miles of deviation been landward instead of seaward, we might have made a similarly disastrous acquaintance with the fatal Camarinas. Our sail down the Portuguese coast was thoroughly delightful, and we not only quickly forgot our miseries of the three previous days, but were inclined to credit the *mal de mer* with giving us an extra zest for the menu of the *St. George*, although that is at all times enticing by its quality and variety. Deck games and "ragging," and rifle practice at extemporised targets drifted out from the stern, or lounging in a deck chair with a favourite author, was now the order of the day.

In this very pleasant if uneventful way, we passed the

next two days—"sailing, sailing over the 'tranquil' main," and arrived at Gibraltar at 2-30 a.m. on Sunday morning. In our course southward from Finisterre we passed in succession the Berlings—barren rocks, surmounted by an important coast light, and formerly used by Portugal as a penal establishment—then Capes de Roca and Espichel, on either side of the estuary of the Tagus, where we saw numbers of fishing yawls busy at work, or on their way to and from their fishing grounds, and giving a very pretty effect to the placid sea view. Cape St. Vincent next came in sight, with its lofty headland, surmounted at its highest part with a large white-walled convent, which from its altitude of position can be seen a long way out at sea. Cape St. Vincent is memorable for the exploit of Sir John Jarvis, whose family still hold the title of the "Earl of St. Vincent," that was conferred upon him in honour of his victory. Having rounded St. Vincent, we next sighted, late on Saturday evening, Trafalgar lights, at the head of the bay of that name, where Nelson defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain, but with the loss of his own life, which the English nation valued almost as much as his victory. Having passed Cape Trafalgar, we now began to enter the Straits of Gibraltar, guided by Cape Spartel light on the African, and Tarifa light on the Spanish coast. In the grey light of midnight the dim outline of the rock of Gibraltar could now be noticed gradually coming into view, as the yacht drew nearer to Europa Point. The light on this point—the southern-most extremity of the rock, is of invaluable service for safely making the bay on a dark night, inasmuch as it has a bayward and a seaward colour—the bayward red, and the seaward white—and by keeping the white light only in sight an approaching vessel can reckon on giving the coast between Tarifa and Algeciras a safely wide berth, by not making the turn into the bay too soon. The *St. George* having entered the bay, took up a position just inside the "New Mole," and having dropped her port and starboard anchors in spread-eagle fashion, and with a shore rope from her stern, lay as steady and motionless on the water as a tower on a rock. The heavy trundling rattle of the anchor chains running out at the hause holes, is very pleasant music to hear, I assure you, after you have been at sea for the first week in your life, and I required no wooing from Morpheus, when I "tumbled in" at half-past two on Sunday morning, 25th January.

As we knew our time at "Gib." was to be short, we

endeavoured to make the most of it; and accordingly soon after breakfast, the steam launch put us ashore at the Ragged Staff Battery landing, with arrangements for bringing us back again in time for service on board, and which is always held at 6-15 p.m. in the saloon every Sunday. The town of Gibraltar is situated along the foot of the west side of the rock, extending north and south from the "Great Gate," near the Old Mole (or "Devil's tongue," so called from the amount of fire the heavy ordnance with which it is armed could spit out from its numerous embrasures,) to near Europa Point on the South. We found the streets scrupulously clean, comfortable for walking, from being paved with wood, and well drained and free from all unsanitary odours. They are arranged for the most part at right angles, the two main streets parallel to the shore, being intersected by those running up from it. The houses are all light-coloured and flat roofed, with lattice windows, verandahs and awnings, which give a semi-oriental look to the town, while the villas of the wealthier residents and officers' quarters on the hill side sloping to Europa Point, have a very picturesque appearance from their being embowered in gardens and shrubberies, and cosily ensconced in the sheltering embrace of projecting spurs of the rock. We were very much struck with the number and variety of racial types of face and costume we saw, especially in the neighbourhood of the market, near the "Great Gate" at the north or commercial end of the town. In addition to the English part of the population, civil and military—not overlooking the Scotch Highlander in his smart regimental kilt dress—we saw Spaniards, Moors, Greeks, Jews, Genoese, and French, and all seemed to get on comfortably together, following their own customs and religions without interference or restriction—Gibraltar being a free port, and under the benign guardianship of the British flag. The climate is dry and mild, and although one or two months in the summer may be a little too hot to be quite comfortable, the average of the year is enjoyable and healthy, and many English people make a permanent residence of the place solely on that account. It is said, however, to be trying to very young children, and that many die from convulsions. It is bright and warm here at present, and we feel it a great and pleasant contrast to the rigorous wintry weather we left behind us in England hardly a week ago. Opposite the town of Gibraltar, on the other side of its semi-circular bay (which is five miles broad and seven miles

long), is to be seen the Spanish town of Algeciras, and at its head another Spanish town, St. Roque, beyond which are extensive forests of cork oak. The water of the bay is remarkable for its great clearness, so much so, that a fisherman can see the fish at his baited hook over fifty feet down in the water. After taking a hurried look at the churches and public buildings, &c. in the town, we prolonged our walk round the foot of the rock on the north side, as far as the little fishing village of Catalan on the east side. This enabled us to see to advantage the northern extremity of the rock, which is 1,450 feet high, and rises sheer out of the low lying ground forming the narrow peninsula connecting the British and Spanish territories. High upon the breast of this perpendicular cliff, you see numerous embrasures which are connected with galleries, excavated out of the solid rock. Behind these embrasures lie concealed from view, ordnance of great power and range, and having such complete command of the country all round that it would be certain destruction to any force that had the temerity to attempt an advance on that side. We were given to understand that important engineering works were at present in process of construction inside the fortress, and about which the utmost secrecy is observed, so that no one is now admitted inside, and the only parts you can see, with an order, are the Queen's and Union Galleries. Even a photograph is not allowed to be taken of any part of the rock, as we found to our surprise; for when one of our party had put his camera into position on the quarter-deck of the yacht in order to take a photographic reminiscence of the place, an official from the Mole immediately came on board and informed us that "it was contrary to orders, and that we must at once desist." As the rock of Gibraltar is the only place in Europe where the monkey lives in a wild state, we were curious to see some of them, but although we ranged the whole of the western side with our field glasses, we only succeeded in spotting a single group of three or four. I accordingly asked the orderly, who showed us over the galleries, as to their probable number, and he told me they had lately decreased very much, and that not more than twenty-five were now believed to be upon the rock. Families of plump little monkeys were occasionally seen, but after they get to a certain size they all mysteriously disappeared. They must either die or get trapped—probably the latter.

On Monday, while the yacht was replenishing her coal and

water supplies, we took a drive across the so-called "neutral ground"—between the English and Spanish territory—to "Spanish Town," to see the amphitheatre where the bull fights are held. The attendant who showed us over it and all the paraphernalia used in connection with this brutal amusement, appeared to take a ghastly pleasure in drawing our special attention to the ambulance arrangements, and the cupboard of medicine and surgical appliances for the treatment of the wounded matadors.

On our return to the yacht, all being now ready for leaving, we weighed anchor at 6-30 p.m., and steamed rapidly out of the bay and once more entered the Straits, with Europa light on our port-beam, and Ceuta light on our starboard. As we shaped our course easterly for Cape de Gata, we gradually lost sight of this grand looking pile of grey rock (and which on this its southern side rises to the height of over 2000 feet), and as we gazed back at it, we were irresistibly impressed with its being, what indeed it really is, an immense natural fortress of enormous strength. The skill and art of the military engineer so lavishly expended upon it, has now made it practically impregnable, and such that it could only be reduced by the starvation of a long siege; and as three years' provisions are always kept in store, to be successful it would have to be a very protracted one. We had the calmest of weather for the first night of our second week at sea, and the morning broke with the loveliest of clear blue skies, reflected in the beautiful dark sapphire waters of the Mediterranean. As we passed Cape de Gata we saw the snow-mantled and far stretching mountain range of the Sierra Nevada. We now lost sight of land for the next twenty-four hours, as we made for the African coast, passing Algiers and Bona, then between Serat and the small island of Galita, and after passing the Gulf of Tunis and Cape Bon we enter the Sicilian Sea, between the island of Pentalaria and the coast of Sicily, and arrive at Malta and come to anchor in the Senglea Creek of the Grand harbour of Valetta, at eight in the morning of Sunday, 1st February. The African coast is very uninteresting and is formed for the most part of low barren hills and sand dunes. The fine weather, glorious skies, and sea of oily smoothness that we began our second voyage with continued all the way, and deck games, &c., were again the order of the day. The p. and o. steamer, *Rome* passed us on our way, and it may be worth mentioning to show the amount of travelling and mail accommodation this great steam navigation company affords

to the public, that we met with two others of their fine vessels during our short stay at Gibraltar, the *Kedive* and the *Ballarat*—that is three in five days. My next letter will probably be from Aden, and as this one is already over extended, I will reserve my notes about Malta and its charming capital of Valetta to begin it with.

LETTER 2.

MALTA TO ADEN.

THE repair of the damage which our "bonny new boat" as our captain dotingly calls the *St. George* had come by in her passage through the Bay of Biscay, took a much longer time to complete than was at first anticipated, so that we did not get away from Malta until the end of the fifth week of our arrival there. This prolonged detention, although latterly becoming somewhat wearisome from the uncertainty of its termination, had nevertheless the advantage of enabling us to enlarge our acquaintance with this charming and interesting island, or rather islands, for Malta's twin sister, Goza, has attractions of its own that well repaid us for visiting it. The climate of Malta at this time of the year is at its best, and barring an occasional "Gregale" (of which more anon) is pleasantly warm and yet refreshingly cool, especially in the evening. Its moonlight nights are lovely beyond description, and many a jolly dance the sailors used to have on the fo'castle deck to the music of a Maltese string band that came out to us whenever the weather was suitable. Our days were characterized by clear skies and bright sunshine, relieved and refreshed with not too frequent showers of rain, which, however, had an inconvenient propensity to come on suddenly; and if at times they are sharp they are always short, and such a thing as an out-and-out wet day is

almost unknown in Malta. The Maltese winter is in entire contrast to that of England, for while in England vegetation is dead and dormant, Malta is clothed with the verdure of summer—the wild flowers of the way side and the cultivated crops of the fields and gardens being all at their best by the end of May. Thereafter, however, except where artificial irrigation is in use, all this array of green entirely disappears—the subtropical heat and absence of rain scorching and withering up nearly every kind of plant life, and this state of things viewed in combination with the light brown and yellow colour of the soil and the white limestone walls to be seen thickly interlacing in all directions, give the country a look of absolute sterility for the rest of the summer. From November, however, until May, freshly gathered green peas and succulent salads, and every kind of culinary vegetables are to be had daily in abundance; and as to the fruit, the orange and lemon groves of Verdala, Sant Antonia, Casal Lia, and other parts of the island are a sight to be remembered, the trees being closely crowded together and yet loaded with fruit in all stages of growth and ripeness. It is certainly due to Malta to say that there is no more delicious tasting fruit to be found throughout all the fructiferous domains of Pomona than a fully ripe and freshly plucked Maltese blood orange. The Malta "season" extends from October to May, and is very well indicated by the monthly amounts of the offertories at the only English Church in Valetta—the Collegiate Church of St. Paul, in the Strada Ponente,—at least according to the financial statement for last year placed in the pews for the information of those attending it. Thus the offertories for January were £20, February £25, March £35, April £42, May £20, June £14, July £5, August £9, September £9, October £15, November £20, and December £23. Many of the visitors are regular Mediterranean winterers, who come to Malta because of the mildness of its temperature—snow never having been known to fall—to avoid the rigour and irregularities of the English winter. The majority, however, consist of the families and visiting friends of the large number of officers of the Army and Navy stationed here, there being always about 7000 troops in garrison, and variable sections of the Mediterranean Fleet in the harbour. Society at Malta moves on a pleasant footing of free and easy affability, and acquaintances being readily made, invitations follow in abundance to all sorts of social gatherings, games,

and little gaieties. There are also public amusements of all kinds, a very good opera five nights a week, and the price so moderate that we only paid 25s. for a box for six; balls, notably those given by the Army and Navy Union Club, regattas, military parades and reviews, polo matches, gymkhana, game clubs, and a good free library and news room, &c., so that no one temporarily residing in Malta need suffer from *ennui*.

Malta has been styled *Flor del Monde*—the flower of the world—but although it has considerable claims to such an epithet, all of us thought that in strict propriety of definition this should only be regarded as a flower of speech excusable in Maltese patriotism. When, however, Valetta lays claim to the possession of one of the finest harbours of the world, all who have seen it will readily accredit it with this proud distinction. A good idea of the configuration of this fine harbour, and of the parts of the town that enclose it may be obtained by supposing the thumb of your right hand when turned back down with the fingers stretched well apart, to represent the position of the Quarantine harbour. The fore-finger would now represent the Grand harbour, and the other three fingers respectively the three creeks that branch off from it, namely, Senglea, Arsenal, and English creeks. On the outside of the thumb would lie the pleasant suburb of Sliema, with Fort Tigne at its northern extremity, lighting and defending the entrance into Quarantine harbour. Between the thumb and fore-finger will be Valetta, with Fort St. Elmo similarly situated, lighting and defending the entrance of the Grand harbour along with Fort Ricasoli on the opposite side of it. Between the fore and middle finger is the low hill of Corradino, on which are the military and civil prisons. Between the middle and third finger is Senglea town, with Isola Fort at its harbour end. Between the third and fourth fingers is the town of Vittoriosa, with its famous Fort Saint Angelo looking proudly over the harbour, and from which the twelve o'clock time gun is daily fired. It was so called in honour of the gallant defence it made under Lavalette against the Turks in the year 1565. Outside the fourth finger is Bighi, surmounted by the splendid naval hospital. The Quarantine harbour takes its name from the Lazaretto hospital on Fort Manoel, but the name has now no significance, as it has long since ceased to be used for quarantine purposes. It may, however, interest Boards of Health to know how precautions against the introduction of infectious diseases were managed in those days.

Thus, all persons arriving in the harbour were compelled to make a declaration, on oath, that they were not then suffering from, or had recently suffered from any infectious complaint, which, if afterward ascertained to have been false, the party implicated was summarily hanged without trial or right of appeal. Fort Manoel is at present garrisoned by the West Kent Regiment (2nd Queen's own), and having been shown over it by one of the officers, I was much interested with the guard room, the walls of which are adorned with a great number of cleverly executed amateur sketches and caricatures by various officers who had from time to time been quartered there. On the west side of the harbour, as already mentioned, is the delightful suburb of Sliema, where many English people and officers' families reside. The p. and o. steamers always moor in this harbour, and land their passengers and mails at the Marsamuscet steps on the Valetta side. The town of Valetta is built on an elevated tongue of land, known by the Arabic name of Mount Sceberras, and situated between the Quarantine and Grand harbours as already indicated. Streets or strada cross from one harbour to the other, ascending and descending in many cases by broad steps so as to look more like great staircases than streets. These steps are rather big and tiring to stride, which has given rise to the lines—

"Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs,
How surely he who mounts you, swears."

These crossing strada are intersected at right angles by others running parallel with the harbours, of which the principal is the Strada Reale, about three-quarters of a mile long, and extending from the Porta Reale at the southern end of the town, to Fort St. Elmo at its northern extremity. This strada has a very picturesque appearance from the variously designed and painted balconies that project from the windows. It has many excellent shops, where most things can be had both good in quality and moderate in price. There are also in this strada many places of great interest and well worth seeing, such as the Government Palace and the Armoury, St. George's Square and the Main Guard, the noble looking Opera House, with its handsome Corinthian portico, and many of the once famous Auberges of the Knights of St. John, now in use and occupation for various modern purposes and institutions. The Church of St. John, siding on the Strada Giovanni, is so well known that it would be superfluous for me to attempt any detailed description of it. Every person visiting Malta, as a

matter of course goes to see it, and I feel sure no one ever enters it without being struck with its magnificence. The eye is simply dazzled and dazed by the blaze of the decorations and the artistic wealth and grandeur by which you are surrounded, for, whether you scan the floor or the ceilings, the choir or the apse, the nave or the aisles with their side chapels of the knights, your eye everywhere beholds paintings and sculptures, mosaics and frescoes, rich draperies and artistic carvings, and bold and elaborate mouldings of strangely enigmatic devices, while every vacant niche and interstice is filled in with handsome decorative gildings, and all looking as fresh and bright as if they had been furnished only yesterday. In the reliquaries above the altar they profess to have an unequalled collection of Christian relics, some of which I may mention, but solely as a matter of curiosity, as I do not suppose anyone will believe in their genuineness, thus—one of the thorns of Christ's crown of thorns, a fragment of Christ's cradle, one of the stones that slew St. Stephen, the foot of Lazarus, and the hand of St. John the Baptist. I one day attended part of a service, and was much struck with the contrast between the elaborate ritual within so gorgeous a sanctuary, and the ignorant superstition of the worshippers prostrating and crossing themselves before images and pictures, and counting their rosary beads to the number of the repetitions of their Ave Marias. The priest is a very ubiquitous personage in Malta, there being one to about every hundred and twenty of the population, and as the Church is rich, owning about a third of the land—not, you may be sure, the kind that is said to be absolutely barren—it necessarily exercises great power and influence. A Liberal party however is fast springing up among the laity, and in the interests of popular education has already succeeded in getting English taught in the schools as well as Italian, which the priests were only in favour of. The English Church is only represented in Valetta by the Collegiate Church of St. Paul, in the Strada Ponente. It was originally called "Cathedral," but was changed into "Collegiate" in deference to Maltese views, or rather prejudices. Internally, it has a great resemblance to Gainsburgh Parish Church, without its galleries. The service was chaste and of the moderate type, without any attempt to imitate the high-faluting sacerdotalism of the dominant Church. It may interest some to hear that there is a very pretty looking Methodist Chapel in Valetta. I had no opportunity of being inside it, and therefore can only speak as to its exterior, but I have been told that those working in connection

with it do a great deal of good among the sailors visiting the port, particularly an old man-of-war's man, who has given his life up to evangelistic work among them.

Leaving Valetta behind us, if we now descend from the Strada Reale down one of those staircase streets, say the Strada Giovanni, proceeding by the "Nothing to eat" steps, (visited by Midshipman Easy, and so called from the number of beggars infesting them), and then down through the handsome "Victoria Gate" to the Custom House landing quay, we will now have the Grand harbour in full view before us. Lying nearly opposite, in the Senglea Creek, is the *St. George*, with half-a-dozen other yachts alongside of her, and riding at anchor here and there in this and the neighbouring creek (Arsenal) and in the south western portion of the Grand harbour are about a dozen of the largest ironclads of the Mediterranean Squadron, among others the *Trafalgar*, the *Victoria*, the *Colossus*, the *Polyphemus*, the *Collingwood*; also numerous cargo steamers of all sizes and nationalities, and great troopships, such as the *Seraphis*, *Orontes* and *Malabar*—that called while we were there—are constantly coming in and going out, after coaling or undergoing indispensable repairs (as in our own case), and for which there are better facilities for effecting at Malta than at any other port out of England. A large number of "coalers" from the north of England and south Wales are also to be seen busily debarking their cargoes, and a numerous fleet of small schooners engaged in local trading with Sicily, Italy, Greece and the coast of Africa, while the number of Dysoe-boats—many of them smartly got up and picturesque looking, with their high prows at both ends, and rowed in the peculiar Maltese fashion of standing and pushing, instead of sitting and pulling the oars, as with us—that swarm at all the landing steps, and are ready to take you to any part of the harbour or out to the ships, for a few pence, increase the maritime animation of the scene. The harbour is well sheltered from all the winds that blow except the north-east, which occasionally comes in in great force, causing considerable damage to the shipping inside. This north-east wind is not a true Levanter, but a local wind, called by the natives "Gregale," and is supposed to be the "Euroclydon" before which the Apostle Paul's ship drifted for fourteen days from Adria, and was finally wrecked in the Selmona Creek (the creek between two seas) at the entrance of the bay now known as St. Paul's Bay. The shipwreck is supposed to have happened on the 10th of February,

just the time of the year when these Gregales most frequently occur, and the Maltese celebrate its anniversary by a festival and holiday in honour of the Apostle. Guns are fired and detonating crackers are let off all round the bastions; the church bells are rung, flags hung out of the windows and across the streets, while all the statues of the Apostle are decorated with drapery and flowers, those of all other Apostles and Saints being covered for the day. Dramatic representations of a shipwreck are also got up. This year, however, the festival demonstrations had to be postponed in consequence of the most violent Gregale that had visited Malta since the terrific one in 1856, when the merlons of Fort St. Angelo, weighing eighty to ninety tons were torn from their fixings and hurled some distance away. Nor was there any need on this occasion to "act" a shipwreck, as a real one actually took place at the entrance of the harbour, with a loss of five lives. This unfortunate ship, the *Delmonica*, from Italy, was laden with wines and cheese, and in endeavouring to make the harbour she had her steering gear torn away by a heavy sea, and was then driven helplessly against the rocks under Fort St. Elmo, and continued to bump along the rocky shore until she was literally pounded into matchwood. Much damage was also done to the shipping in the harbour, although fortunately none of it was of a serious nature. Our yacht had a narrow escape of coming in for a share of it. Indeed had the *Morven*—whose shore warp had snapped, and so let her swing round upon her neighbour, doing her some damage—not succeeded just then in getting her steam up, and by slipping her cables got clear away from us, the whole five yachts would have scrimmaged together and been seriously disabled, if not totally wrecked. As it was, the *Soprano*, next but one to us, had her false keel broken off, and but for the timely assistance of a powerful Government tug in answer to her signal of distress, she would certainly have joined partnership with the *Delmonica* in the matchwood business. If, therefore, St. Paul's ship encountered a great gale anything like the one that blew into Valetta harbour on the 10th, 11th and 12th of February, especially at such a place as where the shipwreck is supposed to have occurred, and which I have seen myself and can therefore speak to—nothing short of a miracle could have saved any on board of the *Castor* and *Polux* from being drowned. There are many other points of interest in connection with our stay at Malta that I should have liked to refer to, but the limited space of a letter, especially as it is intended

to cover the two thousand miles between Malta and Aden, as well as a land trip to Cairo and the Pyramids, forbids my doing so; but in substitution for what I have left unsaid I will quote Lord Beaconsfield's opinion about Malta and its fair capital of Valetta: "Malta," says he, "is certainly a most delightful station. Its city, Valetta, equals in its noble architecture, if it does not even excel any capital in Europe, and although it must be confessed that the surrounding region is little better than a rock, the vicinity, nevertheless, of Barbary, of Italy and of Sicily presents exhaustless resources to the lovers of the highest order of natural beauty. If that fair Valetta, with its streets of palaces, its picturesque forts, and magnificent churches, only crowned some green and azure island of the Ionian sea—Corfu, for instance—I really think that the ideal of landscape would be realised."

On the 6th of March our numerous repairs and replacements were at last completed, and I may here mention some of them, by way of showing the amount of damage the yacht had the bad luck to come by in her passage through the Bay of Biscay: a new bow-sprit, a new gammoning—which, being too heavy a casting for any private firm in Malta to undertake, was made for us at the Arsenal works, through the kind permission of Admiral Buller, the Port Admiral—a new jibboom and boom whippers, the bridge ladder, and a portion of her thick teak bulwarks, &c. Lloyd's surveyor now came on board, and having made his inspection and report, we got under weigh, signalled "leaving" to the port station, and dipping our ensign in reply to the signalled "good-bye" to each man-of-war we passed, steamed half-speed out of the Grand harbour in bright sunshine and a smooth sea. As we drew away from Valetta we were very much charmed with the view the island presented to us, looking back upon it from the sea, and it seemed to increase in loveliness as we drew further away, and the coastline widened out and became more diversified. When we had got a few miles out, and the azimuth indicated twelve o'clock, the log was set and our course shaped S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. for Alexandria, at full speed. By mid-night the log showed a run of one hundred and eight knots. On the following day we witnessed a very remarkable sight. The water near the yacht seemed suddenly to become literally alive with fish springing out of the water and darting through it, while overhead soon gathered an enormous number of sea-birds, making a great clamour, and swooping down upon the poor fish. On enquiring

of our captain, he informed us that a shoal of flying fish were being pursued by bonitos, so the poor fish must have had a bad time of it from their foes in the air, and foes in the water. Several of the flying fish dropped aboard, which the sailors cooked for breakfast. We only saw land once in our four days' steaming, namely, when off the coast of Barca, and it was here that some of our sailors saw the first shark of the cruise. As it was of great size, it would be a lamia or white shark, which attains a length of from twenty to even thirty feet and is a particular frequenter of this sea. We were told he now makes a convenience of the Suez Canal in his trips to the tropics, and where he is known to follow ships for long distances as if scenting food. The phosphorescence of the sea at this part of the Mediterranean was singularly bright and beautiful, and surpassed anything of the kind we had seen either before or afterwards in the Red Sea. The ploughshare of the ship's cutwater as it went along through the smooth oily surface of the sea at night seemed to be turning up a tith of diamonds and gold, and the sparkling luminosity of the broken water twisted and rolled itself into ever-changing forms of dazzling splendour as it passed aft along the hull sides. This phosphorescence is said to be due to a form of vital energy in a microscopic zoophyte, called *noctiluca miliaris*, and also to other larger forms of life, such as Medusæ, for every now and then you could see great lumps of luminous matter like little moons turn up over the crest of the broken water and roll away with it.

We arrived at Alexandria at 6 a.m. on Tuesday morning, March 10th, and came to moorings inside the new harbour, and nearly opposite the Khedive's palace of Ras el Tin, from which he witnessed the bombardment of the forts in July, 1882, and when he had more than one narrow escape from the shells that accidentally hit the palace. This harbour, with its gigantic breakwater and mole, and splendid quays, was constructed by an English firm at a cost of two and a half millions, and is the outcome of English ideas since the occupation. The island of Pharos encloses one side of it, and the light on your left hand as you enter is on the site of the ancient Pharos, which was one of the seven wonders of the world. Lying next neighbour to us in the harbour was our old friend the *Vettor Pisani*, the Italian training ship that had been moored near to us most of the time we lay in Valetta harbour. Yesterday had evidently been washing day with them, as every stay rope was crowded with garments of all sorts and sizes hung up to dry. There is not

a great deal to be seen in Alexandria, as it has now become considerably Europeanized, and a place of commerce, instead of the seat of learning with a library of a million volumes, such as it was in the time of its great founder, Alexander the Great. Our guide, however, took us through the Bazaars, but we did not make any purchases, as the prices asked for the things we fancied seemed extortionate. Perhaps they expected us to bid a half, but we had no time for haggling, and we knew we should have opportunities of buying any thing we wanted at Cairo, where the selection was also larger. We next went to see Pompey's Pillar, an immense column of red granite, and also the newly discovered tomb of Cleopatra. The obelisks called Cleopatra's Needles, which that once famous royal dame stole from the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis and erected at Alexandria, are now, as everybody knows, the one in New York and the other on the Thames embankment, and where they are both quite out of place, and ought, in common sense, to be sent back again to where they were taken from. To the east of the harbour is the Bay of Aboukir, where Lord Nelson in 1798 attacked and completely destroyed the French fleet, the only two ships that escaped being afterwards captured. At its eastern extremity and near the mouth of that branch of the Nile that debouches into it, is the picturesque town of Rosetta, notable for the discovery in it of the Trilingual Stone, that enabled Egyptian scholars to decipher the hitherto unintelligible hieroglyphics. Having now arranged to send the yacht round to Ismailia to await our arrival there about mid-day on Sunday, and to go ourselves to Cairo first train next morning, we called at Cook's office in Alexandria, and took tickets for Cairo and the Pyramids, first, however, having ascertained by telegraph that rooms would for a certainty be reserved for us at Shepherd's Hotel, a precaution which we afterwards found was very necessary, as Cairo was so full that good hotel accommodation was difficult to find. We were told by people we met at Shepherd's, that there was a similar difficulty in getting away from Cairo, as the p. and o. boats passing through the canal were always so full that passengers from Cairo had often to wait a whole fortnight before they could get berths either at Suez or Ismailia.

We left Alexandria at 8 a.m. next morning, and after a very hot and dusty journey, arrived at Cairo, and reached Shepherd's in time for lunch. Our first impressions of Cairo and its neighbourhood were those of extreme delight, and re-

called very vividly to our minds what the Jewish Physician in the "Arabian Nights" story of the Humpback says of it:—"He who has not seen Cairo, has not seen the world; its soil is gold, its Nile is a wonder, its women are like the black-eyed virgins of Paradise." I must here abruptly terminate this letter as the "General"—our nickname for one of our A.B.S. who attends to the posting and enquiry for our letters—has just come to say that he is going ashore for the last time preparatory to our sailing.—(Aden, 25th March). I will therefore reserve what I have to say about Cairo and the Pyramids for the next letter, and which will probably be from Colombo.

LETTER 3.

MALTA TO ADEN.—(*Continued.*)

I HAD to close my last letter, dated from Aden, with unexpected abruptness, in consequence of the pilot coming aboard much earlier than I had anticipated, and when in the course of my narrative, we had just arrived at Cairo. This magnificent Mohammedan city and capital of Egypt, so rich in memories of the past, and surrounded with countless evidences of an advanced civilization of 6000 years old, and therefore long anterior to the eras of Moses and the prophets, is situated on the Nile at some distance above where it divides into its two main branches. The width of the Nile at Cairo is about twice that of the Thames at Westminster, and is a scene of incessant animation from the number of boats of various kinds and uses, and dahabiehs moving to and fro upon it. The character of the country on which the city stands, and by which it is surrounded is gently undulating, and from various positions many fine views may be obtained, which are much enhanced by the serenity and beauty of its

skies and resplendent sunsets. The population of Cairo is about 200,000, consisting chiefly of the true native Egyptians.—that is, the Fellaheen and Nubians—but with a large admixture of many other races, as is readily observable in the different faces, complexions, and costumes which are everywhere to be seen. Cairo has been styled "The brightest gem in the handle of the green Egyptian fan." That it should be compared to a "gem" will be readily appreciated by all who have seen it, and by what I have already said about it : but it may be necessary to explain, as well as useful from a topographical point of view, the other parts of the similitude. Thus, by the handle, is meant that part of the Nile on which Cairo stands, and down to where it divides into the Rosetta, and Damietta branches, while the "green fan" is the rich alluvial soil of the Delta—nearly always green with growing crops of wheat, barley, maize, cotton, indigo dhurra, clover &c.,—which these bifurcating branches of the river enclose, as they widen out in fan-like figure in their course northward to empty their waters into the Mediterranean. Having taken possession of our apartments at Shepherd's Hotel, and refreshed the outer man with a bath and the inner with some lunch, our first concern was a guide, and we had the good fortune to secure the services of a very intelligent one, by name Mr. Salvatore Patchy, who I must say did his best to make the most of our short stay in Cairo. Patchy could speak thirteen languages and tribal dialects, and having been courier to several notable personages travelling in various parts of the three contiguous continents, as well as having served on the intelligence department during the late Ashantee and Egyptian campaigns, he was generally well informed and had many strange experiences to relate. He first took us through the bazaars and mosques, the citadel, and other places of interest in Cairo ; and then to the Pyramids of Ghizeh and Sakkara, and explained everything as he went along as far as his knowledge enabled him. He also acted as paymaster for us in our excursions, and managed all such matters not only cheaper but more to the satisfaction of the parties concerned than we could have done ourselves, and moreover relieved us from much of the annoyance of the everlasting demand for "backsheesh" which is so universal in Egypt that I verily believe the babies are born squalling it. At least we saw lots of little brown brats by the doorsteps, hardly old enough to be toddlers, holding out their tiny hands towards us and shrieking "Sheesh, sheesh." Patchy was also useful in

helping us to make our purchases, and preventing our being imposed upon both as to quality and price. While on the subject of expenses, it may be useful to others to mention that the final make-up for the four days' trip from Alexandria to Ismailia, including everything except personal extras, only averaged £10 each. Shephard's extra bill, included therein, was reasonable enough, but we all thought the wine tariff a "leetle" too high. The waiting, too, was not adequate to the number of diners (two hundred and fifty). Several new hotels have in recent years sprung up in Cairo, but Shephard's still maintains its old reputation as the best all round fashionable hotel and the one where you are most likely to meet with travelling friends, as, from its being known pretty well all the world over, every new comer goes there almost as a matter of course. If you want to see the Cairo of Hirun al Rashid, it will be only wasted time and trouble to visit the Ismailian or west end, for it is all of modern construction by French contractors, in feeble imitation of London and Paris. The houses and shops, although pretentious looking, are so flimsily built that many of them are already tumbling to pieces, and the streets are broad, dusty, hot, and glary. But make your way up the street called "The Muski," and it will take you into the genuine old Cairo district. Here you will find all the streets (or rather alleys, for you cannot drive along many of them) so narrow that with the quaint looking lattices projecting from the windows of the upper flats, scarcely a streak of sky is to be seen, and so effectually are the rays of the sun thereby excluded, that they are all comparatively cool even in the hottest time of the year. In some of them the traffic is very congested, and what with camels, horses, and donkeys, laden and ridden, they seem to be quite choked up and altogether impassable; but with a little dodging, getting under a camel here, and into a recess there, along with the exercise of a little good-natured patience, everybody in the end gets safely along. Our guide here took us through the oriental and Turkish bazaars, where all kinds of metal working, moulding and casting, chasing and gilding, slipper, robe and cap making, silk and gold lace embroidery, &c., are all being performed before your eyes; and again into still narrower streets, where, on divans, on either side sit cross-legged the vendors of goldsmiths' work and jewellery, perfumery, drugs, &c. We made a number of small purchases to take home as presents, the favourite for female friends being some of the

very handsome-looking gold-embroidered Turkish jackets, and of which the divan salesman told us that he sold £50 worth daily during the Cairo season, besides consigning large quantities to Liberty's and other ladies' mercers in London and elsewhere. We next visited several mosques, of which there are said to be as many in Cairo as there are days in the year. In all cases we had to put on slippers before entering, obtainable at the porch for a small gratuity; and much importance was attached to our doing so, for on one occasion one of my slippers having come off unnoticed by myself I was immediately accosted by several mosque sidesmen, who, with a great display of concern, conducted me back to the entrance to have it replaced. The chief external features of the mosques are their domes and tall minarets, from which latter the Muezzin—the priest told off for the purpose—proclaims the hour of prayer five times a day. We happened to be inside a mosque, at one of the these callings of the faithful to prayer, and had thus an opportunity of seeing how they worshipped. They formed themselves in a line, with a "sheriff" or green turbanned descendant of the prophet Mohammed in the centre—all facing the "mihrab"—a niche or recess in the wall, decorated with mosaics of marble, ivory, mother o' pearl, &c., and pointing in the direction of Mecca, then bowing their bodies so as to touch the ground with their foreheads, and again rising quickly upright, repeat these movements several times; and while doing this, all mumbling together a prayer to the prophet. We also visited the Azhar University, where 2000 Mohammedan students from all parts of the world were receiving free education. We terminated our first day's sight-seeing by a visit to the citadel, and after looking over the gigantic mosque, with its pillars of variegated oriental alabaster, which Mohammed Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, erected in alleviation of his remorse for his treacherous massacre of the Mamelukes, we went round to the back of it to see the celebrated view from the Mamelook's leap. Beneath us lay the city, with its mosques and minarets, and stretching away up the valley was to be seen the green track of the river, studded here and there with clumps of palm trees, while in the distance were the sandhills of the desert and the Pyramids of Ghizeh, and further to the west those of Sakkara and Dashoor. As the sunset that evening was exceptionally lovely, I do not think that any of us are ever likely to forget the beauty and splendour of the scene.

Next day Patchy took us to see the Pyramids of Ghizeh, ~~and~~ which necessitated a drive of some seven miles from Cairo. We crossed the Nile by the fine iron bridge of Karz-e Nil—with its two handsome bronze lions at either end—and thence nearly all the way to the Pyramids, along a very good driving road, bordered on either side with rows of the long podded acacia tree—their long, dark, dense leaves completely excluding the sun's rays and making the long avenue delightfully cool and shady. This species of acacia is not an indigenous tree, but was introduced into Egypt from the East Indies only fifty years ago. It is so free a grower that a branch, or even a chip cut off the stem, struck into the ground and well watered will promptly take root and grow with vigour, and this fine avenue, over five miles long, and of well-grown trees has all been reared during the last forty years. By the assistance of the Arabs, plenty of whom are always waiting about for the purpose, and a frightfully howling clamour they make before they settle among themselves who is to have whom, we first ascended the "Great" Pyramid of Khufra, and were then conducted into its interior to see the king's chamber with its empty stone coffin, his mummy having long since been removed, no one knows by whom or where to. As the tenebrosity is absolute, each has to carry a candle while the guide uses a flare light whenever anything special is to be seen. Although the Pyramids are really only immense tomb cairns, the first half of each was always built during the life time of those whose names they bear, and were made use of, up to the time of their decease, as observatories for astronomical and astrological observations, for the reason, that they believed that not only their own destiny, but that of their dynasty, and people, was indicated and could be ascertained from the movements of the heavenly bodies. It therefore came to be a matter of religious belief with the Egyptians that as these kings (such as Khufra of the "Great" Pyramid, Khafra of the second, and Menkara of the third), knew the future, and could influence the stars to alter their courses, and in that way avert impending calamities, they could be nothing less than gods, and both during their lives and after their deaths, they were worshipped as such, and are said to have had more priests than any of the original deities. The Pyramids were also built due east and west, because these ancient Egyptians believed the "land of souls" was in the west, and in conformity with this idea they always worshipped in that direction, and all the pyramids,

tombs, and burying places are all found on the west side of the Nile. The "Sphinx," however, which we next went to see—(a human head on a lion's body, to indicate their idea of a supreme being, namely a combination of intellect and power, the faculty to think, design, and originate, with the power to create, fulfil, and execute)—looks to the east; because according to another tenet of their religion, all the good souls of the departed passed from the west to the east with the sun in its submundane course, the punishment of the bad being the time they had to wait until purified, and the object of mummifying the body, and preserving it as it was in life, and also of having "a double" or effigy of the deceased, was to enable the good and the purified spirit to recognise with readiness and to re-enter its old corporeal home. This being an essential point of their religious creed, they considered it a matter of cardinal importance that all the pyramids should be accurately oriented—that is, built true east and west—and in order to effect that object, the following plan was adopted in the course of their construction. A passage was carried up from the centre of the pyramid opening out on the north side, and by keeping their north pole star in sight through this passage as the building progressed, they were able to get a true north and south, and as a matter of course, also a true east and west. It is an interesting fact, and worth mentioning here, that the circumstance of their using the stars "a Draconis," and "a Centauri" for the north and south pole stars, under the mistaken belief that they were true fixed stars, has enabled modern astronomers to calculate the age of the "Great" Pyramid, by ascertaining and allowing for the amount of annual deviation, and which they thus reckon to have been built 3,300 years B.C.

Next day we went to see the Pyramids of Sakkara and Dashoor, the first fifteen miles of the way being by train to Bedreshayn, and the remaining five miles on donkeys. The donkey riding was great fun, and we were much amused at their names. Just fancy being asked to "have a ride on Charlie Dylk," "have a ride on the Grand Old Man," or "Mrs. Langtry," or "Mrs. Cornwallis West," &c., &c. Our attention was first drawn to the "Step Pyramid," which is seven hundred years older than the "Great" Pyramid, of Ghizeh, that we had seen yesterday. It is therefore nearly 6,000 years old, and is believed to be the oldest human structure in existence. The tomb caves of the sacred bulls were next shown to us, and it excited our utmost astonishment

how such enormous masses of granite could have been got into such narrow underground passages. The Sacred Bull, or Apis, was regarded as a symbol of the incarnation of the Egyptian god, Osiris, and when it died its interment was attended with much ceremony, and cost about £20,000. On our way back, we passed over the ancient city of Memphis, now buried very many feet under the accumulation of centuries of the warpy mud left by the annual overflowing of the Nile. No capital in the world dates so far back as this, or kept its place in history so long, and none has so completely perished or utterly disappeared as Memphis. Founded by the first kings of Egypt, 4,000 years at least before our era, it beheld the rise and fall of thirty-one dynasties of Egyptian kings. It survived the rule of the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman, and was, even in its decadence, second only to Alexandria in population and extent. It was seventeen miles in circumference, and like some other great eastern cities, included gardens and compounds round the various palaces and houses of the citizens. It continued to be inhabited up to the time of the great Arabian invasion of A.D. 640. Here we saw the gigantic but mutilated statue of Ramases II. (the Pharaoh of the oppression), that has lately been exhumed by the English Government, and, for safety from the vandal hammers of curiosity hunters, placed in an enclosure face uppermost on a low pedestal constructed for the purpose, a small charge being made for admission, which goes towards the payment of the keeper's wages.

We left Cairo next day by the eight o'clock a.m. train, on our way to Ismalia, and when at the station it may be of local interest to mention that I saw hanging up on its walls a placard of the ubiquitous firm of Marshall, Sons & Co., of Gainsborough. How useful a few of their traction engines would have been to the pyramid building Pharaohs, although "necessity" must have been to them a clever and versatile "mother of invention" in those remote days, to have enabled them to convey 2,300,000 stones averaging two-and-a-half tons each—in the case of Khufra's pyramid alone—five hundred miles from the quarries in upper Egypt, and place them in position on a structure nearly five hundred feet in height. From Cairo to Zagazig the country is everywhere green with luxuriant crops, and everywhere are to be seen moving about Arabs, camels, horses, donkeys, oxen, sheep, and goats; while busy waterwheels, and shaft and hand-ladling shadoofs are unceasingly at work, irrigating the fields and meadows. In

the district round Zagazig was the old land of Goshen. A little beyond Zagazig is Tel-el-Kebir, and eight miles further, by the side of the sweet water canal, is Kassassin, where the engagements took place in the late Egyptian campaign, and it is a singular coincidence that the English army should have made its way into Egypt over the very same route by which Jacob went down into Egypt. As we go eastward we come upon the large, square, massive underground warehouses or magazines which have been lately discovered and opened out, built by the slaves of Ramases II., among whom at that time were the Israelites. These immense chambers were separated from one another by massive walls ten feet thick, made with Nile mud bricks, and of which there were three kinds—first, bricks made with Nile mud and mortar, mixed with straw; second, when the straw was finished, the same combined with reeds or stubble; and lastly, of Nile mud alone, and which required a great amount of kneading to make it adhere. This, therefore, is a singular confirmation of the Mosaic account that the Israelites had to make their bricks "without straw." We now reached Ismailia, situated on Lake Timsah, the larger of the Bitter Lakes, where we found the yacht waiting for us. From the circumstance that exactly the same shells are found in the gravelly sand at the bottom of this lake as in the Red Sea, it is supposed that the Red Sea at one time extended up to Ismailia, and that it was across this part of it that the Israelites made their escape from their bondage in Egypt.

Having got on board the indispensable French pilot we now began to drop slowly down the canal towards Suez, the regulation speed being limited to three knots, for fear of injury to the banks from the ship's way-wash. We had twice to "gare up" that is, tie up to the side of the canal at certain "gares" or stations, to allow ships coming in the opposite direction to pass; for although by the aid of the electric light the traffic goes on by night as well as by day, the accommodation is greatly inadequate, and as the traffic continues yearly to increase, a new canal must soon be constructed, and indeed several schemes have already been proposed for the purpose. The electric light apparatus for night sailing is provided by the canal company at a hire of £10 for the journey, and is in the form of a square box, which is hung out over the ship's bows. When seen approaching these lights have a singularly weird appearance, but have great brilliancy and lighting power, so that half-a-mile of

the canal in front of the ship can be seen as well by night as in the day light. When passing Chalouf on the Arabian bank, we saw a very large caravan on the move, and which some of us thought consisted of pilgrims from Mecca; but they now generally go by sea to Yembo or Jiddah. Having got through the canal, we remained all that night and part of the next day at Suez, having dropped anchor in the roadstead off port Ibrahim, and while our water tanks were being replenished, we amused ourselves fishing. Among other queer fish that were caught was a diodon. The skin of its abdomen is so lax that it can distend it at will with air and water till it looks like a pouter pigeon, and makes the papillæ on it project like the spines of a hedgehog. When taken hold of, it emitted a funny barking sound, and spurted out some air and water, while making a snapping movement with its jaws, just as if it were in a great rage at you. One naturalist says of the diodon that he has found it alive swimming about in the stomach of the shark, and with its sharp teeth eating its way through the monster's stomach, and so killing it. "Who would have imagined," he remarks, "that a little soft fish could have destroyed the great savage shark?" The wells of Moses, where Moses and Miriam sang their song of triumph over the Egyptians are only a few miles distance from Suez, but our time would not admit of visiting them.

We now left our moorings at 4-30 p.m. and steamed down the Gulf of Suez, which merges into the Red Sea at the Straits of Jubal. On our way down we saw Mounts Horeb and Sinai, far away to the left, and at its southern extremity the Shadwan Islands, where the p. & o. ss *Carnatic* was wrecked in 1876. We now proceeded on our voyage down the Red Sea, a distance of 1200 miles, to the straits of Beb el Mandib, and a pretty hot, thirsty time we had of it, for the temperature all the way ranged from eighty-five to eighty-nine degrees in the shade, and which we felt all the more from the absence of wind, and the necessity for constantly steaming. As the Red Sea has an average width of two hundred miles, and our sailing course was nearly in mid-channel all the way, we did not sight land again until near Perim Island, in the straits of Beb el Mandib, except, of course, the several islands lying directly in the ship's track, such as The Brothers, Dadalus, Jebel Teer, Jebel Tukar, and the Greater and Lesser Hamish islands, where another p. and o. ss, the *Alma* was wrecked. We did not, however, lose any-

thing that was worth seeing, as the coast on either side is mostly barren hills and sandy wastes, and entirely uninhabited. Several dhows crossed our course, but whether they were engaged in honest trade, or had a cargo of slaves on board, we had no means of ascertaining. When off Suakin, about half-way down the Red Sea, several birds alighted on various parts of the yacht, such as hawks, owls, hoopoes, and the beautiful duck-green bee eater. The sailors caught them very easily after dark, by climbing up to where they were and pouncing on them with their hands or caps. Of course we let them all go again, but I hope the hawk and the owl did not breakfast off the smaller birds next morning, as it was probably due to the circumstance that they had been pursued by the hawks and owls, that the smaller birds had come so far out to sea. After passing Perim Island, a barren rock in the Straits of Bebel Mandib, where many a good ship has been wrecked, we steered eastwards, and giving the dangerous and precipitous headlands skirting the coast of Arabia Felix a safely wide berth, we reached Aden about 12 p.m., Monday, 23rd March.

The yacht is now at Colombo, 6703 miles from London, and is leaving in a few days for Singapore, from which place I hope to send you a further letter.

LETTER 4.

ADEN TO SINGAPORE.

If you have once seen Aden, your curiosity may feel satisfied, but I am sure you will have no desire to stay there, as the peninsula of barren rocks of which it is composed is as destitute of the elements of human interest as a pile of furnace clinkers can well be. Its intensely volcanic aspect and characteristics suggest to the mind of even the geologically unlearned, that it must have been formed from the disrupted

interior of some vast crater, in the geogenic age of terrestrial transformations, and that it remains now just as at its first upheaval, ghastly, hideous, and hopelessly barren. Very little vegetation is anywhere to be seen, as might be expected, where the heat is so overpowering, the soil so scanty and rain so rare an occurrence, that it seldom falls oftener than once in two or three years, and even seven rainless years in succession have been known, although curiously enough it was raining at the time of our arrival. On the hill tops, a little verdure and some dwarf trees are here and there to be seen, but this is due to the heavy moisture from the occasionally overhanging clouds. In such an arid country, the "water question" is necessarily one of primary and indeed of vital importance; and accordingly, in order to provide storage for the rainfalls, which are generally in proportionate abundance to their rarity, immense tanks of solid masonry had been constructed, from a very early period, the first of them as far back as the year 600 B.C. In the lapse of so many centuries, these tanks had become dilapidated and useless, but a portion of them (fourteen in number) have now been restored, with a holding capacity of 8,000,000 gallons. They are situated in a narrow valley, near the town of Aden, and being one of the few sights of the place, are worth visiting, if your time on shore will admit of it. Distilled water—for which there is ample apparatus provided at Aden—is chiefly supplied to the calling vessels, as in our case; and when it is prepared with proper care, it ought, of course, to be absolutely pure. I think it worth mentioning, however, that although the distilled water supplied to us, stood the "Condy" test satisfactorily, was clear and inodorous, and tasted sweet and wholesome, allowing for the flatness peculiar to all distilled water, yet we had not been more than a couple of days at sea, when many of the crew began to complain of symptoms of gastric and intestinal irritation, characterised by sickness, coated tongue, cholicky pains, and diarrhoea, and which all the sufferers ascribed to drinking the Aden distilled water, and such of them as had been the same voyage before, declared that it had always served them in the same way. The Soumali diving boys, who paddle themselves out to all the ships arriving in the harbour, in their fragile skiffs, made of pieces of rough timber lashed together, are a source of much amusement to those aboard of them, by their expertness in diving after coins thrown into the water, and which they eagerly solicit you to do, by incessantly shouting "Have a dive, master, have a dive?" or as the

little Colombo tamil boys phrase it, "Have a di, papa, have a di?" When trade is brisk, the diver makes a temporary purse of his mouth for the coins he has caught, putting them inside his cheek as a monkey does his store nuts; but as soon as there is a lull in the money throwing, he gets on his skiff, and ties his gains with a secure knot in a corner of his loin cloth. One knowing little rogue undertook to dive under the yacht for a shilling, but finding what he did not expect, that she lay seventeen feet in the water, he swam round the bows and came up at the corresponding point on the other side, and claimed the shilling, asserting and sticking to it that he had swum under the keel. The sailors, however, were too sharp for him, and having seen his manœuvre, refused to pay unless he did it properly. Some of these Soumali boys are rather nice featured, having pleasing, intelligent, and merry looking faces. We saw Arab diving boys at Malta, Tamil diving boys at Colombo, but the Soumali Aden boys far surpass them in dexterity of diving and swimming. "What's in a name?" and it may with equal point be asked "What's in a fashion?" for while we dye red and grey hair black, whenever we have a weakness that way, it is the fashion with the Soumali to dye his bushy mop of black hair—red! Among some interesting objects of natural history that we met with at Aden, two at least are worth referring to, the tobacco pipe fish, with its spineless body and its long pipe-shaped and mouthless snout; and the other, one of the ocean swimming crabs, called the "sea albatross," because, like the bird of that name, that can remain on the wing for several days without requiring to take rest, this swimming crab can move itself along the surface of the ocean with the swiftness of a swallow, for many days at a stretch, and a brief rest on a piece of floating sea-weed is all that it requires to enable it to resume its fleet career.

We left Aden on the afternoon of March 26th, and were not sorry to do so, for although the thermometrical temperature was not greater than what we experienced in the Red Sea, or afterwards in the Indian Ocean, it was of a more trying and dangerous kind, requiring greater care against exposure for fear of sunstroke. The run from Aden to Colombo is over two thousand miles, and had to be all done under steam, as the north east monsoon, which lasts from October to April, was still on, and being a head wind, that is to say, when there was any wind at all, we had still no opportunity of using the yacht's "White wings that never grow weary." On Sunday morning, we passed the island of Socotra on our star-

board beam. It is about twice the size of the Isle of Man, and is situated at the entrance of the Gulf of Aden, five hundred miles from Aden itself, and about one hundred and twenty from Cape Guardafui, on the African coast. It is tributary to the Sultan of Keshin, on the coast of Arabia, and he also receives a small annual subsidy from the English Government, on condition that he will never cede the island nor allow any settlement upon it without our consent. Its climate is more temperate than the mainland, and as some of its hills are over three thousand feet high, some parts of the island would make excellent sanatoria for the troops stationed at the oven of Aden. The yacht's course was now shaped for the Gulf of Manaar, separating the coast of Hindustan from the island of Ceylon, and which we entered on the following Sunday morning. Our seven days sail through the Arabian sea was of the uneventful kind, for, with the exception of seeing a large sea snake, a few bowswain birds, and an occasional shoal of flying fish, pursued by their natural enemies, the dolphins, there was nothing else worth recording. To be sure, the heat was a sore subject with us, especially when we got into the eighth degree channel, between the Laccadives and Maldives. We, who were on deck, with double awnings, iced drinks, and idleness, felt it bad enough, but how the stokers and trimmers managed to live I cannot imagine. It must have been something awful to endure, to be doing hard work for a watch of four hours at a time, down in the well of the stoke hole, when the temperature on deck in the shade was ninety-one degrees. As it was, three of them were completely knocked up, but their places were temporarily filled by volunteers among the sailors. We all slept on shakedown on the quarter deck, for although our Cabins are roomy and well ventilated, the heat up to two or three in the morning was quite intolerable, and your bed seemed to heat up under you till you felt as if in a frying pan over a fire. The usual hosing of the decks at sunrise obliged us to curtail our slumbers, but we were recompensed by seeing morning dawning over a tropical sea, the sun, as it were heliographing his own approach, by silvering the horizon with so dazzling a lustre that defied you to look at it. We passed Cape Comorin—the most southern point of Hindustan—at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, and after a pleasant passage across the Gulf of Manaar, we came to anchor inside Colombo breakwater a little after midnight on Monday, 6th April.

We had not reckoned on a longer stay at Colombo than ten

days, or a fortnight at most, but in consequence of an unforeseen delay in the arrival from England of some supplementary machinery required for the yacht, we were unable to leave until Thursday, 7th May. Ceylon, however, is such a little "world of wonder" in itself, and nearly everything about it is so altogether new and strange to anything we had seen before, that we soon found that a month was all too short a time to make even a rough acquaintance with its many and singular attractions. The chief drawback was the climate of Colombo at this time of the year, April and May being its two hottest months, and being also a moist heat, it appears to have some deranging effect upon the blood, so as to give rise to troublesome rashes, gatherings, and boils,—“Colombo boils” being a too well understood phrase among the English residents—and which we also had some slight experience of during our stay there. Most of the Europeans living in Colombo and the lowlying districts in the south and west of the island go to Nurellia during these months, a health resort up in the Central Ceylon hills, about one hundred and twenty-eight miles by rail from Colombo, and at an elevation of 6000 feet above sea level, to which I shall afterwards have occasion to refer. The first thing that attracts the attention of everyone arriving in Colombo harbour is the stupendous breakwater enclosing it, which was constructed from the plans of Sir John Goode, about ten years ago, at a cost of £700,000, notwithstanding that the work was all done with convict labour. It was formerly only an open roadstead, affording no protection from the south-west monsoons, and accordingly all the coaling and delivery trade was done at Point de Galle, as the least objectionable of the two stations. The breakwater has now changed all this, for it ensures safe and peaceful anchorage for the largest steamships, no matter how tempestuous the sea may be outside of it, and to give an idea of what a south-west monsoon tempest is, I may mention that it is one of the sights of Colombo to see the sea dash up against the outside of the breakwater to a height of over sixty feet. At the time of our arrival no less than nineteen large ocean steamers were at anchor in the harbour, and although they seldom remain longer than a day and a night, in a few days afterwards we counted twenty-three fresh arrivals. On one occasion there were five P. and O., two Orient., two Mes. Mar., two British India, a French man-of-war with conscripts for Saigon, and a big Russian steamer with convicts from Odessa to Vladivostock, to work on the Siberian railway.

The conscripts aboard the French man-of-war were evidently not very willing soldiers, as eight of them tried to escape by leaping overboard as she was leaving the harbour, and as none of them could swim, three were drowned; and we were told that about a hundred had succeeded in getting away during their passage down the Suez canal. With respect to this Russian ship, the following extraordinary statement appeared in one of the Singapore newspapers. —*The Free Press*: "Of the six hundred convicts from Odessa "by steamer, *St. Petersburg*, bound to Vladivostock, to "work on the Siberian railway, a contemporary says that in "some cases the sentences include the infliction of one "hundred to two hundred blows with the knout on their "arrival, and thereafter the welding of their wrists to the "barrows, which they draw in mines or public works, for "terms extending to so much as two years." The morning after our arrival, as soon as it was daybreak, the yacht was surrounded by a swarm of catamarans and bumboats, whose occupants were offering for sale all sorts of native things, Ceylon fruits, such as bananas, pine apples, cocoa nuts, limes, mangos, &c.; live animals such as monkeys, mongooses, baby cheetahs, &c; manufactured articles of various kinds, such as skate-stail whips, walking-sticks of cinnamon wood and ebony, tortoise shell and ivory ornaments, and jewellery and precious stones; and you will have to be precious knowing if you attempt to buy any of the last named from these Singhalese hawkers, as you may find to your cost when you return to England, what many have done before you, that the sapphires, rubies, catseyes, pearls and moonstones, that you have given a big price for, are only worthless Brummagem imitations. If you wish to buy native gems your safest plan is to go to the recognised jewellers in the Grand Oriental Hotel Buildings; but even with them you require to know what you are about, for although they will not sell you coloured glass for gems, they may palm off upon you stones of inferior quality, or flawed. Even if the quality is as good as they represent (although I have been told that all the good stones go to London, as Streeter's agents here are allowed to have first pick), still they will generally ask three times as much as they intend to take. One of our party, Captain Smirke, late of the fifteenth Hussars bought a very handsome Sapphire ring for four pound, for which they at first asked ten—and two others (Fell and Walker), who made a number of gem purchases, scored similar reductions.

The queer ramshackle looking boats, called "catamarans," that you see everywhere moving about the harbour, and also with a sail up out at sea round the coast chiefly engaged in fishing, are so peculiar to the inhabitants of this island, and of the coasts of Malabar and Corromandel on the mainland, that any account of Ceylon would be incomplete without a description of them. Your first impression that they must be very unsafe, is soon got over, and you rather enjoy the novelty of being rowed about in them, notwithstanding the cramped space of fifteen inches across that you have to sit upon, and put your legs into. These catamarans consist of a hollowed out tree stem, rounded up at both ends, with sides made of inch boarding, tacked on, or rather sewed on, with cocoanut fibre cordage, for there is not a nail in the whole concern. As this would be too narrow to remain upright in the water itself, it is supported by an outrigger, made of another log about half the length of the boat, and kept parallel to it, and about two yards off by two pieces of bamboo, lashed fore and aft at right angles from one to the other. When the wind gets strong and threatens to overturn it, one or more of the men get upon the outrigger to weight it down, sitting across it with their legs in the water, and according to the number of men so required, they describe the sailing capabilities of their catamarans as "a one man breeze," "a two man breeze," or "a three man breeze." The town lies to the east of the harbour, and from the yacht's deck we can see all the most conspicuous objects, such as the spire of All Saints' Church (of England), the dome of Wesleyan Presbyterian Church, the Hindoo Temple on the shore, the Clock Tower signalling station, part of the Fort Battery, and the roofs of many of the chief public buildings, while in the back ground, when the sky was clear enough, we could also see the range of Central Kandyan Hills, surmounted by the scalene-triangular shaped summit of Adam's Peak. Along the north shore of the harbour, part of the great belt of cocoa-nut palms is to be seen, that fringes nearly the whole of the island. If the cocoa-nut palm was not actually introduced by the Dutch, it was extensively planted by them during their period of occupation, as a source of profit, and their number at the present time is estimated to exceed forty millions. These cocoa-nut trees must be a great source of wealth to the present inhabitants, for Mr. Walker, of the Colombo Iron Works, Limited, (agents for Messrs. Marshall & Sons, of Gainsborough, the announcement of which is stuck

up in a prominent position, and in such large letters that he who comes must surely read it)—with whom I had the pleasure of dining one evening during my stay at Colombo, told me that he received £14 a year as rent for the produce of the few cocoa-nut palm trees in the small compound round his house, or rather I should speak of it as his pretty bungalow of Rheinland, at Colpetty.

As soon as you go ashore your first business will probably be to exchange some English sovereigns into Ceylon silver, and you will find plenty of Singhalese money changers hanging about the passengers' landing stage, and the neighbourhood of the Grand Oriental Hotel. As the value of the rupee is constantly varying, they make a living out of "the turn of the market," and the short prices they can get you to accept. The Singhalese are an effeminate looking race, and as men and women dress very much alike, with jacket and petticoat, and do up their hair in exactly the same way, namely, brushing it straight back and tying in a knot behind—for the men grew their hair long just as the women do—it is not easy to distinguish between the sexes, unless you happen to know that the men wear a semi-circular comb on their heads to keep their hair in place, whereas the women only use hair-pins. Beside these Singhalese money changers, you will also find at the landing stage, Tamils, Malays, and Hindoos, with jinrickshas, bullock hackeries, gharries, and other carriages, and all eagerly pressing their services upon you to drive you over the town. The Tamils are a strong looking race, muscular and well-built, and they do most of the hard work in the island, such as the coaling and lightering in the harbour, the portering on the quays, wharves, and warehouses, and supply most of the hands for the factories, mills and tea plantations, &c. The Singhalese consider themselves a superior race to the Tamils, and affect to despise manual labour, but according to the investigations of Professor Vichow, whose work on the subject I have just been reading, they are not a pure blooded race at all, but a cross between the Tamil and the Vedda—that is the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, but now nearly extinct. Availing ourselves of one sort or another of the conveyances I have just referred to, we had many pleasant and interesting drives in and about Colombo. What strikes you very much on first entering it, is the variety and beauty of the trees that everywhere line the streets and roads. I will here refer to only a few of them, but I could readily make up quite a long catalogue, equally striking in their

foliage, umbrageousness and floral displays. Thus the lettuce tree will quickly catch the eye of the new comer by its large light green lower leaves, and cream coloured upper ones ; it seems to cool and refresh you just to look at it. The shady tulip tree with its profusion of canary-yellow flowers, turning to purple as they fade, and looking as if there were two separate kinds of flowers growing on the same tree ; the gorgeous flamboyante, so ablaze with its bright orange-and-scarlet flowers as to suggest the propriety of its name, the temple tree, and the frangipanni, from whose pretty and fragrant flowers the essence of that name is extracted.

Two at least of our many drives are worth a passing mention, namely, Galle Face Esplanade and the Cinnamon Gardens. The former, with its long and lovely sea beach of bright yellow sand in front, and the open green park of the racecourse behind, is so English in appearance as to look like a south-coast watering place rather than the shore of a tropical island in the Indian Ocean. The Cinnamon Gardens are a little further off, but the trees communicate such a strongly aromatic odour to the air, that you can smell your way to them. The allusion of Bishop Heber in his well-known hymn to

"The spicey breezes" that
"Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"

is supposed to refer to the odour coming from these gardens, and which indeed can be perceived some distance out at sea when the wind is blowing from the shore. Ceylon cinnamon is the best kind known, and over four million pounds' weight of it is annually imported into London, and from there, distributed in the course of trade, all over the world.

Space will not permit me to do more than mention the Colombo Museum, with its splendid collections of the natural history and antiquities of the island, nor to give any details of our very enjoyable and well-contested cricket matches which some of our party and the cricketers among the ship's company had with the Gordon Highlanders, who are at present stationed at Colombo. I fear the rest of my narrative, so far as Ceylon is concerned, must now degenerate into a mere chronicle of incidents, or rather a sort of "table of contents" of the somewhat lengthy section of this letter which I had written in description of them, but which I now find is too long for introducing into it.

Suffice it, therefore, to say that we now went to Kandy—the ancient capital of the island—by the Government rail-

way, a distance of seventy-one miles from Colombo. The first thirty miles of it runs through low jungle country, while the remaining forty-one climbs along the hill sides to an altitude of fifteen hundred feet, and requiring some bold and skilful railway engineering to accomplish: some remarkable specimens of which we saw as we passed "Sensation rock" and the "Lion's den." Kandy being reached, we went to see among other sights, the famous Buddhist temple, the chief shrine of Buddhism, and which contained the so-called "Sacred tooth." We did not consider the tooth worth seeing as it is only an imitation one, like that in the Colombo Museum, which we had already seen, the original tooth—if there ever was such a thing—having been taken away by Francis Xavier, so it is said, to Goa, and there destroyed.

We next visited the magnificent Botanical Gardens of Peradeniya, about three miles back on the line from Kandy, which contains specimens of nearly every kind of tropical tree, shrub, and plant. As we heard there were plenty of thread leeches, as well as some snakes in the grass, we took good care to stick to the gravel paths.

The train from Peradeniya takes you to Nuwara Eliya (pronounced "Nurelia") or rather to within four miles of it, after climbing a further height of 4,000 feet during the fifty miles of its distance from Kandy. This is the health resort I have already referred to as being so much frequented during the months of April and May, and a greater contrast you can hardly imagine between two places, only one hundred and twenty-eight miles apart, then between Colombo and Nuwara Eliya, for while the temperature of the former, by night as well as by day, ranged from eighty-five to ninety-one degrees—that of the latter was only fifty-five degrees during the day, and forty-five degrees at night, and of course requiring overcoats and fires. We saw many English wild flowers growing in the hedge rows, and English fruits and flowers in the gardens. Some of us climbed to the top of Pedrotalagala—the highest point in the island, being 8,269 feet above sea-level. We now paid a visit to Mr. Stopford Sackville's tea estate at Maskeliya. Being a personal friend of one of our party, he had kindly invited us all to visit him, entertained us most hospitably, and showed us all the mysteries of tea growing and making, from the picking to the packing. We intended getting to the top of Adam's Peak,—but time would not admit of it,—in order to see the sacred "foot mark" so jealously guarded by the Buddhists on the one hand, who say

that it is the last foot mark of Buddha, when he stepped out of this world into heaven, and by the Mohammedans on the other, who believe with equal steadfastness, that it is the first footprint that Adam made upon the earth when he stepped on to it out of paradise. There are some temples on the top of the Peak, and pilgrims, many of them infirm and aged, keep coming in a constant stream from all parts of the countries professing these religions to worship this sacred foot mark.

On our return to the yacht, much to our amusement, we found an addition had been made to the ship's company in the shape of a couple of monkeys, one of them with a young one clinging to her. The poor baby monkey, however, had the misfortune to get drowned only a few days afterwards, in the following way. Jacko, the male monkey, having taken a great fancy to nurse the little one, watched his opportunity and having snatched it from its mother, carried it up to the top of the fore-mast screaming most piteously. Although he brought it back again, none the worse for the dandling he had given it, the mother monkey would never let him come near her again, but always made off at his approach. On the fatal occasion, being hard pressed by Jacko, she ran along the warp attaching the stern of the yacht to the harbour buoy, and being still followed close up by Jacko, leapt into the sea, when her poor baby got drowned. They have now both got "very much at home" with the crew, and their frolics are a source of some amusement to them in idle hours. The female monkey has apparently a partiality for finery; for, if anyone holds out to her a hand with a ring upon it, she will take hold of the ring, feel it all over, and look at it again and again just as if she was saying to herself, "how much I should like to have one, too." A few days before we left, some Indian jugglers came aboard and entertained us with a number of clever tricks. I will only refer to one of them—the instantaneous growing of a young Mango tree. The juggler first asked for some sand in a dish or basket, and into this he put a mango seed. After talking some gibberish to a puppet that he called "Ramy Samy," and that he took out of his wallet, and saying to it—"Ramy Samy make tree grow," a sprout made its appearance; then on further appeals to Ramy Samy to "make tree grow big," some leaves showed themselves, and on a still further appeal to Samy "to make tree grow bigger," it quickly developed into a miniature Mango tree with stem and leaves. He now pulled it up to show the roots it had made, and broke off some of the leaves,

and handed them round that we might examine them and satisfy ourselves, that it was no sham, but a real plant. We had in addition, the usual snake charming performances, but which I only allude to in connection with his explanation, as to how he rendered his performing snake harmless and of which he gave us some illustrations. The usual story is that the fangs had been extracted, but to be successful the secreting gland ought also to be removed, and I do not see how that could be done without at the same time killing the snake. His explanation is therefore not unlikely to be the correct one, that by irritating the snake to bite at objects poked at it, the poison is thereby exhausted and the bite of the animal becomes innocuous, until the sac refills, which takes about a fortnight to effect.

On Thursday, 7th May, everything being ready for starting, we left Colombo harbour about noon and stood well out into the Manaar Gulf, before we turned south. We were abeam of Point de Galle about 8 p.m. and passed Dondra light about four o'clock next morning, steering due east across the Bay of Bengal. We had a dead calm all the 1,200 miles across it, but although the sea was of such oily smoothness that scarcely a ripple was to be seen, except what a flying fish had made, there was, nevertheless, a long ocean swell—said by the sailors to be a sign of fine weather,—making the yacht roll fifteen degrees to either side, and quite enough to cause some of us to feel a little uncomfortable. A huge sun fish, with its great fat round body, and its queer retractible puffy eyes, was loitering rather than swimming directly in the ship's path, and it moved aside as languidly as if it thought the yacht ought to get out of its way. These sun fish are said to be so naturally lazy that they will sooner allow themselves to be captured than be at the trouble of making an effort to escape. The flesh is said to be good to eat, and the oil of the liver—which contains a great deal of it—is much prized by sailors as an external application for rheumatism, sprains and bruises. When about half-way across the Bay we passed many large pieces of driftwood, on some of which a great number of oceanic birds were clustered, probably resting themselves during their intervals of fishing. At 8-30 p.m. on Monday, 11th May, we sighted Brasse light off Acheen Head, the north-western extremity of the island of Sumatra, and a bearing was taken from it as we approached, so as to be quite sure that our distance out from the coast would enable us to clear the outlying islet of Rondo. This

is readily done by taking the angle of the light to the ship's course—say, four points on the bow,—and at the same time noting the log, and when the ship has run on her course until the angle is doubled, again note the log, so as to ascertain the distance run between the two observations, this distance run will be the distance from the light. After passing Rondo our course eastward was continued until Diamond Point was abeam at 1-30 p.m. on Tuesday, when it was altered to S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. in the direction of the Straits. It was now decided that instead of going on straight to Singapore we should put in and spend a day at Malacca. Accordingly, after passing Jurra Island at 5-30 a.m. on Wednesday, Aroa Island at 3 p.m., One Fathom Bank at 4-50 p.m., and later on in the evening, guided first by Cape Rachatta light, and then by Rendan light, we made the roadstead of Malacca at 1-30 a.m. on Thursday, 14th May. From One Fathom Bank to Malacca it is rather ticklish work to navigate a ship safely, in consequence of the great number of shoals lying here and there along the ship's course, some of them hardly more than a couple of fathoms under the surface, and although they are all carefully—and certainly copiously—marked on the sailing charts, the currents are so fitful and strong, that a shoal that was here to-day may be in some other place to-morrow. Navigating captains are therefore directed to proceed with caution, and to take test soundings from time to time. Our captain (W. Tutton), who is as cautious a navigator as he is experienced and skilful, accordingly had soundings taken at short intervals with Sir William Thompson's machine. Curious to relate, our sailors did not at first take to this machine, but as soon as they became convinced of its uniform accuracy, its simplicity in working, and the expedition with which soundings could be taken without interfering with the ship's course, a great advantage over the hand lead, their opinion so entirely changed that the captain could hardly use it often enough to please them. It seemed suddenly to have acquired the interest of a newly discovered friend aboard, who was ready at a moment's notice to dive to the bottom of the deepest seas and bring up reliable information of the depth it had been to, and the nature of the bottom it had touched. In the course of the afternoon we came upon a large shoal of porpoises indulging in a most extraordinary kind of saltatory antics. Dozens of them at a time were leaping yards high, and by a wriggling movement when in the air, coming down flat on the water with a hard, clumsy

smack and splash, like a bad diver trying to take a header. We were indebted to our intelligent first officer, Mr. Cobby, for the interesting explanation that they were suffering from a slimy affection of their skins, and that these aquatic gymnastics were being resorted to as a curative process. What a contrast there is between the shores and islands of the Red Sea, and those of the Straits of Malacca. The one is nearly all barren rocks and sandy plains whereas every foot of land on the islands and along both sides of the other, is crowded with the most luxuriant vegetation. Malacca is a pretty little sea coast town, but as there is nothing about it which we shall not see to more advantage at Singapore, I need not further refer to it, except in connection with the Mount Ophir so often alluded to in the Bible as the source of a very pure kind of gold. It lies a long distance to the east of Malacca, but we could see it standing out in very clear and beautiful outline from the deck of the yacht. I am of course aware that several other places have been fixed upon as the source of the "Gold of Ophir," but this Mount Ophir is believed to be the true one, on the high authority of Sir Emmerson Tennant.

We left our anchorage in Malacca roadstead at 12 p.m. sharp, so as to get daylight for the navigation of the lower part of the Straits, which is rendered somewhat intricate by the large number of lovely little islets scattered about along both sides of the sailing track. Having passed Cape Boulas, the most southern point of land of the vast continent of Asia, we entered the Singapore Straits at 4 p.m. on Friday, the 15th May, and were soon thereafter snugly anchored about half-a-mile from the prosperous town of Singapore, about which I hope to give you some account in my next letter, and which I shall probably post from Yokohama, Japan.



LETTER 5.

SINGAPORE TO HONG-KONG.

THE island of Singapore, at which we had just arrived, at the conclusion of my last letter, is situated at the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula, and separated from it by the narrow Strait of Tambrau. It formerly belonged to the Sultan of Johore, and formed part of the ten thousand square miles of which his territory is said to consist, although only about a two hundredth part of it is in occupation. It came into the possession of the Indian Government—now the English Government—by right of purchase in the year 1819, on the advice of Sir Stamford Raffles, who had the prescience to foresee the value and importance its acquisition was likely to become to this country, in a commercial as well as a strategical point of view, on account of its being situated, at what has been described as "the cross roads of the great sailing highway" to and from the far east. At the time the purchase was effected, the present town of Singapore was only a small Malay fishing village, and the island generally—which is only a little larger than the isle of Wight—a dense virgin jungle. In the three score years and twelve of English occupation, however, it has undergone a transformation of growth and development hardly surpassed by any place in modern times. Its population from being only a few hundreds, is now about equal to that of Newcastle, and is increasing at a rate that is doubling itself every thirteen years; and so great has been its material prosperity that the insular exports and imports from being nil, now amount to thirty millions a year, while the tonnage of vessels calling for coaling and other purposes, equals that of all the ships going in and out of the Clyde; and the values of their cargoes, in English bottoms alone, exceeds two hundred and fifty millions, or about equal to the fourth part of the whole carrying trade of England. The name Singapore, which means in the Malay language "the place of waiting or meeting," would almost appear to have had a prophetic significance, for being the only coaling station

between Colombo and Hong-Kong, steam vessels of all kinds and nationalities are of necessity obliged to call there in order to renew their coal supplies. As the demand for coal is on that account both large and incessant, a stock of three hundred thousand tons is always kept on hand, half of which comes from New South Wales and the other half from Old South Wales. In a time of war this nice little pile would form a very tempting chance for an enemy to make a bon-fire of, and as a matter of fact, until quite recently, this important station lay entirely at the mercy of any passing cruiser, the armour piercing guns so long promised by the Ordnance Department—with its characteristic dilatoriness—having only just been sent out. A few years ago a pile of fifty thousand tons of coal caught fire, in a way so simple as to be almost incredible. A lighted cigar end having been thrown down on the coals, where probably there were some dried leaves or other inflammable material, the coals ignited, and the fire having got good hold before it was noticed, spread with such rapidity over the whole pile as to set at defiance all efforts to extinguish or even limit it, and it had to be left to burn itself out, taking several weeks to do so. Singapore is the seat of Government of the Straits Settlements, which is conducted by a governor, who is alone held responsible to the Colonial Office. He is, however, assisted by a council of eight official, and six unofficial members. The latter are selected from the leading citizens, and much deference is always shown to their views and criticisms, especially on matters of finance and local legislation. The various governors have all been men of considerable Colonial experience, governing tact and administrative ability, and have always succeeded in making themselves popular with all classes of the community. The name of the first governor, Sir Stamford Raffles, is honourably associated with that of many notable institutions, such as the Raffles Museum, and the Raffles Educational Institute, and the present governor, Sir Cecil Clementi-Smith, has initiated so many public improvements, works, and institutions, that his name cannot fail to be held in equal honour with those of his predecessors. Although the growth of Singapore is primarily due to the two main causes, first, its geographical position, with its splendid harbour and roadstead, both safe and easy of access; and second, the free trade principles of the Mother Country, in virtue of which it is a free port, open on equal terms to all comers, it has nevertheless been largely influenced and aided by the wise, enlightened and energetic

policy of its successive governors. Under this guidance a system of roads—as good as any to be seen in England—have been constructed all over the island; law and order, and safety to life and property have been secured by an efficient police, and by the impartial administration of wise and just laws. Many noble looking public buildings have been erected, such as the palatial Residency, the Raffles Museum, the Singapore Club, the Cathedral, the Council House, and Law Courts; and ample recreation grounds and gardens have been secured for the free use of the community at large. As Singapore is only seventy-two miles north of the equator (one degree seventeen minutes) we had an uncomfortable foreboding from what we had been told and seen in books, that the heat would be greater and more trying than anything we had previously experienced, and we were the more exercised on the matter, as we knew we must be there at least three weeks, in consequence of Mr. Wythes having decided to remove the donkey boiler, so as to make it cooler for the men in the stoke hole during the hot voyage we were about to start upon, up the Southern China Sea. To our agreeable surprise, however, this was not the case; as although the glass ranged from eighty-eight to ninety-two degrees, the temperature was so modified by the heavy rain squalls that came on once or twice, every twenty-four hours, that we felt it much cooler than at Colombo, which is six degrees to the north of it. To be sure the "pooches" were more troublesome than they had been anywhere else, and were more of the "tiger" sort, and seemed to have a special knack of getting at you in defiance of mosquito curtains and anti-mosquito soaps and lotions. It is curious how little some people are affected by them, whereas, to others they are a terrible tease. Indeed, speaking from personal experience, in the case of those with susceptible and sensitive skins, a combination of prickly heat and tiger-mosquito bites, in a moist heat, above ninety degrees will produce an amount of darting, stinging, fiery irritation, enough to make a saint——, well—to drive a philosopher crazy.

When we went ashore, we were struck with the rather washed-out look of all the Europeans we came across—especially the women and children—yet they did not seem to mind or complain of the heat, for we saw many gentlemen in ordinary English summer attire and "bowler" caps, instead of the nearly universal white duck suitings and sun hats of the tropics. When we went to the Pavilion Cricket ground, we found lawn tennis and cricket in full swing, and both players

and spectators enjoying it as heartily as you could see in England. The cricket ground is a rather pretty piece of bright green, and perfectly level turf, and is picturesquely situated, between the noble looking Cathedral Church and the sea beach, and surrounded by the Esplanade—which is the fashionable “row” of the Singapore well-to-do classes, and much frequented by them in the cool of the evening. There would seem to be no lack of “go” in the place, for a race meeting was on while we were there, lasting for three days, and was largely attended by “all sorts and conditions of men.” The race course, grand-stand, saddling paddock, and general arrangements, were all first-rate, and would have done credit to any English racing committee. A mare named “Kitty O’Shea” was first favourite for the Singapore Derby Stakes, but she proved a terrible jilt to her backers.

A few days after the races, the Sultan of Johore gave a big entertainment at his Istana or palace at Johore, on the occasion of and to celebrate his “proclamation of his son as his heir” and successor. The governor and “everybody who was anybody” in Singapore and the other parts of the Settlements, and his Rajahs, Dato, and friendly magnates from far and near, were all, of course invited, and elaborate preparations were made for their reception and entertainment. The little town of Johore was in full gala, the streets being covered in with awnings and decorated with flags and banners, and floral emblematical designs, and triumphal arches on light bamboo scaffoldings were here and there thrown across the roads, and at all the chief entrances to the palace grounds with the word “Welcome” in English conspicuously displayed over them. Among the many and varied items of the programme of the entertainment, was a fight between a tiger and a wild buffalo; but it did not come off, probably in deference to English views, that such spectacles are brutal and demoralizing. We saw the tiger, however, in a strong iron cage, and a right royal beast he was. The Sultan of Johore has a very fine steam yacht, which we often saw in Singapore harbour as he comes frequently to Singapore having a great liking for it on account of its shipping animation and the business activity and bustle always going on in it. It is said that he expresses regret that an island that has now become of so much importance should have been sold away from his hereditary dominions, but if that is so, he must forget that the Singapore of the present day is entirely a modern creation, due to the maritime supremacy of England. He has a house

at Tyersall, in the suburbs of Singapore, adjoining the Botanical Gardens, where his late wife, the Sultana, resided at the time of her death, and which he is now enlarging into a palatial mansion.

The population of Singapore consists chiefly of Chinese and Malays in the proportion of two to one, with about two thousand English, and also—according to the *Blue Book*—small numbers of twenty other nationalities. This preponderance of Chinese strikes you at first as remarkable, seeing China is twelve hundred miles away, but they are such enterprising emigrators that no sooner do they hear of a favourable opening, than they flock to it in their thousands and tens of thousands. Some years ago no less than one hundred thousand landed in Singapore in a single year, of whom about a fourth, being under labour contract, went elsewhere, another fourth went to the main land and surrounding islands, but the remainder settled at Singapore. If the Irish could only imitate the Chinese in this respect, there need be no congested districts, nor any occasion for state-aided emigration. About twenty-three per cent. of the Chinese smoke opium, and if some of these do it immoderately, when you have seen the densely crowded slums of Canton, and the way the people live in them, you will cease to wonder that so many should seek refuge from the miseries and disgusting realities of their daily life, in the dreamy apathy temporarily produced by the narcotic. On the general question, however, of the opium traffic, about which we hear and read so much in England, this much I can venture to say, that although I have seen many a Chinaman taking his whiff or two at his shop door, just as an Englishman does of his pipe when he is tired or bothered, I never came across a single instance of any one being the worse for it among the many thousands of Chinese I must have seen in Singapore, Hong-Kong, Canton, and elsewhere. I am inclined, therefore, to think that there are quite as many moderate habitual drinkers and habitual drunkards in England as there are moderate and habitual excessive opium smokers among the Chinese, and that the one habit in excess is quite as deleterious and demoralizing as the other, and hence any argument for the extinction of the one trade on the ground of excessive use and abuse, is equally applicable to the other. The Chinese are very industrious, and prefer constant to irregular employment, even if it is not so well paid for. When poor they are very parsimonious, so that out of his weekly earnings of six shillings he can live on two

shillings, sending the savings home to his parents or to his wife, for they are nearly all married, it being a point of their religion to marry young. When, however, a Chinaman gets rich, as many of them succeed in becoming, he likes to cut a dash, and has the heart and the will to spend his money freely. The Malays, on the other hand, have no desire to acquire riches, but are quite satisfied if the day's earnings are adequate to its requirements, and prefer employment of an irregular or occasional kind, such as driving a gharry. Like the Singhalese, Tamils, and the inhabitants generally of the Eastern Archipelago, the Malays to a man, and indeed to a woman, all chew betel, which consists of several ingredients besides areca-nut, such as tobacco; and a piece of moist lime or chalk is always added, but for what purpose I cannot imagine. All the ingredients are wrapped up in a betel pepper leaf, and chewed together. The masticatory stains their teeth and lips a dirty blood-red colour, and although it is said to do no harm to their health—indeed rather to benefit it—it seems to destroy all their teeth, so that few have any left at forty. The Chinese and Malays live in separate districts of the town, while the offices and go-downs of the larger merchants are all in Raffles Square and its immediate neighbourhood. Their residences, however, are mostly in the suburbs, and their size and style, and the well-kept gardens and pleasure grounds by which they are surrounded, bear very unmistakeable testimony to the commercial prosperity of Singapore.

As the profusion of the vegetation is so notable a feature, not only of Singapore, but of the mainland and all the surrounding islands, clothing them from hill top to water edge with universal and perennial verdure, no one paying even a flying visit to Singapore should omit seeing the Botanical Gardens. They are situated about three miles from the town at the charming suburb of Tanglin, where are the English barracks, and the residences of many of the wealthier inhabitants. These gardens cover considerable space (sixty-six acres, ten being retained as natural jungle), are well laid out, and kept in excellent order, Malays only being employed, although Chinese are said to make the best gardeners. They contain a large and very fine collection of tropical plants, shrubs, and trees, arranged, some for picturesque effect, and others in groups according to their natural affinities or scientific classifications. You will not find many flowering plants in the gardens, for the general reason that there are very few of them, either wild or cultivated, in Singapore, on account (it is

said) of the heavy and frequent rain storms literally beating them to death. In their place, however, you have many beautiful foliaged plants, such as calladiums, begonias, dracœnas, and crotons. That very curious puzzle of the vegetable world, the sensitive plant, is here the commonest of weeds, so that you can hardly walk a step along a grassy footpath without observing it folding up its leaves and cringing flat down on the ground before you. These Botanical Gardens are especially rich in palms and flowering trees. Among many others, I saw some very fine specimens of the royal palm, the traveller's palm, the wine palm, the oil palm and the sago palm. Curiously, the date palm (*phœnix dactylifera*) that we saw so much of in Egypt, although it grows here very well as a tree, yet it never fruits. Of the flowering trees and shrubs, several of them were in the full glory of their bloom at the time of my visit, and had a striking effect—such as the beautiful *Amhirstia nobilis*—the gorgeous *Spathodia companulata*, the gay *Brownia coccinia*, and the stately *Fagrœa fragrans*.

In order to see the interior of the island, we drove across it to Kranji—the ferry station opposite Johore, and almost due north from Singapore. The distance is about fifteen miles along a splendid road, resembling in colour and character the gneiss roads that we saw at Colombo, that packed with rain and hardened with solar heat, and never got sloppy, dusty or weedy. The greater part of the country on either side of the road was under cultivation, chiefly with liberian coffee, tapioca, rice, gambier, pine apples, and cocoa-nut trees. At a part of it, however, called Bukit Timah, and only six miles from Singapore, there is a large area of the natural jungle which is still infested with forest game, such as tigers, cheetahs, bears, wild boars, deer, &c. As the hill of Bukit Timah is the highest point in the island, we made a special excursion to it, and from the top of it had a splendid view of the country all round. There is a small but very pretty and well appointed Government Rest House upon it, which shooting parties in quest of the big game make their headquarters. From its elevated position watchers can often see the game moving about, and so get to know where a tiger or wild boar is to be met with.

During our stay at Singapore we made a number of short sea excursions to places in its neighbourhood, of more or less interest. One of them was to the Dutch settlement of Rhio, and to see the so-called "Thousand Islands," and is I think of sufficient general interest to be worth referring to. Rhio is situated on the south of the island of Bintang, about fifty miles

south-east of Singapore, and is only twenty-three miles north of the equator. We were much disappointed with it, for it seemed a poor dead-alive sort of place, having no resemblance to an English Crown colony. It has a small old-fashioned sort of fort, with the civil prison inside it, and armed with such antiquated ordnance that could be of no use except for local defence against any up-rising of the natives. The streets had a poverty-stricken, get-along-anyhow sort of look about them, and the chief occupation of the inhabitants seemed to be gambling, for not only did we see the large public gambling rooms full of excited players, but at every convenient recess and corner along the principal thoroughfares, knots of people were to be seen squatting round gambling paraphernalia. Both Chinese and Malays are very fond of "play," and indulge in it freely whenever they have the means and the opportunity of doing so. Gambling is not allowed at Singapore, nor indeed in any of the Crown colonies, but the Chinese and Malays of Singapore find an outlet for their propensity for it by going over to Johore, where the Sultan not only allows but encourages it, as he makes a revenue out of it, and which he hopes to increase when the proposed railway is made across the island of Singapore. Sunday is a great gambling day at Johore, and steamers are running all day long, taking players there and back. The blighted look of Rhio is not peculiar to it, but is common to all the Dutch settlement towns, and is due to the crushing and ruinous severity of their protectionist policy, which even at the present time is carried to the unjust extent of compelling the natives to grow only certain crops, the produce of which they claim the monopoly of purchasing, and at any nominal price they choose to offer for it. The Dutch own, actually or nominally, all the islands from Sumatra to New Guinea inclusive, extending over a distance of twenty-five hundred miles; and having a population of twenty-two millions; yet such is their mismanagement of this immense possession, that instead of being a gain it results in a loss to the Netherlands of several hundred thousands a year, in addition to all the revenue they get from it. The sail to and from Rhio lay through numberless little islands of much beauty and picturesqueness, and was very much enjoyed by all of us. As we advanced through them, their scenic combinations appeared at times to bar our way with a dead lock-in of coast line, but as we continued to draw towards it, the interwoven chain of islets gradually broke up link after link until it opened out into new vistas of other

islet-studded seas beyond. Like nearly all the islands of the Malay (or as it is otherwise called, the Eastern) Archipelago, these islands are surrounded at the water edge with a dense belt of mangrove trees. The roots of these trees grow in the mud and rise out of the water like conical bundles of black rods, to support the trees on the top of them. As the lower leafy branches spread out horizontally, just above high water reach, when it is low water the long level green shelf thus produced, with the weird-looking black roots beneath it, and extending, it may be for miles, has a strikingly peculiar effect. The quaint-looking and ubiquitous Malay fishing villages—for they are to be seen everywhere throughout the Archipelago—were here more picturesquely situated than any we had yet seen, although they are all the same in character, having the houses built out over the water on stages, supported on bamboo piles, driven into the shallow shores or on mud banks further out into the sea.

At one part of our return passage the pilot got out of his proper track and ran our hired steam launch on a coral bank. It was soon, however, got safely off, but we were indebted to this incident for affording us the interesting sight of what I may truly call a lovely coral garden; for on looking over the side—helped by the bright sunshine and the translucency of the water—we could see the bottom with perfect clearness, covered all over with coral growths of much beauty, and of all sorts of fanciful and fantastic shapes. We came upon plenty of the same afterwards in the shallows between the islets off Singapore, among which Mr. Wythes took us many pleasant trips in his pretty steam launch. The Malays used to bring coral out to the yacht to sell, and offered it at so cheap a price that one of the ship's officers bought nearly a boat load for a dollar. The low price somewhat surprised us, but we ceased to wonder when we had seen the inexhaustible sources of its supply, and that it required no perilous diving to get it. The weather kept beautifully fine all the way back, until we came out of the strait between the islands of Bantam and Bintang into the Singapore Strait—about 15 miles from Singapore—when the sky became suddenly overcast, and was quickly followed by heavy rain and wind, and a large waterspout, culminating in a terrific tropical thunderstorm so directly overhead, as to make some of us feel a little alarmed. We got back safely, however, to the yacht with nothing worse than a soaking.

Soon after we got aboard a very sad accident occurred, only

a short distance from the yacht, by which four or five lives were lost, and but for the prompt action of Captain Tutton in sending some of the yacht's boats to the scene of the disaster, the number might have been greater. A large lighter, that had been delivering goods to some vessel in the outer roadstead, was returning to the shore with fifty coolies in it, and in consequence of not carrying a light, according to the port regulations—as it was then quite dark—an outward bound steamer ran into it, cutting it in two, probably killing some of the missing men at the time, and upsetting all the rest into the water. Our sailors succeeded in picking up a dozen, and the rest of the survivors were rescued by the steamer's boats, and some sampans, or native boats, that happened to be lying near. The missing men must have gone down to the bottom with the broken up lighter as nothing was ever seen or heard of either, during the remainder of our stay at Singapore.

As all vessels at sea are more or less liable to sudden disaster, it is a wise precaution to have some instructions drawn up for the information of all on board, as to what they are to do in the event of a grave emergency arising. In our case, should the worst ever come to the worst, and the terrible necessity arise of abandoning the *St. George*—which God grant never may—all the fifty-three aboard know what they are at once to do, and into which of the yacht's boats they are respectively to go. Thus, according to the notice hung up in the chart room, the following are to join the first cutter: Captain, W. Tutton, Wythes, Esq., Blenkowe, Esq., Fell, Esq., myself, and ten others of the ship's company. Second cutter: First officer Cobby, Longley, Esq., Walker, Esq., Capt. Smirke (late 15th Hussars), and nine others. Launch: Second officer Rood and six others. Gig: Walcot and six others. First dinghey: Page and four others. Second dinghey: Simmonds and four others.

On Tuesday morning, June 9th, the chief engineer having notified the captain that he was ready to go to sea, final preparations were immediately made for starting, and by 12 o'clock we were under weigh. We left Singapore Strait by the eastern entrance—opposite the one we came in at—and steaming full ahead, passed Horsburgh lighthouse upon the rock of Petra Blanca, at the end of the straits, at 4-15 p.m., and at 5-35, when fairly out into the China sea, the ship's course was altered to N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. *en route* for Hong-Kong, a distance of fourteen hundred miles. Although the Malay Peninsula and the Kingdom of Siam stretches all the way on our west, and

the island of Borneo and the Philipines similarly on the east, they lie so far apart from one another that we never sighted land again until approaching Hong-Kong. We had a terribly hot time of it during the whole of the voyage and it made all of us feel headachey and lifeless, and those, like myself, who suffered from prickly heat, had such a benefit that they are not likely to try another voyage up the south China Sea in June. How they got on in the stoke-hole I can't imagine, as the chief engineer told me that the temperature rose one day to 128 deg. As typhoons occur chiefly in these seas, and most frequently in the month of June, a close watch was kept on the barometer, but fortunately for us the weather was undisturbed all the way, with the exception of a rather stiff gale on the fourth day out, making the yacht roll enough to upset a few stomachs and spring a few spars and stays. All the way up the China Sea we were continually seeing sea snakes, chiefly of a yellow colour, from three to four feet long, and swimming on the surface of the water in the letter "S" land snake fashion. After seeing those sea snakes, I think it is not unreasonable to conclude that there may be others of a larger kind—corresponding to the boas and pythons on land—inhabiting the deeper sea, and that seldom or never come to the surface; but as to the existence of the so-called "sea serpents," the dimensions ascribed to them are too prodigious to be credible, so that nothing short of actually seeing one would induce me to believe in them.* On the 15th of June we were gradually nearing Hong-Kong, and by 10-30 p.m. sighted Grass Island light. In another hour we made Lema, and then went dead slow, so as to kill the time till morning. At seven a.m. (Tuesday, 16th June) we were abeam of Tylon lighthouse, and soon afterwards at anchor off the Admiralty Pier in the Hong-Kong harbour, situated between Kowloon and Victoria City, the English *alias* of Hong-Kong.

We stayed a week at Victoria, and while there, paid a flying visit to Canton, and we are probably the last Englishmen who will visit it for the present, for I see in to-day's Hiogo newspaper that in consequence of the unsettled state of the country,

* As to the size attained by sea snakes, the Rev. W. Haughton, Preston-on-the-Wild-Moors, Wellington, author of several works on Natural History, has favoured me with the following remarks: "The greatest size to which some species attain is, according to positive observation, about twelve feet. They are known to live to a great age, and if they have been known to attain the size of twelve feet, there is no reason to doubt that, under favourable circumstances they may exceed that size."

and the spread of the present insurrectionary movement, all foreigners are warned not to go to it. I will reserve my notes about Hong-Kong and Canton for my next letter, which I will post at Vancouver. This letter will reach you in twenty-three days, as it will go by the new route from Japan to England, via Vancouver, and will be taken across the Pacific, a distance of four thousand miles, in one of the *Empresses* in ten and a half days.

LETTER 6.

HONG-KONG AND CANTON.

It was like a lovely English summer morning when, on the 16th of June, the *St. George* came to and dropped anchor in Hong-Kong harbour, about a cable's length from the Naval Yard pier. The green slopes of the hills looking towards the harbour, and at the foot of which lies the town of Victoria, were bathed in bright sunshine, and the bold and picturesque outlines of the hills beyond stood out against a clear and cloudless sky. The heat too, which was still tropical in name, as well as in character, for Hong-Kong lies just to the south of the twenty-third parallel, and is therefore within the tropic of Cancer, was tempered by a brisk breeze that was blowing, and that crisped the surface of the water with commotion enough to make the sampans and small craft in the harbour bob and wobble about with a comical jauntiness.

Our first impressions of Hong-Kong, both as to scenery and climate, were of the most favourable kind, but with respect to the latter we were afterwards told that the fine weather we had during our short stay there, was quite exceptional for the time of the year, as more often than not, and for many days together the whole district was immersed in a dense hot steamy mist that made everything reek with moisture, and

was felt to be very trying and relaxing by all European residents. The island of Hong-Kong is only ten miles long, and from two to five miles broad, and consists of a ridge of hills broken and intersected by numerous valleys and ravines, and covered with such coarse herbage, heather and scrub, as to be little capable of any agricultural use. At the time of its cession to England in 1843, it was only inhabited by a few fishermen and pirates, and had never yielded any revenue, nor been of any commercial advantage to the Chinese Government. As to the pirates, they were speedily dislodged from the island and its neighbourhood, although at the present day plenty of these pests of the sea find safe lurking places in the more out-of-the-way creeks along the shores of the mainland and the estuaries of the great rivers, and ply their nefarious trade whenever opportunity presents itself. In consequence of this liability to be thus attacked, all the junks engaged in the coasting trade that we saw in Hong-Kong harbour—and they form a considerable fleet amounting to several hundreds—were each of them armed with about half a dozen canon, three to four feet long, and being mounted on wooden carriages high enough for their muzzles to project well over the gunwale, they presented quite a warlike appearance, that seemed strange to British eyes in a peaceful commercial port. It is said that every one of these, apparently honest traders, have no objection to turn pirates themselves whenever a safe opportunity presents itself, and that they all sail by "The good old rule, the simple plan—that they should take that have the power, and he should keep who can." Only a few weeks from our arrival at Hong-Kong, some eighteen of the desperadoes, who were concerned in the piratical attack on the "Namoa,"—an account of which appeared at the time in many of the English newspapers—were executed at Chinese Kowloon, on the opposite side of the harbour to where we are lying. A photograph was taken of the execution—of which we succeeded in getting a copy—and shows the business-like way the Chinese manage such little affairs. The criminal's hands are tied behind him, and pulled high up his back, by the rope being brought round across his throat in front. He is then made to kneel in front of a hole, and the assistant taking hold of the pigtail and pulling the neck forward into position, the executioner makes him a head shorter by a dexterous sweep of his scimitar.

From such small beginnings, by dint of British energy and enterprise, the City of Victoria has now accreted to itself a

population of 160,000 inhabitants, and has an estimated property value of twenty millions, while the registered tonnage of the vessels entering the harbour is equal to what the port of London was at the time of its acquisition, being about five million tons yearly, of which four-fifths are in English hands. Victoria is essentially a commercial emporium and distributing centre, as it has hardly any products of its own, except granite to export, and cannot consume more than the merest fraction of its enormous imports. Indeed so wide is its area of contribution and distribution, that there is no place of any importance throughout the habitable globe that is not represented among the ships in the harbour. Its chief imports are Chinese tea and Indian opium, silk, tobacco, sugar, rice, cotton, woollen goods, &c., &c. The Indian opium trade is entirely in the hands of a Parsee, who pays £40,000 a year to the Government for the monopoly. About three thousand cases arrive weekly, each containing about a hundred weight, worth £140. After refining it, he sends one hundred thousand cases a year to the mainland, paying a duty of eight per cent. to the first province, and as each province has its own additional duty, it must become rather expensive before it arrives at the most outlying of the eighteen, into which China is divided. Smaller consignments also go to San Francisco, Australia, and wheresoever the "heathen Chinese" do congregate. It will probably be news to many readers that the objections of the Chinese Government to the introduction of Indian opium, are not of a moral nature, but purely protectionist, in order to encourage the larger production and improvement in quality of the native growths, and so well is this succeeding, that in a very few years our Indian opium trade with China must die a natural death. The Chinaman takes upon an average forty whiffs a day, costing 10½d. if he uses Indian opium, and only 5d. with native growth, but he prefers the former, although double the cost.

The visitor will get a very good notion of the business activity and commercial prosperity of the colony by taking a stroll along the Praya, or quay-side road, and the Queen's road, running parallel to it, being the main street of the town and extending from end to end of it, and then up the Kennedy road to the top of the Peak. Most of the warehouses are on, or in the neighbourhood of the Praya, but there are altogether about four miles of them extending in all directions round the harbour. Queen's road is a really fine street, being wide, faultlessly clean and sanitary, the greater part of it being well

shaded with trees on either side, and enlivened at different points with large public recreation grounds, surrounded by avenues of ornamental and umbrageous trees, while pretty-looking side streets and grove-like footpaths here and there strike off from it. The buildings along it are mostly European in style, and some of them not without architectural pretensions, such as the Town Hall, and the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank. As the Kennedy road is rather steep, and it is a climb of eighteen hundred feet to the top of the hill, you can avail yourself of one of the many Sedan chairs, with their green canopies and wicker work sides, that are on hire at every street corner, and either go all the way up in it, or to the wire-tram station, and so finish the ascent in the car. A short way up this road and on your right brings you to the English church, called St. John's Cathedral, a noble-looking Gothic structure, but Oh ! dear me, what a musty smell it had, especially the cushions, books, &c., and which gave us a good idea of the Hong-Kong steamy fogs, to which I have already alluded. Further up is the Residency on a commanding position, overlooking the whole town, and surrounded by beautiful gardens. Just above it are the Botanical Gardens, which contain an excellent collection of tropical and sub-tropical vegetation, and are tastefully laid out and kept in admirable order. The arrangement of these rather extensive gardens into terraces—to suit their situation on the slope of the hill side—and which are separated from one another by hedge rows of bamboo and native shrubs, and connected by approach steps, partially concealed by pendulous branches—give them something of the seclusion of a series of private gardens, as well as ensuring a large amount of shade. It is probably due to these two attractions more than to the circumstance of their proximity to the centre of the town, that they are so much frequented by the public. Further up the hill are to be seen the residences of many of the wealthier inhabitants, large handsome mansions, surrounded by gardens and pleasure grounds, and which, with their white stone walls, and arcaded style of architecture, rising tier upon tier almost to the top of the Peak, have a charmingly picturesque appearance.

We ascended the hill by the wire-tram, the gradient being one in two, and being curious to see the engine that had drawn us up so steep an incline, I was gratified to find that it had come, if not from Gainsborough—at least from Lincolnshire, having been supplied by Robey and Co. On the top of the hill were a large number of private residences, like those on

the slope, as well as several large and fine hotels, commanding extensive sea views, and apparently much patronised. When making the further ascent to the flagstaff on Victoria Peak we came quite unexpectedly upon a very pretty little bungalow in a snug and well sheltered sylvan dell, in the hollow between the Peak, and another rocky eminence to the south of it. Here, about a hundred ladies and gentlemen were assembled, and eight sets of lawn tennis were being heartily engaged in on the fine piece of level and velvety turf in front of it; and in an adjoining paddock were the sedans of the visitors, with the coolie bearers, mostly in livery of a picturesque character. It proved to be the headquarters of a lawn tennis club, with a tournament in progress, and with its surroundings was altogether a gay and pretty sight. The view from the Peak is a very extensive one, as, with a sweep of your eye, you can see all round the island, while beneath you lies the magnificent harbour of Hong-Kong, with all the varied and picturesque scenery surrounding it. The harbour, which is admitted to be one of the finest in the world, occupies an area of ten square miles, reaching from Kellett Bank at its western entrance, to Lyemoon Pass at its eastern. Right opposite you is Kowloon, a part of the mainland, of about four square miles in extent, that was ceded to England in 1861, and where are the naval dockyards, &c., while beyond it are to be seen far away in the distance the tops of the White Cloud mountains of the Chinese mainland. From my coign of vantage the shipping in the harbour is a scene of indescribable animation, for I can see vessels of all sorts, sizes, and nationalities, coming in and going out, loading and unloading, several men-of-war of the English China-squadron, of which Hong-Kong is the base, and ships of war of several other nations. Near the *St. George* is a Portuguese armed cruiser from Macao (which lies about forty miles west from Hong-Kong, and is the oldest European settlement in the East, dating from 1542, and notable for Camoen's grave, its great gambling hell, and its opium farm). A little further off is a particularly smart-looking Spanish man-of-war. Besides these larger vessels there is the fleet of Chinese junks, to which I have already alluded, and the mighty swarm of fishing boats and sampans, having about twenty thousand people aboard of them, chiefly of the Tankia class—a sort of Chinese water gipsy—who live an entirely aquatic life, many of them never having been on shore in their lives, and who find a catch-penny subsistence by “youlyowing” people about the harbour, and by other ways and means, inconceivable to ordinary

mortals. Looking at the scene around and beneath me I could not help thinking what a wonderful race we Anglo-Saxons are, that by dint of our inherent qualities of energy and industry, intelligent enterprise and commercial sagacity, we should have been able to achieve such marvellous results in so short a time as fifty years; and that this youngest and most easterly of Her Majesty's possessions should have thus become one of the largest shipping and commercial centres in the world. Fifty million pounds a year of trade with China goes through it, and nearly the whole of it is in British hands.

Descending the hill again and making your way to the east end of the town, a turn to your right will bring you to the Wong-nai-Chung, or "Happy Valley," where there is a capital racecourse, with grand stand and usual accessories. Races with ponies—not with horses—are held here twice a year, and draw together an immense and motley crowd, among whom Chinamen from Canton figure largely. On the hill side, flanking the valley on the right, are the Parsee, Moham-medan, Catholic, and Protestant cemeteries. The Parsees, not being allowed to dispose of their dead by exposing them in a "tower of silence" to be devoured by vultures, as they do in India, conform to European ways, and bury in a very pretty cemetery of their own. The Protestant cemetery is especially beautiful—indeed more like a pleasure garden, as the memorial tablets and sculptures are in great part concealed from view by a skilful arrangement of ornamental shrubs and trees—notably the funereal cypress and weeping willow, the poincetias (called also "the pride of the Barbadoes"), and the temple tree, that sheds its lovely waxy blooms while still in their perfection, and which remain fresh and unwithered for weeks together on the turf of the graves beneath. Among many interesting memorial erections, I noticed several of massive proportions to the memory of the gallant officers and men of both services who had lost their lives in the China wars of 1841 and 1857. Some of the tomb designs were of a suggestive and touching character; one particularly struck me by its simplicity. It was situated at the sharp turn of a path, having the corner to itself, but in such a retired part of the grounds as few would think of going to, and consisted of a small white marble cross with a little grave-trough in front of it filled with broken pieces of the whitest marble, and on it were the simple words, with the year, "Our Little Ones." In a blind path towards the upper and hill side boundary of the cemetery, I came upon several rows of humbler graves, but

each with its own descriptive headstone, and I was much struck by their being mostly of English seamen, petty officers and engineers of vessels plying with Hong-Kong, one of which I may quote in illustration, "To John Humble, engineer, North Shields," &c. Probably they had been subscribed for by their fellow messmates, to lighten the communication of the sad news to the relatives, by being able to inform them that such a mark of respect had been paid to the deceased. Overhanging the cemetery, high up on the hill face, is the magnificent aqueduct, to which you can ascend by continuing the road along the beautiful "Happy Valley." It is about three miles long, extending along the front of the hill and following the sinuosities of its outline, and the promenade along the top of it is of unrivalled splendour, and commands fine views of town and harbour.

Having had occasion to meet Dr. Cowie, the port surgeon and head of the native hospital, in consultation—in a matter to which I will allude further on—he kindly undertook to show me over the native hospital, and invited me to see his out patients with him on his next reception day. This I did, and while seeing many cases seldom within the range of British practice, such as *beri-beri* and tubercular leprosy, I was much surprised at the number suffering from that terrible affection, stone in the bladder, as Dr. Cowie detected five in the thirty patients. In answer to my enquiries as to its comparative frequency, he told me it was far from uncommon, and showed me a large tray full of specimens, some of formidable dimensions, which his colleagues and himself had successfully removed. As the water of Hong-Kong is soft and pure, being collected directly from the ravines of the hills into the aqueduct, to which I have just alluded, and as Europeans are not so affected, another cause must be looked for, and I was inclined to think that it was probably due to the profuse perspiration induced by the high temperature, and the small quantity of water that the natives habituate themselves to drinking. I have myself always acted on my theory of drinking freely when perspiring freely, but on mentioning this matter to the Bishop of Hong-Kong, who along with his wife, Mrs. Burden, spent an afternoon with us on board the yacht, he told me that his habit during the whole forty years he had been in the east, was to drink as little fluid as possible, and that he found the less he drank the less he perspired, and that it evidently suited him, as he had enjoyed excellent health all the time.

Having decided to go to Canton instead of Shanghai, we engaged berths on the *Fatshan*, a large and fine steamer running on alternate days with another of similar size to and from Canton, a distance of ninety-five miles from Hong-Kong. When aboard of her, we ascertained that she had been constructed by Ramage and Ferguson, of Leith—the builders of the *St. George*—with special adaptation for river traffic, having her saloon and deck lounge on the bows—an arrangement advantageous both as to coolness and sight-seeing. The first part of the passage, as far as the Bogue Forts at the commencement of the Pearl river, on which Canton is situated, was very picturesque, having an ever-changing outline of bluff and creek, and hill and valley all the way up between the islands of Lintao and Lintin (where the opium ships used to anchor before the days of Hong-Kong) on the one side, and the coast of the mainland on the other. The rest of the way, however, up the Pearl river to Canton lay between flat and uninteresting country, consisting chiefly of a monotonous expanse of paddy fields. These Bogue Forts defend the entrance of the Pearl river, and therefore the approach to Canton by water. The old ones were easily captured and dismantled by the British in the first China War of 1841, but their modern substitutes are of such formidable strength that any attempt at a repetition of the feat cannot fail to be attended with almost insuperable difficulties. The forts on the two islands of Anunghoy and Wantong on either side of the main channel,—and between which all vessels approaching the *Fatshan's* size must pass in entering the river—are constructed of granite with a backing of mud, have bomb proof casements and covered parallels, and are armed with Armstrong's and Krupp's of the most powerful type, and skilfully placed for effective cross-firing, some of which we saw as we passed, en barrette, notably, two twenty-five tonners. On our return passage we saw some artillery practice going on from the land batteries on the high ground to the left of the forts, and it is said that the Chinese artillerymen are becoming expert marksmen at long range. As the *Fatshan* is not timed to arrive at Canton until eight in the morning, she dropped anchor at the foot of the river until close upon daybreak. When again on her course, and about thirty miles up, we saw on our right (that is the left of the river), the Nine-storied Pagoda of Whampoa, then further up, the Fort of Macas island, which the English occupied during the second China War of 1856, and still further up, when within sight of Canton, we

had the Five-storied Pagoda pointed out to us on the northern wall of the city, that was captured by the English and French troops in the same war, and made use of as the officers' quarters during our four years' occupation of Canton, preceding the signing of the treaty of Tientsin in 1861. After cautiously passing through the gap left in a barrier thrown across the river by means of stone filled sunken junks, and intended to facilitate its complete obstruction in time of war, the river becomes gradually narrower and the current stronger. About a mile from Canton the number of junks and sampans moving about in midstream or moored in densely-packed crowds along the banks, and at many points reaching a good way out from them, obliged our steamer to go dead slow and pick her way very carefully to avoid accidents, especially when approaching her moorings near the European settlement of Shameen. During the latter part of our course, where the traffic was thickest and the current strongest, it was curious to see how those sampans that had got in the *Fatshan's* way, made use of the current to clear her, and which they did by steering their stern outwards so as to catch the drive of the current, which wheeled them round on their bows as on a pivot, and then by a skilful use of their sculls at the right moment were able to swing away clear of the steamer by their boat's length. Among these sampans were some novelties we had not seen before, two of which I may mention; one is called the Slipper boat, and looks just like a large shoe in the water, by having the fore part covered in and the covered prow tapered up like a toe. Many of them were lying so close to the steamer that we could see into them over her sides, and as their inmates were just then having their morning meal of rice and chouchou, we noticed that in not a few of them were "big small families," but how sleeping accommodation was found for all of them in so small a space would puzzle "The old woman that lived in a shoe" to suggest. The other kind of sampan instead of being sculled was worked by a stern paddle wheel, either by crank handles or by treading on the paddle blades, and I was told that the ingenious Chinaman who invented it, originally intended it to be self-acting and driven by water power, from a tank placed overhead and which he innocently supposed would supply power enough to fill itself as well as propel the boat. What are those tall, narrow, tower-looking structures that we see so many of in different parts of the city and that look so very peculiar, standing up solitarily among surroundings of low houses? Much to our amazement

they proved to be pawn shops, into which the Chinaman puts his winter clothing after the cold months of January and February are past, and where it remains until he requires it the following year. Unless well baked, or otherwise disinfected when taken in, one would suppose that they were not unlikely to prove a fruitful source of infectious and contagious diseases.

Canton—or the city of the Genii as it is also called—is the capital of the south east province of Kwang Tung, which is one of the eighteen provinces into which the Empire of China is divided, and is about equal in size to that of the United Kingdom. It is situated at the angle of the irregular-shaped Delta, formed by the junction of the three great confluents of the Pearl river, the largest of which is the Si Kiang and which is navigable by small steam-boats and junks for six hundred miles above it. These main streams ramify and intercommunicate in all directions by branches and canals, and by this free inland water communication with the vast expanse of fertile and highly cultivated country surrounding it, and its large coasting trade, Canton has acquired the undisputed pre-eminence of being the wealthiest city and the greatest centre of trade and foreign commerce in all China. From a very early period, Canton has shown a disposition to trade with the outside world, or "foreign devils" as they still call us; for it is on record that Arab traders visited it in the tenth century, and that it was a port of foreign commerce even at an earlier date. Including its suburbs, Canton covers a considerable area—extending for over four miles along the west side of the Pearl river—and has a population of a million and a half. The city proper is surrounded by the historically famous wall, which is six miles long, twenty-five feet thick, and forty feet high, consisting of sandstone and brick sides filled in with soil, and although it is now over fifteen hundred years since it was constructed, much of it still remains in a good state of preservation.

Having engaged the services of an experienced city guide—a Mr. Ah Cum, in connection with the Oriental Hotel, who spoke excellent English—we hired ten jinrickishas, nine for our party and guide and one for our commissariat, as we intended pic-nicing in the five storied pagoda—to which I have already alluded—and started off to see the sights of Canton. Being nearest at hand we first took a stroll through the European concession of Shameen. It is all built upon except the French section—for France having no foreign trade with Canton, has

seen no occasion to maintain a Consulate there. The site of Shameen was formerly a mud-bank, uncovered at low water, but was reclaimed from the river by building a substantial granite wall round it, and filling it up to its present level. It is about a mile long, and a quarter broad, surrounded on its land side by a canal one hundred feet wide, and accessible only by a bridge with a guarded gateway, and through which no one is permitted to pass but the residents and those who have business with them. The houses are surrounded with gardens and compounds, with a wide open street in front of them and a double row of shady trees between it and the river front, along the whole length of which there is a splendid flight of stone landing steps down to the water edge. Altogether there was a delightful spaciousness and airiness, quietness and retirement about the place that contrasted strangely and strongly with the scene of congested Chinese life by which it was surrounded. Leaving Shameen, the first part of our way lay through a labyrinth of narrow streets in both new and old Canton, none of which seemed more than ten feet wide, and many hardly eight, and were so overcrowded that getting along them seemed to be a perpetual jostle and stand by. No animals or vehicles are allowed in them, and should a rickisha—and especially a Mandarin's palanquin—pass along, the people have to stand aside to make way for it. When our cavalcade—not of horsemen, but men-horses—was charging along these narrow streets with our rickishas at the rate of six miles an hour, and all closely following one another, they kept up a harsh barking noisy whoop, to warn the people of their approach, and to get out of their way, which they don't fail to do, as they know the rickisha man is not at all particular about colliding against them, and that it is not his custom to stop and apologise, or even to look back over his shoulder to see what mischief he may have done. We had some experiences of this nature ourselves in the various places we had been to, but fortunately were always on the uninjured side. Although the atmosphere felt close and stuffy, as one might expect where the streets were so narrow, and the roofs of the houses projected out so as to nearly touch one another, yet it was not so malodorous as we expected to find it, except when passing a butcher's shop, or a dried fish store, when—Oh my! the best thing you can do is to hold your nose, and get past it as quickly as you can. There are no drains or public water supply, but that is all managed by coolies with buckets and shoulder poles. The red sign-boards of the shops, and

the numberless notices about goods and special business advertisements that were suspended in all directions and in all colours and designs, gave a look of gaudy gaiety to the streets that was very striking and uniquely oriental. The druggists and eating-house keepers have the most starey advertisements, the former undertaking to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to" by their special nostrums, and the latter announcing the delicacies they had to offer, one of which our guide drew our attention to, and if we could have read Chinese we would no doubt have come upon many others equally abhorrent, namely, an Irish stew—no, a Chinese stew, made out of a freshly killed dog and cat boiled together. Certain internal organs were hung up in the shop window for sale as medicine.

As we were desirous of making a few purchases of articles made in Canton, our guide took us to a number of shops, each trade having its own district, except jadestone ornaments, which are always sold in the streets, and having made our selections in silver repoussé work, ivory and ebony carvings, silk embroidery, rice paper paintings, &c., &c., we went to see the Temple and shrine of the Five Genii. According to the ancient Canton legend, the Five Genii, or Archangels, were the spirits of the five chief planets, namely, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, and descended to Canton riding upon rams, and bearing ears of corn as symbols of the prosperity they were bringing to it. The Genii returned again to their spheres, but the rams were converted into stones, and left behind in evidence of the truth of the story, and their mutilated remains are still to be seen, being stored upon the top of the altar. Scientific experts, however, who have examined these so-called petrifications, say they are only the head and parts of the body of a fossil saurian, found in the red limestone. Indeed the finding of the fossil probably originally suggested the myth, and although only a theory, it is not unlikely that the fossils of the great preadamite creatures, such as the Plesiosaurus and the Pterodactylus, may have suggested to the early Chinese their belief in the existence of dragon spirits of the sea, marshes, air, &c., and which they so firmly believe in at the present day, that no Chinese skipper would start on a voyage without first propitiating the sea Dragon by throwing food into the water, and firing off guns and crackers, and making hideous noises with gongs and shouting.

Our next halting place was the Temple of Confucius, and the Hall of the seventy Expounders, the latter containing a

series of statues in various attitudes of devotion and contemplation, to some of which we saw incense being offered, and acts of worship performed. We next went to see the Water Clock, which is of great antiquity, having been erected as far back as 1324, and is still at work telling the time of the day by dropping water from one jar to another. The hour is written on a board and stuck on the city wall, and at night it is announced by the beat of a drum. The top jar is re-filled thrice every twenty-four hours. The Examination Hall was next visited, and a strange sight it was, for it contains no less than seventy-five hundred cells or small shed compartments, three-and-a-half feet wide, the same deep, and six feet high, open behind, and with no other furniture than two plain wooden benches, the one to sit upon, and the other to write upon. The post of Mandarin and the highest offices of state are open to public competition, and an examination is held here once every three years, for which every man—no matter his age, or his position in life—is eligible. The subjects are given out in the morning, and the papers upon them must be handed in by the following morning, but once in the cell, or compartment, no one is allowed to leave it until he has either handed in his papers, or the time is up, and so rigidly is this rule adhered to that if any one should die, as sometime happens, from apoplexy or heart disease, brought on by the intense excitement of the competition, the body is never removed until the examination is over, much to the inconvenience and annoyance of those near it. The examination consists in writing an essay on the text or subject given out, but it is of an unpractical nature, as the essay is considered the best that contains the largest number of quotations from the reputed Chinese classics in illustration of its subject. The memory difficulties, however, must be something enormous, for he has not only to master the thirty thousand word signs of the language, but to have the whole of the voluminous Chinese classics at the tip of his tongue. How the difficulties of a Chinese printing office are got over, I cannot imagine, but in Japan where the word signs amount to only ten thousand, and as each letter for printing purposes must be in at least three sizes, requiring therefore thirty thousand separate boxes of types, the compositor being unable to find them for himself, employs a staff of boys to do so, allotting to each a few words at a time, and it is a rather funny sight to see these boys at work in the type-room, moving to and fro in search of them and constantly humming over each one to

himself—the words he is working on. The Chinese student, like many others of his genus, would “crib” at an examination if he dared, but if detected, he is not only punished himself with the cangue, but his tutor and father along with him.

We were next taken to see the Temple of Horrors and the Common Prison, in one part of which models representing criminals undergoing all sorts of horrible tortures and punishments were exhibited, with the intention, no doubt, of “warning the law’s transgressor of his fate,” and in another part were a great many prisoners in chains, and in a separate compartment behind a partition of iron railings, were about a hundred more undergoing the punishment of the cangue, that is, wearing a broad heavy wooden collar round their necks which nearly chokes them, and many of these poor wretches looked quite livid as they lay exhausted and helpless on the floor. No food is supplied to any of the prisoners; so that if they have no friend outside to bring them any, they must die of starvation, but we were told they were very good to one another; those who had food brought to them, dividing it with those who had none. The whole place and neighbourhood of the temple and prison was a scene of squalor and misery; full of horrid sights and dreadful sounds, and the criminal and desperado looks of the motley seething crowd by which we were surrounded made us only too anxious to get out of it, and back to our rickishas.

The next place we stopped at was the execution ground for parricides. If we expected to see anything very ghastly we were disappointed, as it was just then being used as a general store yard, but when our guide described the nature of death by Ling Chee, and pointed out the spot where the last execution took place, it made our blood curdle to listen, as it still does to think of it. The explanation was somewhat to this effect: The worship of ancestors being an essential part of every Chinaman’s religion—no matter to what “ism” he may profess to belong—the murder of a parent, including a father-in-law, is considered in the eyes of the law, as well as of the people, to be of such a heinous nature that while decapitation may do very well for the ordinary murderer, the murderer of a parent deserves something very much worse, and he is accordingly condemned to be executed by Ling Chee, which consists in tying the victim to a rough wooden cross stuck in the ground, and then the executioner deliberately begins cutting and chopping the living being into twenty-four

pieces, or until every bit of the poor wretch has dropped down off the cross into a heap of fragments on the ground. Official and educated Chinese would have us believe that executions, attended with such savage barbarities no longer occur in China, but we heard on reliable authority that a Ling Chee execution took place only a few weeks before the date of our visit, and a photograph of it, which was stealthily taken by an officer of one of the trading ships in the river, and of which we obtained a copy, puts the facts beyond doubt. If, therefore, "the giant" is at last beginning to move, and to join in the march of civilization, as some are of opinion, like Lord Wolseley, the first thing it must do is to purge its criminal procedure of such atrocities.

After a further rather long ride through the same narrow stuffy streets, we came to the city walls, and getting out of the rickishas, enjoyed the fresh air and exercise of a walk along them. Coming at length to the five-storied Pagoda, built on to the northern wall—already alluded to—we mounted to the upper storey, where our much needed lunch was soon laid out for us on the verandah under its projecting roof, and which we enjoyed all the more on account of the fine view of the city, with its hundred and twenty-five temples, and the windings of the river in the distance, which lay stretched out before us. Resuming our rickishas, we made a long detour through another part of the city, making a few more purchases on the way, and got back to the *Fatshan* in time for dinner, and she soon thereafter began to drop down the river.

We had a beautiful moonlight night for our return passage, and as the air was warm and yet delightfully fresh and cool, some of us stayed on deck all night to see the scenery of the river and estuary over again. The *Fatshan* arrived in Hong-Kong harbour, and had settled into her moorings by 7 a.m., so that we were aboard of the yacht in ample time for our usual hour of breakfast. During our absence the bunkers and tanks had been duly replenished, and the captain had succeeded in making arrangements for sending our Maltese fireman back to his home in Malta, as his health had broken down on the way out, and also in engaging two fresh hands in his place, one a Greek and the other a German. According to port regulations, any medical certificate of discharge must be countersigned by the Surgeon, and on that account I had the consultation with the Surgeon, which I previously referred to. This poor fellow had been taken on at Malta to replace another,

who had also become invalided and had been sent home to England—had an attack of heat apoplexy in the Indian ocean, and was never right afterwards. What made it worse for him was that he could not speak a word of English, and no one aboard could speak Maltese, which is more Arabic than Italian, so that the smattering of that language that our first officer had, was of no use to him. To add to his troubles, although his wife could write and read, and sent him letters, he could neither read them himself nor could anyone do it for him.

On the 23rd of June, all being ready for a fresh start, we weighed anchor at 6 a.m. and steamed full ahead through the Lyemoon Pass for the open sea, and were soon on our course for Japan. When about fifty-four miles from Hong-Kong a blinding rain and fog came on, obliging the captain to move along very cautiously at reduced speed, yet although a sharp look-out was constantly kept we got within half-a-mile of the rock of Pedro Blanco before it was descried. Our course lay up Formosa Strait, and on Thursday evening, when off the China coast between Amoy and Foochow, we sighted the Oeksen island revolving light. We now continued our north-east course through clear open sea, and at noon on Sunday, the 28th, the Japan Islands of Meac were abeam. As we were approaching them we saw two of the largest sharks we had as yet seen anywhere. At 6-30 p.m. we sighted the Nagasaki harbour light, and hauled in the log an hour later. The harbour was made at 9 o'clock, and we were safely moored in nine fathoms of water off the town of Nagasaki by 10-15 p.m. I will try to give some account of these beautiful islands, the places we visited and the sights we saw, in my next letter.



LETTER 7.

JAPAN AND TO VANCOUVER.

JAPAN is the name by which the Empire of the Mikado is known to us, but by the inhabitants it is called Dai Nippon. By Nippon is meant "The land of the rising sun," and this is expressed on the national ensign by the red sun on a white ground. Nippon is not really a name, but only a geographical expression similar to our use of the words Orient or Levant. By the qualifying word Dai, literally great, the intention is to indicate the belief of the Japanese as to their country being the centre and most important part of the world. They are now beginning to drop the Dai as they are finding out by the use of maps, by travelling and by the teaching of the foreign professors, whose services they are employing in their schools and colleges, that Nippon is after all only a small part of the habitable globe. The Japanese legendary story of the divine origin of their race, and of the creation of the world—meaning thereby their Nippon, or according to its original designation, Oyashima, that is, the land of the eight islands, and which every Japanese implicitly believes in as part of the authentic early history of his country—is worth quoting here, as it is characteristic of many others of their national myths that are similarly interwoven into their early history, and which (as every connoisseur of Japanese art is aware of) are worked into many of their wonderful fictile and carving art productions in a myriad of beautiful and uniquely fanciful ways. Isanagi and Isanami—the parents of the sun goddess Amaterasu—so runs the legend, when one day standing on the bridge of Heaven, as it reached out and rested on the clouds, and looking down on the dark abyss of troubled water beneath them, dropped a richly ornamented lance into them, whereupon the waters divided, and the drops that fell from the lance as it was drawn up again petrified into eight beautiful islands, on one of which these deities descended, and became the Adam and Eve of the Japanese race. Their daughter's son became the first Mikado, and the present Emperor claims to be his lineal descendant, and that his dynasty has thus lasted

twenty-five hundred years in unbroken succession. In consequence of the popular belief in this mythical divine origin of the Mikado, his person is held sacred by all ranks of his subjects, and one of his titles is The Lord of Heaven, and by which he is described in all State documents. In the recent international treaties with this and other countries, however, it was objected to as impious, and had to be expunged. Japan is about equal in area to the United Kingdom, with Holland and Belgium joined to it, but owing to its hilly conformation and other physical causes and conditions, only an eight part of it is cultivatable. Geographically, the Empire of Japan consists of a long chain of islands, extending from south-west to north-east, and of which Hondo is the central and by far the largest, being about equal in size to Hungary, and contains the modern capital of Tokio, the ancient capital of Kioto, and the two chief treaty ports of Yokohama and Kobe. To the north of Hondo is the large island of Yezo, with the "thousand islands" of the Kuriles, stretching away up to Cape Lapatka in Kamchatka, and to the south of it are the two considerable islands of Shikoku and Kiushiu; with the Loo Choo group, reaching as far south as the north of Formosa, covering altogether, from one extremity to the other, a distance of two thousand miles, and lying between the parallels of latitude, corresponding to the south coast of England and the Canary Islands. This long line of islands, having the sea of Japan on the west, separating them from Corea and Asiatic Russia, and the Pacific Ocean on the east, forms a segment of the great volcanic circle of coasts that surround the basin of the Pacific.

Of the highly volcanic character of Japan generally, we saw ample evidence in the course of our interesting and delightful cruise through the inland sea and round the coasts, and in our subsequent excursions inland. Its annals too are sadly chequered with copious records of terrible earthquakes. At the present day, earth-tremors of a more or less marked character, occur once or twice every month—one of which we experienced at Nikko, awaking us out of sleep by the rocking movement of our beds and the creaking of the sashes and rafters—while violent and terribly destructive earthquakes happen on an average once every twenty years. The last one at Tokio, in 1855, destroyed nearly the whole town, and caused the death of about a hundred thousand people. Besides the hundred extinct and eighteen more or less active volcanoes, and its solfataras

and geysers, the physiographical characters of the country everywhere suggest a volcanic origin and history. Thus the numerous islets that surround the coast and crowd the bays—the Bay of Sendai has more than eight hundred—look, by their abruptly elevated and distorted conformation, as if they had been shot up from the bottom of the sea in some Titanic subterranean struggle. The broken and deeply indented shores are nearly everywhere skirted with ridges of volcanic looking hills, at one point abruptly terminating at the shore line as if they had been chopped straight off, and presenting gaunt bare faces of crumbling schists, and at another, splitting into valleys of wild-looking aspect, along the sides of which may be seen cliffs of basalt and granite shooting up from among surroundings of pine trees and brush-wood, and looking like the ruined walls of some gigantic old castle. The country inland, seen from a distance, has the appearance of a vast wilderness of hills and mountains, rising higher and higher one on another, and combing like waves rolling on to a sea beach. In our rambles up the valley of the Dayia-gawa, near Nikko, and among the neighbouring mountains, we had a closer view of many of these hills and of their wild and savage scenery, and of seeing how greatly volcanic agency must have had to do with their formation, as in some cases their steeply scarped peaks of trachyte had been forced up through the disrupted primary rocks, while others terminated in crater cones, marked with the concentric rings of lava tufa and scorix, at increasing altitudes, which geologists tells us, indicate successive periods of activity.

The climate of Japan is so often a subject of discussion by those who have been to it, and of enquiry by those who may be going to it, that a few remarks about it may be both useful and interesting. To understand, however, its somewhat paradoxical nature, by which both arctic and tropical fauna and flora are found in close proximity, the bear to the ape, and the palm and the bamboo to the pines and deciduous trees of our northern forests, and that Japan, within its comparatively narrow limits, should be the richest and most comprehensive field of geographical botany in the world, a little knowledge of the physical conditions that produce and affect it is absolutely necessary, and which I will now endeavour to sketch as briefly as possible. From its proximity to the Chinese mainland, Japan necessarily participates in the same kind of climate,

namely, moist heat in summer during the south-west monsoon, and clear cold during the north-east monsoon of the opposite season. This is very much modified, however, and anything like a uniformity of climate throughout the geographical limits of the country, rendered impossible by a variety of causes, such as its elongated shape, its environment by the sea, its mountainous character, but chiefly by the permanent cold and hot currents that wash along its shores. With respect to the first, namely, the permanent cold current coming down from the Arctic Sea, although it makes the winter on the north and north-east of Japan more protracted and severe than on the south, lasting seven months, whereas the other is only three and of much milder character, yet it has the advantage, as in the case of the corresponding current of the Atlantic to the shores of Labrador, that it brings with it to Japan enormous quantities of splendid fish, crustacea and molluscs, the supply of which would appear to be inexhaustible, if we may judge by the multitudinous fleet of fishing craft (one of the sights of Japan) that swarm in every bay and offing around her coasts, and which have been plying their industries for centuries, and not only supplying all native wants, but exporting in a cured state many shiploads annually to the mainland. With respect to the permanent warm current or Japanese gulf stream, it is first recognisable between the island of Lutzen, the northernmost of the Philippines, and the island of Formosa. Indeed we readily detected it when on our voyage to Japan, soon after we had passed the northern extremity of the latter island, by an appreciable rise in the temperature, and by the restless, troubled, and hurrying look of the sea, and the deep dark-blue colour which it assumes under bright sunshine, and which is the occasion of its Japanese name of Kuro Shiwo, or black current, as the Jap sailors are optically unable to discriminate between the two colours. On its way north, it splits upon the Loo-choo islands into two streams of unequal dimensions, the smaller or westerly entering the Sea of Japan by the Corean Straits, follows the coast line only a short way, and then striking northward, loses itself in the Sea of Okhotsk; the larger, and so far as the climate is concerned, by far the more important, travels up the east side of Japan, until it meets with the cold current in the neighbourhood of Nambo (39deg. N.) where a difference of temperature of ten degrees

between the two currents can be detected, within a distance of only a few knots. It then strikes eastward across the Pacific ocean—the narrowness of the Behring Straits, preventing its escape northward into the Arctic Sea—as in the case of the Atlantic Gulf Stream; and under the new name of the North Pacific Drift, along which we sailed when crossing—it reaches the shores of North America at Sitka, some distance to the north of Vancouver Island, and finally turning southward along the coasts of British Columbia and the United States, ceases to be further recognisable after passing Cape St. Lucas, on the south of lower California.

These permanent currents have the effect of so far modifying the climate all over the empire that there are no real extremes of temperature, and with respect to those parts of it in actual contact with the equatorial current, while fine crops of Mandarin oranges are grown in the south during the summer, the winters are so mild that the camelia flowers in the open, and so little frosty keenness is there in the air, that snow flakes and flowers may be seen on the trees at the same time. Sharp frosts and heavy snow, although of very rare occurrence, are, however, not unknown in south and south-eastern Japan, which visitors chiefly refer to in speaking of its climate, in consequence of the chief ports of arrival and departure being in that region. Indeed, in 1867 the ice at Yokohama was thick enough to skate upon, and which the European residents indulged in, much to the amazement of the Japs, who had never seen anything of the kind before. Visitors, therefore, to Japan in January, February and March, who are not aware of such facts, and who may have just come from the moist heat of Singapore, or the mild winter climate of San Francisco (which, along with Malta and Madeira, are in the same latitude as Tokio, and yet never have any snow) are very much disappointed with the low temperature, especially in a country where the houses are of wood, and the partitions are of wicker work, and where the rooms have neither open fires nor fixed stoves. Speaking generally, however, of the climate of Japan, so far as it affects visitors, it may be said that if you want to see the cherry, wistaria, peony and other flowering trees and shrubs in full blossom—such as the Japanese take so much delight in—April and May are the best months, but they have the drawback

of a prevalence of high winds. June and the first part of July are frequently very wet, as we found to be the case during the first few days of our arrival at Nagasaki; thereafter, and to the middle of October it is always hot, and sometimes excessively so, as was the case during the whole of our stay at Yokohama. The remainder of the year, however, is clear, dry, still and mild, and is therefore considered the best time of the year for visiting Japan, and it has the additional attraction of those splendid displays of autumnal tints for which Japan is justly famed, when her masses and combinations of red and golden foliage have a brilliancy of effect hardly surpassed by anything of the kind that can be seen either in Canada or in the United States.

The harbour of Nagasaki, at which we arrived on the 28th June, is one of the deepest and safest in all Japan, and is as beautiful as it is well known. It is surrounded on three sides by hills and mountain ranges, chiefly of volcanic basalt, all wooded to the top, and wherever a spring or mountain stream could be utilised for irrigation, the slopes were all under green crops by means of an ingenious system of terraces and distributing channels. On the fourth or west side, is the entrance to it, leading from the beautiful bay of the same name, and with the island of Papenberg to the left of it. This island has a melancholy notoriety as having been the scene of the martyrdom of many thousands of Japanese Christians in 1637, who were given the alternative of trampling on a cross, which was used as a test of renouncing their religion, or being thrown over its cliffs into the sea, and who proved the steadfastness of their faith by accepting so terrible a death rather than do so. Looking round the harbour from the yacht we could see, picturesquely situated, here and there several very pretty villages, and in the town itself and vicinity some Buddhist temples, near which were groves of gigantic camphor trees, and on the hill face in front of us a large native cemetery. Besides some churches, European residences, and consulates on the south side of the town, and not far from where the old Dutch settlement of Deshima was situated, is now to be seen a Government ship building yard and naval arsenal, and an extensive coal depôt, in connection with the coal pits that are in its neighbourhood and at Karatsu. The recent discovery of the two coal basins, from which this coal is obtained,

is considered by some well-wishers of Japan as likely to develop in the near future, many new manufacturing industries, but the coal, unfortunately, is of very inferior quality, being what is known as "peat coal," and is unsuitable for smelting or coke making, and so smoky and dirty in burning that we had to replenish our bunkers with Welsh coal, although about three times the price of the Japan commodity. Large quantities however are shipped to Shanghai and Hong Kong as well as to the native ports, so that we were constantly seeing the process of loading, unloading or transshipping, going on in the harbour, and which was done in a different way from what we had seen before, although curiously enough, every place that we had occasion to coal at had a different way of doing it. Thus at Malta, the coal was brought loose in barges to the ship's side, and carried on board in baskets on the shoulders of the Arab coolies. At Colombo, it was brought in sacks, and with an arrangement of a double row of tamils, these sacks of coal were hoisted from couple to couple up the ship's side, the last couple emptying them into the bunkers and tossing the empty sacks back again. At Singapore, the Chinese coolie carries it abroad in large hampers, suspended from a stout bamboo pole resting on the shoulders of two men walking in line. At Japan, however, the coaling is all done by women, and their *modus operandi* is to stand in line, and at arms' reach of one another from the place of supply to the place of delivery, and then a series of small shallow baskets, in shape and size resembling an ordinary washhand basin filled with coal, is passed rapidly along from one woman to another in a continuous stream, and with as much regularity as the buckets on the moving belt of a grain elevator. On finishing the work of the day, they washed themselves over the sides of their boats and changed their clothes for the clean ones they had brought with them to go home in, and went through the process with an apparent unconsciousness of any impropriety in their public disrobement and ablutions, such as no one can understand who has not been to Japan to see for himself.

The chief industries of Nagasaki are tortoise shell manufactures, mother o' pearl inlaying work, lacquer work, and the making of enamelled porcelain wares. There are some good curio shops in Nagasaki, which those in quest of genuine old Shogun lacquer, or old Satsuma and Imari

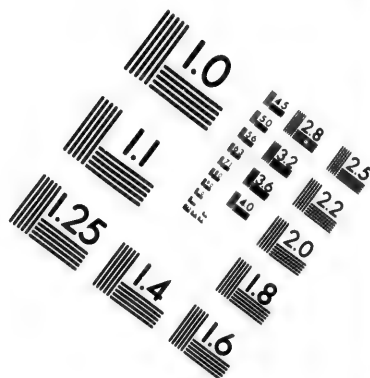
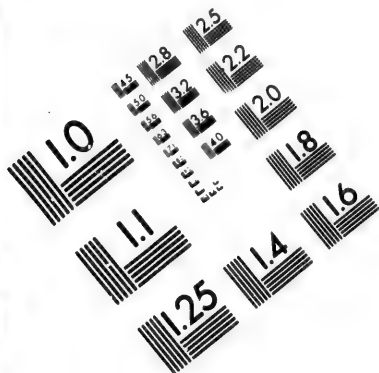
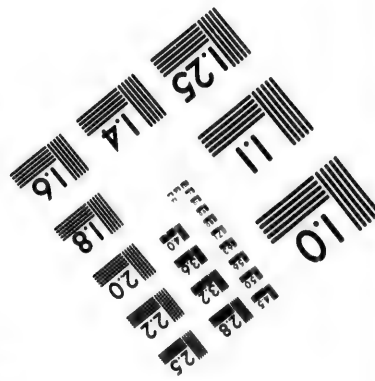
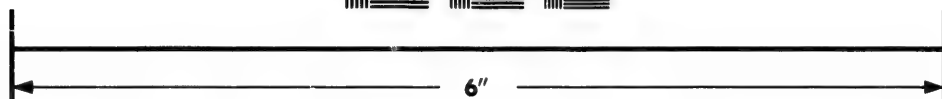
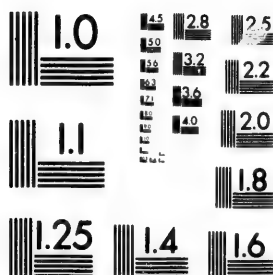


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ware, may find a happy hunting ground and pick up specimens of what they want, at a cheaper price than at Kobe or Tokio, if such a word as cheap may be used at all, when you have to give four hundred dollars for a small piece of lacquer, such as a glove box, which one of us did. The modern productions of Japanese Ceramic art and lacquer work are so good of their kind, and such perfect imitations of what is admitted to be genuine old Shogun, that only experts and experienced dilettanti could distinguish between them. It is, therefore, desirable for a purchaser to know what he is about, as the "old" is much more expensive than the "modern," in consequence of it having been made expressly for the Shoguns and Daimyos by artists among their retainers, and in their constant employment, and with whom excellence in quality was alone aimed at, irrespective of the time spent over it and of the cost of the materials employed, at least in the case of gold lacquer. These art curios are of various kinds, and as some good specimens of many of them were purchased by Mr. Wythes and others of our party, a passing reference to them will serve to illustrate what Japanese curios consist of. Among our purchases were some elegant pieces of bronze work with grotesque designs of fanciful dragons and mythological figures of gods and heroes disporting themselves among lotus lilies and palm trees; rich old tapestry and other needlework, made into handsome folding screens; some gorgeous silk and figured Mikado's and Daimyo's Court dresses; articles of sumptuous looking gold grain lacquer work, embossed with dreamy scenery of Japanese fairy land; carvings in ivory and ebony of artistic excellence and intricate elaboration; water-coloured cartoons, or "kakemonos," of marvellous beauty and truthfulness of colouring, and illustrating the wonderful skill of the Japanese artist for depicting life in motion; specimens of porcelain ware and kindred fictile productions of the more famous of the Japanese potteries, such as Satsuma, Imari, and Kaga, with their wonderful vitreous enamels, their remarkable ground colours unsurpassed in ceramic art for the delicacy of their shades, their elaborate ornamentation of some of the specimens of the ware with sculpturesque reliefs of imaginative scenes and figures, and lastly, the remarkable productions of Cloisonné enamel of Kyoto and Tokio, of which Mr. Wythes succeeded in purchasing one of the finest specimens that we had anywhere seen, consisting of a pair of vases six feet high

and covered all over with pictorial designs of landscape scenery and animal life, worked out to the minutest detail with inlaid metallic threads and enamelled with colours both brilliant and tender, and that imparted the most charming effect to the whole compositions. By the expressions "Shogun" lacquer and "genuine old" lacquer, or Satsuma, is meant what had belonged to the Shoguns and Damyos, and that had been thrown into the market for sale as the result of the revolution of 1868.

A word of explanation as to the causes and consequences of this revolution is almost indispensable, in order to understand how these art treasures came to be dispersed; and also what is implied by the terms "new" and "old" Japan, which originated from that event. The immediate result of the revolution was the creation of what is now called "new or modern Japan," by which the Japanese race were enabled to take up their true position as one of the nations of the earth, such as it was entitled to do by virtue of its well-marked individuality of type, and by those distinctive racial characteristics that not only win the admiration of all strangers, but have attracted the friendly good-will of all Christian Governments. The revolution may be briefly explained as having arisen from the gradual usurpation by the Shogun or Tycoon—who although a permanent Prime Minister, was still only a subject—of the supreme power of the State, and his thereby reducing the Mikado to the merest *nominis umbra* of an Emperor. Although, therefore, the Mikado reigned, he did not rule, and was a mere puppet in the hands of the Tycoon, who carried on the government of the country, not as a responsible minister of the Crown, but as an absolute monarch on his own account, by means of a feudal system of Damyos, or territorial nobles—these Damyos having independent and absolute sway over the inhabitants of their respective districts, and maintaining their power and position by armed retainers, called Samurai, but bound to render military service to the Tycoon whenever he required them to do so. The Tycoon (or Shogun) had thus the entire military power of the country at his command, and made and carried on wars, and entered into treaties, quite irrespective of the Mikado. Indeed, this signing of treaties by the Tycoon instead of by the Mikado, was the technical cause of the revolution, for certain of the Damyos being desirous of again closing the ports that had been opened for foreign trade by Commodore Perry's treaty, and which had been granted and signed by the Tycoon, with-

drew their allegiance from him in favour of restoring the Mikado to his legitimate position and authority, in the hope that he would reverse the policy of the Tycoon, by closing the treaty ports and expelling all foreigners, but although they fought and conquered under this idea, the result in the end turned out quite different to what they had expected, as Japan is now more open to foreign trade and foreigners than it had ever been before. The populace sympathized with the revolution from a different motive, namely, that they might have the Mikado to appeal to against the territorial tyranny, inseparable from all feudal systems, and they have not been disappointed in what they aspired to. The resulting war was short, but bloody, and although the issue at times seemed dubious, the Tycoon was finally completely overthrown. The Mikado now no longer lives in a state of mysterious retirement, as an unapproachably sacred person, such as he had formerly been compelled to do, by the Shoguns, but appears among his people and takes an interest in their welfare and progress, and as he now rules as well as reigns, the entire organization of the old feudal system has been swept away. The ranks of Shogun and Damyo having been abolished, and their estates and incomes escheated at the same time, they no longer had the means to keep up their castles and mansions, and had no alternative but to dispose of their contents. As that had to be done with much precipitancy, the market at first became so glutted with these "genuine old" productions of Japanese art, that even the best of them only fetched clearance prices, and whole ship loads, so purchased, went to Europe and America, yielding a rich harvest of profits to their importers.

We left Nagasaki on July 2nd, after taking a pilot on board to navigate us through the intricacies of the Inland Sea, through which Mr. Wythes intended to go by short trips, moving only during the day time, and anchoring each afternoon in one or other of the many pretty little bays along its shores, so as to ensure a good and full view of its scenery, which every one we had met, who had been through it, extolled so much. Our first halting place was Karatsu, about sixty miles north along the coast, and where we arrived early in the evening, in a downpour of rain and a blinding mist, like the weather of our first three days at Nagasaki, and which revived our apprehensions that we were not yet out of the June rainy season and that we therefore stood a poor chance of seeing much of the beauties of the Inland Sea. Next day,

however, broke bright and clear, and the weather continued so, not only all our way through the Inland Sea, but during the whole of our stay in Japan, with the exception of an occasional shower and the rather trying heat during the latter part of our stay at Yokohama. Karatsu is situated among the many Wans or long arms of the sea that run far into the west side of the island of Kiushiu and make it the most broken part of the Japan coast. Karatsu rests on one of the two coal basins already referred to, and the traffic and work at the pits find employment for many of its inhabitants.

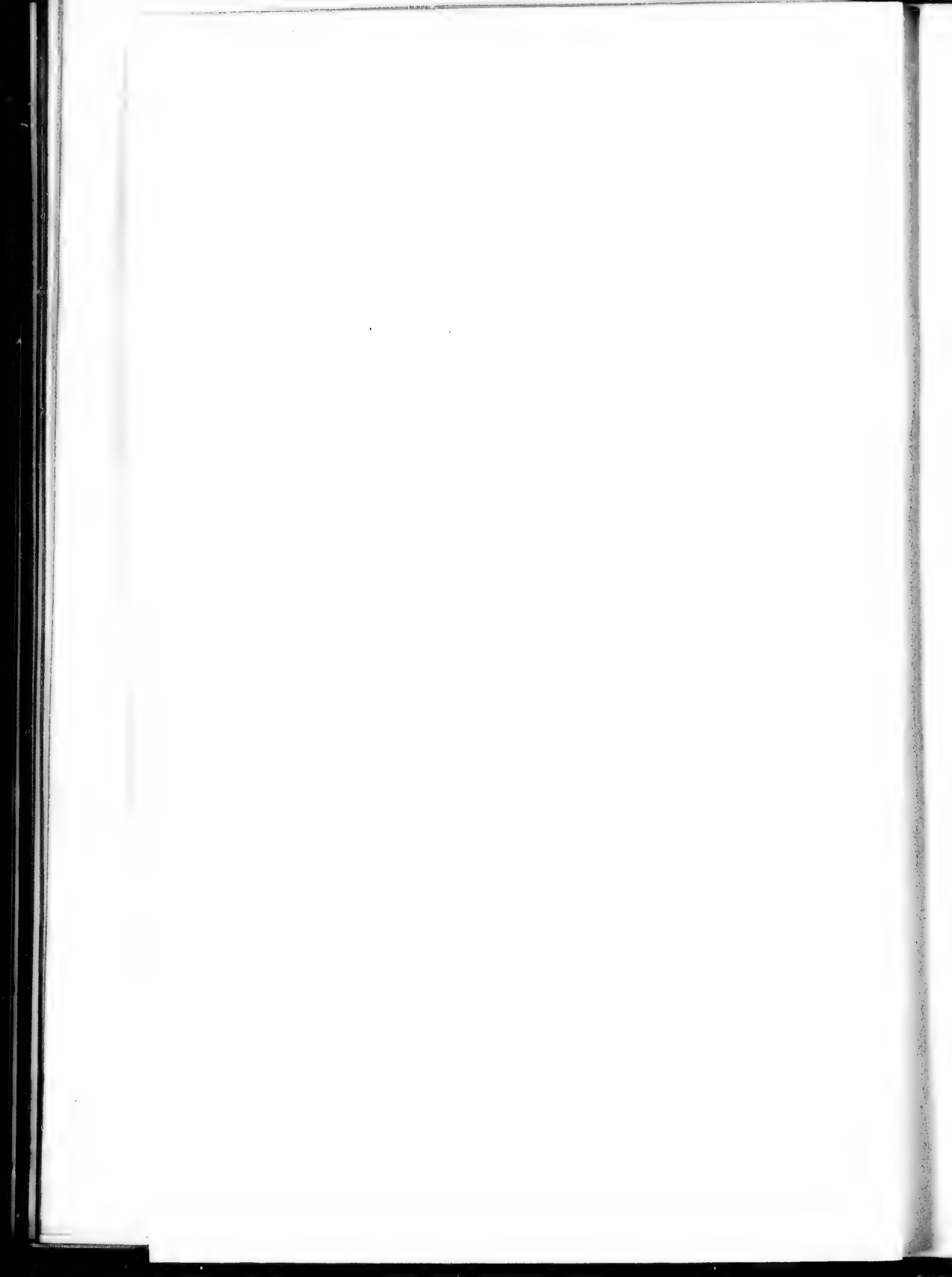
Our next advance was to Shimonoseki, situated on the main island of Hondo and at the western entrance of the Inland Sea, called in the maps the Straits of Van der Capillen. On our way we saw seven large sharks sunning themselves on the surface of the water, and as we also had seen several when we were approaching Nagasaki there are probably a good many of these formidable fish in the seas round the islands. This town of Shimonoseki had the evil fortune to be bombarded by the combined fleets of England, France, Holland, and the United States in 1863, and to pay an indemnity of three million dollars for having fired on their ships, and attempting to expel "the barbarians"—that is, foreigners—from the "treaty ports" that had been conceded ten years previously to Commodore Perry.

Our next run was to Tokiyama, a small fishing town situate in a picturesque and well sheltered little bay about a hundred miles down the Inland Sea. As it lay quite out of the sailing track for large ships, and judging by the great interest the inhabitants took in the yacht, it was probably the first smart looking schooner of the size they had ever seen. We remained there over the next day as it was Sunday, and soon after breakfast many scores of people came out to the yacht in their long, shallow fishing boats, built of unpainted wood, but all looking as clean and white as if they were subjected to as thorough a daily scrubbing as our decks get. As they showed no inclination to return, but hung about the sides of the yacht as if they expected to be allowed to come aboard—which was really the case, in conformity with their own ideas and habits of social courtesies to strangers—Mr. Wythes, with considerate kindness ordered the yacht to be thrown open to all come between certain hours, forenoon and afternoon. To our amazement about eight hundred came aboard from first

to last, keeping up a continual stream all the time, and those who happened to arrive too late, and whom we were obliged to refuse admittance to, in consequence of our usual time for service aboard, went back apparently much disappointed. Our visitors were of both sexes, but with a decided preponderance of the "fair," and included among their numbers a great many children and some quite old people. The former were under the care of their parents, and we were much struck by the pains they took to show and explain to their children every thing they saw themselves; the latter, especially the old women, were as curious to see everything, and appeared as pleased with what they saw as any who came on board. Taking them all round, they looked clean and wholesome in person, and neat and trim in attire, and as if they had put on their best holiday garments for the occasion. Indeed, the young Japanese women—some of whom were decidedly pretty of their type—with their elaborate coiffures trussed up with long hair skewers, mounted with silver, tortoise shell, coral or precious stones (an ordinary Japanese female's head decorations costing sometimes forty to sixty dollars), their kimonos, or gowns, that hang upon them so gracefully, of figured patterns on pretty-toned colours, and their embroidered obis, or panniers, fastened on behind with showy coloured and rich silk waist sashes, made quite a gay spectacle as they moved about the yacht with the crowd, or sat gossiping in be vies in their boats waiting their turn to come aboard. The Japanese matrons, however, rather detract from the effect of the picture as they blacken their teeth and mouth with some inky preparation of iron and oak galls, to make themselves ugly to indicate that being married they no longer court the admiration of any but their husbands. Our visitors on board behaved with admirable propriety, being respectful and orderly, yet taking a keen interest in all they saw or were shown. At first our A. B's were stationed in all the cabins, and wherever there was loose property about, to see that it was not interfered with, but later on, when we found that they all acted strictly according to the nursery lesson of "looking at everything and touching nothing," this espionage was largely dispensed with, and they were allowed to roam about the yacht very much where they liked, yet so far as we know of, nothing was either stolen, touched or handled, which is more than could be expected from a promiscuous crowd of our own country-



Ro castle Minstrels.



men under similar circumstances. The manners of the Japanese in the presence of strangers are very charming, as they always seem to be quite at their ease, and bow with a graceful flexure of the entire body at the beginning and end of an interview, and this deferential manner is without servility, as they observe the same forms of elegant and dignified politeness in their intercourse with one another. The little Jap boys, with their interesting and gleeful faces, soon became great favourites with the sailors, who took them down the forecastle to the biscuit locker, and stuffed the breast pockets of their kimonos with biscuits, and which they munched away at with great gusto. They also greatly amused them with the performances of a little pet monkey, whom they had taught a number of pretty tricks, salaaming, bowing, pretending to be dead, &c., but alas! for poor Jenny, this proved to be her first and final performance in public, as much to the regret of the forecastle, with whom she was a great favourite and a never failing source of amusement, she fell overboard unobserved, just as we were beginning to move next morning, and came to watery grave.

When we went ashore in the launch after service, the boys in some boats that we passed on our way, waved their hands to us and cheered, the children in the streets of the town saluted us as we walked along with 'sayonara's (good luck to you), the police escorted us through the town, and when we re-entered the launch and started back for the yacht, they took their hats off and waved a good bye to us. What other police in the world would do that? The policeman who attempted the Czarewitch's life at Otsu must undoubtedly have been suffering from temporary insanity, at least according to our experience of them. Altogether, we were very favourably impressed with the Japanese from what we saw of them in the freedom of that day's intercourse among them, and we can cordially endorse what we heard said of them, both at Vancouver and San Francisco, namely, that every one who has just come from Japan always speaks of them as "nice people."

We left this sweet little bay of Tokiyama next morning, and after steaming through a labyrinth of interlacing little islands closely cultivated well up their slopes (like all the other hill sides along the route, wherever water for irrigation was available), and anon between narrow cliff-guarded straits of volcanic aspect, and over picturesque seas flanked with wooded ridges, and enlivened with hundreds of fishing craft, skimming

the placid surface of the water, or lolling lazily by their nets and lines—with fresh surprises of scenery at every turn and league's length of the way, we arrived early in the afternoon at Gogo, an island fishing village, with nothing about it worth mentioning, except its charming world-forgetting, world-forgotten look of contentment and repose. Here we were visited by some officers of a Japanese man-of-war, lying at anchor in an adjoining bay. As soon as it was dark enough for the purpose, Mr. Wythes amused the inhabitants by illuminating the town, shore and bay with the electric search light, and thereafter the saloon was entertained with a deck concert by the forecastle, and the night closed, as it usually does, with merry banter and spritely *jeu de mots* among ourselves in the deck house, at which we all lend a willing and copious hand.

Next day our course lay through scenery of similar variety and beauty, and the night was passed at the pretty anchorage and busy little shipping port of Miwarra. Here we also entertained the inhabitants with an exhibition of the illuminating powers of the search light, which apparently greatly delighted them as they cheered most lustily at every fresh sweep it made. Mr. Wythes manipulated it himself and produced some very fine effects in the scenery behind the town and round the bay. Perhaps the limited area of the bay, with its environment of hills, the clearness of the air, and the darkness of the night, all helped to give increased potency to the electric luminant, for, whatever it was thrown upon came out with a distinctness of definition that could not be surpassed by the brightest of moonlight, as, for instance, the outline of the ridges, the woods and open glades on the hill slopes, the rocks and sylvan recesses in the ravines, the hamlets in the valley, the windings of the streams, the streets of the town, with the groups of gossipers at the doors of the houses, the fore-shore and the landing quays, crowded with spectators looking towards us, the ships in the harbour, with their ropes, spars, names, displacement gauges, and the occupation of the men on board, and also, I should not omit to mention the strange and unexpected sight of quite a large number of small boats, being rowed about the harbour in the dark, some containing both men and women, others women only; probably they were indulging in a Japanese aquatic equivalent, to an evening stroll. The effect of the light when projected into the water, upon the diving birds, was very remarkable, for when once caught in it they seemed

obliged to follow it, wherever it was moved. A guillemot, that had in this way been brought to the side of the yacht, as often as it was allowed to escape into the darkness by shutting off the light, was always found again and brought back, and it was a curious sight to see with what speed it coursed its way through the water up to the light.

Our next destination was Uchimado, where we anchored the following afternoon, and had some amusement in fishing with nets, and at 3 p.m. the day after, being July 9th, just a week from leaving Nagasaki, we completed our cruise through the inland sea by arriving at Hyogo-Kobe. We found its splendid harbour and roadstead full of shipping of all kinds, many vessels being of the largest size, both steam and sailing, and judging by the large number of lighters that were busily engaged in loading and unloading, and moving to and from the shore, we had presumptive evidence enough of the business activity that makes Kobe—after Yokohama—the leading commercial port of Japan. The population of Hyogo Kobe is about fifty thousand, of which forty thousand are in the native quarter of Hyogo and which is separated from Kobe by a stream, although only a dry channel of bright sand and gravel the most of the year. Indeed, when I visited it I saw lots of Japanese children, many of them evidently of well-to-do parents, if one may judge by the quality of their attire, playing in it with their miniature spades and buckets at building sand castles, like English children at a sea-side resort. The remaining ten thousand are in Kobe—the modern quarter—although only about four hundred of them are Europeans. The houses of these residents and their places of business are all built of brick or stone, and contrast strongly with the low wooden structures of the natives. They are also said to be less liable to be affected by earthquakes, in consequence of the foundations being put low in the ground, as the earth movements in earthquakes are chiefly on the surface, on the principle of contre-coup, such as when the first of a row of balls is struck, the last moves away while the intermediate remain stationary. Poor Kobe seems to have had a bad time of it during the past summer, as only a short time after we left, it was struck by a typhoon, when much property was damaged, and a German vessel that succeeded us in our anchorage was driven ashore up on to the Bund; and when we reached San Francisco, we saw in the local press that Kobe had recently been the scene of a terrible earthquake, by which three hundred lives had been lost and much property destroyed.

After taking a look through the town and visiting the beautiful waterfalls in its neighbourhood, we procured passports to enable us to visit Kioto, as they are necessary beyond twenty-five miles from a treaty port—a restriction, along with others, which is said to be imposed by the Japanese Government upon all foreigners in retaliation for the refusal of their respective Governments to allow Japan, being a heathen country, to “try” their subjects in its courts. As there is railway communication all the way, we were able to procure tickets at Kobe station on showing our passports. Passing Osaka on the way—called the Venice of Japan, and which was formerly its commercial capital—the line runs through a rich alluvial district, chiefly under rice crops. The fields are divided into squares, surrounded by mud banks, and periodically flooded with water from a system of irrigation ditches running in all directions, by means of portable water-wheels, and worked by treading on the blades. The rice is first sown thick in nursery fields, and then planted out in rows at regular distances in the month of June; and it was a strange sight to see the peasants knee-deep in the muddy water, all stooping down at their work, with rice-straw mats on their backs to protect them from both sun and rain, and looking more like great frogs or tortoises than human beings. Besides rice, we passed fields of tobacco, maize, mulberry, tea, and ponds and ditches of the white lotus lily, the seeds of which are used as food, ground into meal. On our way we passed over three long iron bridges, crossing the wide beds of the windings of the river Yodo, which at that time was only of small dimensions, occupying but a narrow strip of their great widths, the rest consisting of a wild weird-looking waste of white pebbles and massive boulders. This condition is characteristic of many of the rivers of Japan, and renders worthless immense tracts of some of the most fertile of her plains. It is brought about by the sudden melting of the mountain snows, and the torrential rains of the south-west monsoons in summer and autumn, swelling the quiet mountain streams into formidable torrents, that by the sheer hydraulic force of their bulk and momentum, dislodge great masses of rock from their beds and banks, and hurl them before them with a noise like thunder, destroying bridges, wrecking embankments, and reaching the river beds of the plain in such overwhelming bulk and power, that wherever the banks have been surpassed or fresh channels ploughed through, every particle of soil and everything on it has been swept away, leaving in exchange only a perennial

desert of these weird-looking pebbles and boulders. On arriving at Kioto, we took up our quarters at the Ya-ami Hotel, in preference to the Imperial, on account of its cooler situation on a hill side. It has also the advantage of commanding good views of the town and country, and is charmingly surrounded by gardens, groves, and temples.

Kioto was the old political and intellectual capital of Japan, and until 1867 was the residence of the Mikado. It has as many as nine hundred and thirty temples—Buddhist and Shinto—and is still adding to their numbers; for we visited a very magnificent one that had been building for the last ten years, and were told that it would take five more to complete, and when finished would cost as much money as would construct and outfit an ironclad. It is noted for its silk manufactures, its brocades and embroideries, its bronzes, cloisonné work, and productions of various kinds of ceramic art.

With a guide, we spent the next day in visiting many of the temples, for which Kioto is famed, and places of interest in the city, such as the bridge over the Kamo, its flagged river bed and the refreshment stalls upon it, so much frequented by the people in the evenings; then to the manufactories, where the various kinds of goods just mentioned were turned out, and of which we made a series of illustrative purchases as we went along. Many other places and objects of great interest were also visited, but it would encumber my cursory sketch too much to attempt to refer to them in detail.

On the next and following days we made a series of excursions to interesting parts of the surrounding country. The first one was to the Rapids on the Kamo river, which we safely descended in a long narrow flat-bottomed boat, but it seemed such perilous work that I should not care to try it again. The current is very strong and tumultuous, and its narrow channel is obstructed by great masses of rock, at zigzag to one another, so that the water dashes violently from one side to the other all the way down. Your safety therefore entirely depends upon the skill of the boatman, who stands at the bow, and with a long stout bamboo pole, pushes your boat aside so as to clear rock after rock all the way down. These boatmen are accredited with a sure eye and a strong arm, and seldom make a miss, but if ever they did, the boat would go broadside on in a minute, when all must be upset; and as it would be impossible to swim "in such a raging flood," besides the risk of being stunned or otherwise injured

against the rocks, the chance of some of us coming to grief would not, I think, have been inconsiderable.

Our next excursion was to see the beautiful lake of Biwa, seven miles from Kioto, and so called from its resemblance in shape to the Japanese musical instrument of that name. It is the largest lake in Japan, being sixty miles long and thirty broad, and is situated between the watersheds of the two central mountain ranges. Its water is of a lovely green, and its islands are tenanted by white storks. The little harbour and town of Otsu is at its lower end, and as we passed through the latter, the spot was pointed out to us where the insane Japanese gendarme attacked the Czarewitch. To the left of Otsu is the historical White Castle of Hikone, and on the right is the celebrated mushroom-shaped pine tree, of great size and age, and to which the Japs make pilgrimages, to pray for long life. On the other side of the lake is seen the high mountain of Ibuki-Yama, where the Japs believe the devil lives, but the myth has probably originated from the fastnesses of the mountain having been at one time infested with robbers, who made themselves a terror to the neighbourhood. They, however, believe that all evil comes from the north-east, through Kimongate or "devil's gate," the name of a spur of this mountain, and on a hill to the north east of Kioto a temple and monastery was erected and richly endowed, and having as many as three thousand priests, whose office was to keep evil from coming to Kioto by constantly ringing bells, beating drums, shouting and praying; and from the popular belief in their power to do so, they were able to exercise considerable political influence. We now took the lake steamer at Otsu, a very tiny affair, and after an interesting trip round the south part of the lake, where we saw many picturesquely situated villages and small towns along the shores and up in the valleys, we landed at one of them and had lunch at a tea-house, charmingly situated by the water side. As usual, we brought the material with us, for if you trust to a Japanese tea-house for a hungry Englishman's meal you will be much disappointed with the result. Rice and chou chou may fill, but it won't satisfy, and the monotony of the diet would be unbearable to the Japs themselves if they did not begin their meals with copious draughts of hot saki, a rice spirit, and which enables them to get down the staple commodity without any disrelish at its insipidity and want of variety.

The day after our return from Kioto, being July 18th, the *St. George* started under steam for Yokohama. The weather

continued uninterruptedly fine, and the passage through the Linchoten Straits, situated between the main island of Hondo and the island of Shikoku, was especially enjoyable after the heat of Kobe and Kioto. We were in expectation of meeting the Chinese fleet on our way north, as we heard that it was leaving Yokohama for Kobe about the same time we were leaving the latter place. It passed us, however, during the night, so that we did not get the opportunity of forming a judgment for ourselves, which we were rather desirous of doing, on the question that was just then agitating the Japanese mind and undergoing so much discussion, both in the native and English local press, as to the relative strength and fighting capabilities of their own and the Chinese navy. The Japanese naturally enough think their own the better, but the opinion of the local Anglican press was in favour of the Chinese fleet, for the reason that the ships were all new, having been built to order, chiefly by English firms, whereas the Japanese were partly second-hand purchases, and partly built by themselves. On our way north we sighted Fuji-Yama, a famous Japan mountain, 12,400 feet high, for the first time at 7-20 p.m., and arrived in Yokohama roadstead at 7-55 of the following morning, entering it between the two lightships placed to indicate the deep water channel. As at Kobe, only in a much greater degree, we found the harbour and roadstead full of shipping of all kinds and sizes, and amply vindicating the claim of Yokohama to be considered the first commercial port in the Empire. We had hardly settled into place before our sailors were interviewed by a deputation from the crew of an American man-of-war, the *Monocrasy*, lying a little way off from us, and who brought a challenge to row them in the respective ship's gigs. This was duly accepted by our men, stakes and preliminaries arranged, and the event to come off in a fortnight. When, however, the race came off, to the amazement of our fellows, the Americans had substituted a light racing gig, not belonging to their ship at all, for their ship's gig, and which was about half the weight of ours, narrower and shallower in build, and, of course, with such odds against them, our boat came in a long way behind. Our men offered to row them again for double stakes if they would agree to exchange boats, but as they refused to do so, there was an end to further intercourse with the *Monocrasy*. When the American Admiral, who was ashore at the time, heard of what had occurred, he expressed his disapproval by ordering the private racing gig to be at once sent ashore. If you are a curio hunter you will

find some excellent curio shops in Yokohama, where some really good things may be picked up, if you don't mind paying the price for them, but such prices as five thousand dollars for a pair of Cloisonné vases puts high class purchases out of the reach of all except the wealthy. As there was nothing specially interesting to detain us in Yokohama, while the heat was so oppressive (ninety to ninety-five degrees) that we were anxious to escape from it by getting up into the mountains, we left almost immediately for Miyanoshita, one of the best known and most frequented watering places in Japan, and the yacht in the meantime went into dock at Yokosaka to have her bottom scraped and her copper sheeting overhauled.

LETTER 8.

JAPAN AND TO VANCOUVER.—(*Continued.*)

THE first part of the journey was by rail to Kodsu, thence to Yumoto by horse tram, and the rest of the way by jinrickishas, up the long, narrow and very romantic valley of the noisy, brawling and bellowing Hayiagawa, the river that is formed by the outflow of the pretty mountain lake of Hakone, at the top of the valley in which Miyanoshita is situated. We took up our quarters at the Fugia Hotel, where apartments had been pre-engaged for us by telegram. This hotel is delightfully situated on the side of a wooded hill, facing the valley we came up, and is surrounded on all sides by the magnificent ranges of the Hakone mountains. Its locality indeed is admitted to be one of the most charming mountain districts in all Japan, with merry streams, splendid woods, and numerous springs, including several that are medicinal and thermal. As for Mr. Yamaguchi's hotel, too much cannot be said in its praise. Everyone we met there, and everyone we have since met who had been there, all speak of it in the same

terms of well-merited laudation. The apartments, public rooms, corridors and verandahs are all spacious and airy, the bath rooms and baths which are innocent of paint or varnish, are constructed of sweet smelling wood and are kept scrupulously clean and supplied by a continuous inflow of water from the springs. The food is first-rate, the cooking excellent, the waiting unexceptionable, and all done by Japanese maidens, under the kindly discipline of the proprietor's wife. Indeed these girls are quite a feature of the hotel, as, while they are most attentive, obliging and respectful to the guests, they are allowed the freedom, as they naturally have the playfulness of children, and thus impart that little admixture of Japanese life to the management that gives it a homeliness much appreciated by the European guests.

The neighbourhood of Miyanoshita affords ample scope for many interesting and enjoyable excursions. Among many others, the one that we made to Lake Hakone was very much enjoyed by all of us who took part in it. Although it is only eight miles from the hotel, the road to it is up such a rough, steep and narrow mountain path that it is quite hard work to walk it, and yet if you take a chair, what with the jolting, occasional upsets and the grunting of the overtaxed bearers, you will find it preferable to walk. Hakone lake is an exceedingly beautiful sheet of water. On a peninsular projection, a handsome summer palace for the use of the Empress has been recently erected by the Mikado, and which commands all the fine views round the lake and of the mountains that encircle it, chief among which is the noble snow-capped dome of Fuji, which is only a little smaller than Mount Blanc. This mountain is said to be the youngest in the world, having only come into existence in the year 800 B.C., and according to the popular tradition or myth, its immense mass of earth was all thrown up in a single night, simultaneously with the formation of Lake Biwa, in the plain of Omi, already referred to. Fuji is one of the hundred extinct volcanoes of Japan, its last eruption having occurred in 1708, when according to the accounts that have come down about it, a hundred thousand lives were lost, and fifty towns and villages more or less destroyed. The snow upon its summit disappears for about eight weeks in July and August, except between the ridges, where the drifts have been heaviest, and during this short period of its accessibility, thousands of Japanese pilgrims annually climb to the top of it, and perform some supposed act of homage or worship to the god or spirit of the mountain.

To understand why they should do so, it may be as well to explain that according to the polytheistic tenets of Shintoism (formerly, along with Buddhism, the state religion of Japan, though at present Japan is without one, but is considering the point of adopting Christianity in one form or another) all the forms which nature assumes, such as mountains, woods, marshes, rivers and seas, and the powers which she exercises, such as in earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, thunder and tempest, are either the embodiments or the manifestations of tutelary deities or spirits. The Jap therefore prays to the mountain to send rain in due season for his rice crops, and generally, that it will counteract the machinations of all the malignant spirits of nature that are inimical to human life and happiness.

On our way back to the hotel we crossed over Ugoku-yama or Hell Mountain, and a very Tartarian looking place it was. Sulphur vapours, voluminous and strong were steaming up out of innumerable cracks and holes all over it; heavy incrustations of sulphur lay here and there on the surface, and all vegetation was killed. The lava tufa and surface rocks were bleached, and decomposing under the chemical action of the vapours, so that the ground seemed rotten under your feet, and you could hear from many of the fissures a loud bubbling and jolting sound, as if ebullition of a very violent kind was going on far down in the ground beneath you. This Solfatara supplies all the six or seven watering places along the valley of the Hayiagawa with the sulphur and thermal waters for which they are celebrated, and it is curious to observe the change, both in character and temperature, that takes place according to their respective distances from their common source at Ugokuyama. At first the temperature of the water is just under the boiling point, and is highly charged with sulphur. After travelling on the surface a short way, it disappears into the ground to reappear at Ashinoyia, half-way towards Miyanoshita. At Ashinoyia, where there is a medical establishment for the cure of skin and other complaints, the temperature is found to have subsided to blood heat, although the sulphur is still strong. After again disappearing, it next reappears at Miyanoshita, where the temperature makes a further drop to about eighty degrees, but the whole of the sulphur has now gone, and a trace of iron has taken its place. Similar changes occur at all the other watering places in proportion to their distances down the valley.

On our return to the hotel, we found a professor of the art of tattooing, busily at work upon some of the visitors. Although tattooing has been prohibited by imperial edict, in consequence of the Nimsoku or coolies tattooing their bodies instead of wearing clothes, it is still extensively practised, and professors of the art wait upon all foreigners at the hotels, and apparently get so much to do and are so well paid for it that they make quite good incomes, this gentleman telling us that he made over a thousand pounds a year from the practice of his art. He certainly was very clever at it and produced quite artistic pictures on your skin. One of the visitors who had been operated upon at the hotel, had a couple of cocks in fighting attitude, done on rather a large scale on his upper arm, and that were marvellously well executed, and for which he paid the sum of sixty dollars. On our return to the yacht, which we did on 4th August, after visiting Tokio and Nikko, some account of which I will now proceed to give, we found our sailors had also got infected with the mania for being tattooed, and had on board an artist of a less expensive sort, who was busily "jobbing" away at their arms and had produced tattooings on them of great variety of pattern, such as beetles, butterflies, flowers, birds, snakes, dragons, and a favourite one with them was a Japanese lady. Some of their tattooings inflamed and festered rather badly, and took about four weeks to get well from. This they were inclined to ascribe to some bad quality in the red dye, used by their cheap artist, but as what had been kept covered up did well enough, it was due apparently to some action of the sun's rays in the case of those working with their bare arms, that affected the red but not the black coloured parts.

Having arrived at Tokio by rail, we put up at the Imperial Hotel, a handsome modern structure, elegantly furnished and well appointed throughout, but which does not appear to have got known to visitors, as not half a dozen besides ourselves were staying at it. Much of Tokio has been modernised of recent years, which the extensive fires it has been so often subject to (such as the one in 1872, which destroyed the castle with all the Government offices and about five thousand houses) have contributed, by clearing the way for doing so. Many of the houses are now built of stone and brick, instead of the low wooden kind as formerly, and still are in the old districts; while the banks, hotels, public offices and buildings are now of European character. The main streets have been widened, some with paved footpaths, and bordered with trees.

The chief modernising agent however has been the change in the political system, which has been acting not only on Tokio, but on the entire country. In the short space of twenty years Tokio has become the capital of a consolidated and real empire, the seat of a strong Government, with an executive Cabinet and an elective Parliament, having an army raised by conscription of a total available strength of two hundred thousand, and a fleet of sixty ships of war of modern type. But as it is old Japan that we are chiefly interested in, it was pleasant to hear from the windows of this grand modern hotel the clatter of the wooden clogs in the streets, to see the jinrickisha men rushing past with their fares, and the Japanese women and their dapper children walking about in their picturesque native attire, always elegant, and that can never become old fashioned.

There is so much to see in Tokio that it is impossible in such a brief notice of it to go into any detail. It is of great extent, covering an area equal to that of Paris and has a population of about a million. Seen from the sea, out in the Bay of Yedo, at the north-west corner of which it is situated, it has a remarkably fine appearance, on account of its undulating character and the trees, gardens, and green open spaces interspersed among the edifices, streets, and districts, and by which the whole city is surrounded. Another good *point-de-vue* is from the top of the tower, recently erected on a hill in its centre, called Aatgo-yama, and I was much indebted to my friend, the Rev. T. Cholmondely, chaplain to Bishop Bickersteth, for a very interesting description of all the more conspicuous objects and places of interest to be seen from it. Tokio is full of temples, there being over a thousand Buddhist, and about two hundred Shinto, though most of them are now shut up in consequence of the Government having appropriated for State uses the large revenues that they formerly possessed. When we visited some of those at Sheba we found them locked up, and only after a good deal of knocking at the outside gate, did a shabby-looking old priest at length make his appearance, and after we had paid him a small fee, showed us over the tenantless oratories, chapels, and shrines. We were, however, much interested with what we saw in these temples, and also with the elaborate richness and grandeur of the tombs of the Shoguns that are within their precincts, although it made us feel sad to think that such unrivalled triumphs of Japanese art in lacquer, bronze, and painted carvings such as they possess,

and which would be of priceless value in any European capital, were fast going to decay for want of looking after. Among the many other places of interest that we visited, I can only afford space to refer to two or three of them. One was to the Maple Tree Club, and of which the members are all Japanese gentlemen of the highest class. It is severely simple in its furnishings and decorations, but everything is of the best class, and it is surrounded with gardens in strictly Japanese style, with ornamental fish ponds, rockeries, and cascades, and those arboreous eccentricities which Japanese gardeners are so skilful in producing, making trees grow in all sorts of unnatural and fanciful ways and forms. Next, to the British Consulate, where Mr. De Bunsen, the chief secretary, kindly entertained us and showed us over the grounds. Then to the Greek Cathedral, where Mr. Cholmondely hoped to find Bishop Nicholai at home that he might introduce us to him, but he was absent on some pastoral work. The priests-in-charge, however, great tall powerful men, who could speak English quite well, showed us over the edifice. The Cathedral is erected on a high projecting knoll of land, that is deeply scarped on three sides and lined with massive masonry like a fortress (which the Japs have a suspicion it is ultimately intended for), and inside there is a wonderfully rich, gorgeous, indeed almost meretriciously gaudy reredos, by the exuberance of its flashy gildings and ornamentation. And lastly, that nothing that was characteristic of Japan should be left unseen, even if it shocked us to look at, we paid a visit to and walked through some of the streets of that dreadful suburb of Tokio, called Yoshiwara, where women of a certain class are exhibited to public view in windows behind lattice work like birds in a cage, and to which dreadful life Japanese parents sell their daughters, who thereby become the slave and legal property of their purchasers. It is to be hoped that modern Japan, in its eagerness to be considered a civilized nation, will take steps at an early date to wipe out this terrible blot on her national escutcheon.

After paying a parting call at St. Andrew's House, the headquarters of the English Church Mission, to say good bye to Bishop Bickersteth, whom we found in a rather weak state of health, having only just recovered from a two months illness, and who was about to take a trip across the Pacific to recruit his strength at the Sanatorium of Banff, up in the Rocky Mountains, we next morning started for Nikko, which is situated about a hundred miles to the north of Tokio, and is

connected with it by rail. Nikko Hotel, at which we put up, is pleasantly situated on a gentle slope on the left bank of the river Dayia, about three miles further up the valley from the station, and commands many good and comprehensive views of the country all round. It was very full while we were there, and among the visitors were some we had already met with at Miyanoshita, and who, like ourselves, were going the round of the chief sight seeing places of Japan. As they are situated quite close to the hotel, we went first to see the temples for which Nikko is famous, and the tombs in connection with them of the two Shoguns, Jyeyasu and Jyemitsu, who founded the Tokugawa dynasty, the most powerful that had ever ruled in Japan, and which lasted until the revolution of 1868 as already explained, when the Shogunate and the whole feudal system in connection with it was finally abolished. The temples are magnificent structures in themselves, but contain some of the most splendid specimens of Japanese art in black-and-gold lacquer, bronzes, painted carvings embroideries and wall paintings and decorations in all the empire. The grove of cryptomeria trees, by which they are surrounded, each of great size, have a solemn grandeur and stately dignity in their appearance befitting the last resting place of the two most distinguished characters in Japanese history, and it forms the termination of the finest avenue of trees in the world, extending for forty-four miles along the road from Tokio.

The one of our excursions that is most worth referring to was to see Lake Chiuzengi up in the mountains, at the top of the valley, and at an altitude of four thousand feet. Its outflow forms the magnificent waterfall of Kegon-no-take, and further down some wildly leaping rapids, and thereafter, combining with other streams from the contiguous valleys, it forms the river Dayia, along which the one long-streeted town of Nikko is situated. Chiuzengi is a lovely piece of water, with a strange, solemn stillness about it, and from it rises the sacred hill of Naptai, wooded to its top, and which pilgrims are only allowed to ascend after performing certain penitential exercises, and of whom we met many hundreds on the way to it. Beside what has been thus specially alluded to, the scenery of this highly volcanic, but most picturesque district, may be generally described as including magnificent mountain forms and wall-like precipitous cliffs, charming waterfalls and romantic streams deeply buried in forest gorges, with struggling rapids and angry whirlpools at one part of their

course, and at others with placid lake-like expansions and torpid meanderings, while the whole country is covered with an exceedingly beautiful and luxuriant vegetation, including splendid conifers and the cryptomerias. With all this scenery to interest and delight us, in addition to its temples and mausoleums, with their rich store of Japanese art, Nikko is deservedly said to be the place in all Japan, best worth seeing. Its name means "the sun's splendour," and is not inappropriate, and those who have seen it can alone appreciate the Japanese proverb that "He who has not seen Nikko cannot talk of the beautiful."

On our return to Yokohama, preparations were pushed forward for starting on our long voyage across the Pacific. Those of us who had made bulky purchases of curios, had them packed and sent to England by Henry King & Co's agents. One of our party, Fell, Esq., who, at this time, had to return home for family reasons, now left by the D. and O. steamer *Rhio* for San Francisco, intending to have a look at the United States on his way back. On deck, extra water was being stored in casks lashed to the bulwarks, or wherever there was a secure and snug place for it, as our voyage was of uncertain duration, and in case of accidents in such a barren sea, for, as a matter of fact we never saw a sail from the time we left the one coast to coming in sight of the other. While this was in progress, some of us who were desirous of seeing the world-renowned great bronze statue of the Daibutsu, or Great Buddha, took the train to Kamakura, the former eastern capital of Japan, near to which it is situated. It well repaid us for going, as it is an altogether marvellous production of barbaric art, and as a conception embodying the Buddhist idea of "Nervana," or the state of complete mastery over all human appetites and passions, and the attainment of that state of spiritual tranquillity which the acquisition of the knowledge of the light of truth can alone inspire, it is unsurpassed by any other ideal figure in the world, except that of the Christus, of Thorwaldsen, in the Fru Kirke of Copenhagen. Buddhism, as many writers assert, may be only a philosophy, not a religion in itself, but leading up to one, going no further than inculcating the practice of goodness, so as to attain Nervana, when the light of truth will disclose the true religion, and they will then necessarily be of it; but it certainly has taken a marvellous hold of the races of the east, and numerically it is the religion of the world, as its adherents number over four hundred million. The Daibutsu is in a sitting attitude, with the legs crossed, and

the hands clasped as in meditation, and seated on a lotus flower the symbol of purity and rest. It is fifty feet high; thirty feet from elbow to elbow; face nine feet; eyes three feet, and has been made from separate castings of bronze, in sheets an inch thick, and braized together at the margins. Inside is a chapel, which is entered from behind, where there are two altars, surmounted by figures of Buddha; and in front of them, stuck in small vases, we saw many joss-sticks burning, with their tiny wreaths of sweet smelling smoke, and which had been placed there by the hands of some pious native visitors, who had been in before us. It may seem strange that an idol should inspire in the mind of Christians, feelings akin to awe and solemnity, but I believe such is admitted to be the case by all educated strangers who gaze upon it for the first time. The expression of the face and attitude is that of passionless calm and dignified repose, and of unselfish beneficence, as if silently appealing to all the weary and heavy ladened, seeking rest.

On Thursday, August 20th, all being ready for starting, we weighed anchor at five in the morning, and steaming out of Yokohama roadstead, between the lightships by which we entered it, had a pleasant run down Ye'do Bay, and after turning Cape King at its entrance, about 10-30 a.m., the *St. George* was put on her course for Vancouver, at first due east, and the following day east by north. We had very squally weather, and a good deal of rolling during our second day at sea, and at five in the morning the very extraordinary phenomenon was to be seen at some distance on our port bow of eight large water-spouts all in a row. They seemed constantly forming, breaking, and reforming, the formation apparently beginning from below by the water being whisked round into a cone, the top of which was then met by the apex of an inverted cone, coming down from the cloud, and when they disappeared, they either spun themselves out and so melted out of sight, or broke off abruptly, when the surface of the sea beneath looked like a mound of splash and spray by the falling water. The easterly current of the North Pacific Drift, the nature of which I have endeavoured to explain in my remarks on the climate of Japan, now began to be very perceptible, and continued so more or less all the way across. The unsettled state of the weather, just referred to, was probably to blame for losing us our last acquired pet, in the shape of a young black bear, for Sancho, as he was called, having scrambled up on to the gunwale unobserved, got jerked overboard by

a sudden lurch of the yacht, and although it was immediately turned back on the course, we failed to see anything of poor bruin, so he probably made a dainty meal for some hungry shark. A few days afterwards the sailors lost another of their pets—a Ceylon monkey—from consumption. The symptoms had first developed as the result of one or two coldish days when going through the Straits of Formosa and now reappeared as the temperature began to fall, and as he could never be induced to wear the jacket the sailors had made for him, it took him off on the 10th day out, when the glass had fallen to sixty degrees, a difference of thirty since we left Yokohama. As the wind became favourable for sailing on the third day, the engines were stopped, and all possible sail set, and good progress was made until the 26th, when a dead calm supervened for ten hours, followed, however, by a fresh breeze, which sent us howling along at a twelve knot pace. During the calm our sailors amused themselves with fishing for molly-hawks, with hooks baited with pieces of fat, and floated out to them. Dolphin harpooning from the martingale-guys of the yacht's bows was another recreation. On the 3rd September we crossed the hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, so the day was now put back twenty-four hours, that is, the twelve hours we had gained since we left England, and discounting the other twelve in returning eastward. Fogs about this time became troublesome, necessitating the constant blowing of the fog horn, not that there was much risk of collision in mid Pacific, but it was done because it ought to be done. The wind for several days having fallen away to a dawdle, so that very little way was being made, steam was got up again on the sixth, being our seventeenth day out, and was continued all the rest of the voyage. On the tenth we had quite a gale, carrying away our fore-trysail gaff, and as the wind and sea continued high on the twelfth and every sign of the approach of still dirtier weather, both top gallant and foretry-sails were taken in. Contrary to expectations, however, the weather improved as the evening drew on, and at midnight, the wind having gone dead ahead, all canvas was taken in. At seven o'clock next morning, being September 13th, we made land about Nookta Sound, and by noon, Vancouver Island was plainly visible. Cape Flattery was abeam at seven p.m., and Race Island light at 10-30 p.m. At 2 a.m. we sighted False Dungeness, and soon afterwards entering Port Angeles, anchored till daybreak in fifteen fathoms. At six we renewed our course to Esquimalt harbour, which

we entered at nine o'clock on September 14th, being the twenty-sixth day since we left Yokohama. Space will not permit me to say anything at present about British Columbia, about the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, the frankness and hospitality of its people, their prosperity and enterprise, of the fortunes that have been made and are being made, but I hope to do so in my next letter.

LETTER 9.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND ALBERTA.

THE harbour of Esquimalt at which we had just arrived at the conclusion of my last letter, is situated at the south-eastern extremity of the large island of Vancouver—three hundred miles in length—and is considered one of the best in the whole of the American Continent. It is two miles by one-and-a-half in area, has an average depth of forty feet, with a good anchor-holding bottom, and is surrounded by picturesque hills, covered with dense forests of splendid timber, and is so completely sheltered from every wind, current and tidal swell, that it has a uniform placidity more like that of a quiet inland lake than an inlet of the sea, only a short distance from the heaving bosom of the mighty Pacific. It is the naval station of our North Pacific Squadron, and possesses a dry dock of sufficient capacity to accommodate the largest of our fleet, constructed at the joint expense of the Imperial and Canadian Governments, with arsenal, hospital, naval stores and repairing shops. Admiral Hotham's flagship, the *Warspite*, was in the dock at the time of our visit, getting overhauled, and H.M.S. *Garnet*, that had entered the harbour just before us, having come out from England by the westward route round the Cape, was the only other

representative of the squadron there at the time. The *St. George* berthed close to her, in that picturesque part of the harbour called Constance Cove. We had previously met the *Garnet* at Malta, and had special occasion to remember her from her dangerous proximity to us in the Senglea Creek of Valetta harbour, during the terrible "gregale" of the 12th of February, to which I alluded in my Malta letter. After the usual interchange of courtesies between a ship of war and a yacht flying the white ensign, we all went ashore, and were glad to feel our feet again on *terra firma* after our long voyage across the Pacific.

Our first impressions of British Columbia, I am fain to confess, were of the most agreeable kind, because of its many points of resemblance to the "tight little island" in the North Atlantic that we hailed from, and "little" England is, from a geographical point of view, in comparison with British Columbia, which is a giant that could put the little pigmy of England—to use a colloquialism—into its pocket; as England has an area of only fifty thousand square miles, whereas that of British Columbia is nearly four hundred thousand. Thus, we could not fail to recognise its resemblance, in climate, which is thoroughly English, but with more sunshine and with a bracing incitiveness to activity peculiar to itself; in the physical aspect and character of the country—indeed it is said that the reason why there are so many Scotchmen in British Columbia is owing largely to its resemblance to their own

"Land of the brown heath and shaggy wood,

Land of the mountain and the flood"—

in the character of its vegetation and the productiveness of its soil, growing every kind of English cereal and green crop, fruit and flower; in its use of the same language and literature, laws and institutions, manners and customs, owing allegiance to the same sovereign and constitution; and above all, in its irrepressible English Christian instincts to foster religion and education as the surest basis of national and individual prosperity and happiness. We found the climate most enjoyable during the whole of our short stay in the province, and we were informed that it had been equally good during the three or four previous months. It is a reasonable comparison to make of it, to say that it is as good as that of the south of England. It was comfortably warm, clear and dry, yet cool and invigorating, and enabled us to take active exercise in ordinary English attire without becoming heated—a luxury we had not enjoyed since we left home. In winter,

the glass never falls below eight degrees above zero, and the snow rarely lasts long, at least so far as Vancouver Island and the western mainland is concerned. In these respects British Columbia contrasts most favourably with Montreal and the other parts of eastern Canada, situated along the same parallel of latitude, the difference being due to the influence of the Chinook or warm landward wind, which is produced by the Japanese gulf stream, the nature and course of which I endeavoured to explain in my former letter.

The city of Victoria, the capital of the province, is only three miles distant from Esquimalt, and is connected with it by an electric tram, making hourly trips. All along the way and on either side of it, we saw here and there, and getting more numerous as the city was approached, pretty villas, which, from their new appearance, had apparently only recently sprung up. They were all surrounded by neatly kept and well stocked gardens and orchards in which were to be seen many of the more familiar denizens of our English flower borders, shrubberies, and orchards. The rose and pansy, the box and holly, and the "bonny rowan tree" with its clean stem, pretty foliage, and compact bunches of bright scarlet berries, often ornamenting and sentinelling the garden gate, among many others caught my eye; and as to fruit, the pear, apple, plum, and other English fruit trees were quite a sight to see, being weighed down by their enormous crops of splendid looking fruit, and we were told that all the smaller English fruits were cultivated with equally satisfactory results. It was a further matter of observation as we proceeded along the tram way, that all the forest land between the termini had been staked out into building plots, and tracts had been roughly cleared, and even street-names stuck up of the streets that were in *posse*, though not at the time in *esse*, and if Victoria continues to enlarge its borders, as it has been doing during the past twenty years—its population increasing from a few hundreds in 1856 to six thousand in 1881 and to nearly twenty-five thousand at the present date—Esquimalt must ultimately become absorbed into it, and will then supply it with the deep water harbour that it lacks at present. Leaving the tram road and making our way to the shore down one of those *in futuro* streets, we continued our walk to Victoria, along its picturesque sinuosities of alternate gully and promontory, and were much charmed by the many beautiful snatches of marine scenery that successively opened into view as we strolled on. A few grouse rose at one spot, and some

pheasants at another, the former, indigenous and plentiful, the latter introduced and preserved, and are said to thrive as well here as in England. An Irish gentleman whom we met on the beach, showed us in his boat about a score and a half of fine young salmon from five to ten pounds each, that he had caught during the previous two hours by trolling with a spoon-bait, made of Mother o' Pearl shell, and he told us that the waters all round these coasts offered splendid sport to the angler, as they teem with these fine fish, but that although they are readily caught in this way, they will neither rise to a fly nor take ground bait. The city of Victoria has the look of a thriving well-to-do place, and although it consists mainly of frame wood edifices, it has many handsome stone and brick buildings, such as the Government Offices, public institutions, and churches; and these materials are also rapidly substituting wood in the construction of places of business and the residences of the better classes, of which Dunsmuir Castle is a notable example. The streets are wide, clean, and well arranged, with tramcar locomotion along the chief of them; the water supply is good and abundant, and effective arrangements are taken against fire, an important precaution where so much wood is about, by means of district Deluges, as the fire brigade stations are called. The lighting is both by gas and electricity, the streets at night being splendidly illuminated by about a score of what I may call great electric moons suspended from poles of great height. There is also an efficient system of police, as well as excellent postal, telegraph and telephone arrangements, and the healthful recreation and social enjoyment of the people has not been overlooked, as in addition to district open spaces and public drives, walks and gardens, Victoria possesses the splendid natural Park of Beacon's Hill. This magnificent park is the pride of the Victorians and the favourite resort of its youth and fashion, and well it deserves to be, because of its beautiful drives, redolent with the scent of its flower-planted borders, its sunny lawns affording such ample facilities for all kinds of games and athletic sports, its grassy slopes where the children may romp, roll and tumble to their gleeful hearts' content (and more healthy, clear-complexioned, rosy-cheeked children could nowhere be met with, speaking much in favour of the climate), its breezy knolls where the jaded and depressed and the toil and careworn may renew their spirits and buoyancy, the convalescent recruit his lost vigour, and the irritable dyspeptic forget his miseries and malaise; and lastly, but not the least

notable feature of Beacon's Hill Park, are its views of unsurpassed loveliness far and near, and all around. There are said to be no poor in Victoria, for while the inevitable few that become destitute from sickness or misfortune are privately cared for, everybody finds something to do, and labour is well paid for, unskilled labour 6s. to 7s. a day, and mechanics from 12s. to 20s. a day. As a set off against this, however, everything is dear, especially rent, clothes, and furniture. Indeed we heard many people grumble that the import duties on all goods coming from England should be so high, when the freight of bringing them out already makes such a serious addition to their original cost. As to food, fish is abundant, good and cheap, beef and mutton cheaper than in England, and of first-class quality, and the same may be said of all garden produce, but as to almost every thing else they are much above home prices.

Victoria has a splendid landlocked and capacious harbour, but as the depth will not admit vessels drawing more than eighteen feet it cannot be entered by the larger ocean steamers, which must either discharge in the offing or go on to Vancouver. Indeed this was the reason in our own case why we put in at Esquimalt instead of Victoria, which we would liked to have done. Since the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway a keen jealousy has sprung up between Vancouver and Victoria, with some increase of tension when the three "Empresses"—*Empress of Japan*, *China*, and *India* (all built by the English Barrow Company) began to connect the former with Yokohama in ten and a half days; but although the upshot will no doubt be that Vancouver will entirely supplant Victoria in connection with the transcontinental traffic in ocean vessels like these "Empresses" (the through traffic of three continents, and embracing a distance of half the globe), Victoria will still hold her own in connection with the trade and coast industries, and as the distributing centre to the numerous ports along the islet-dotted straits of Georgia and Juan de Fuca. Moreover, besides her natural sources of wealth in lumber, coal, minerals, fish and fur, she is rapidly becoming a manufacturing centre, and the list that I have seen of her manufactures already comprises a comprehensive assortment of modern requirements. The sealing ships and boats that were formerly built on the east coast of Canada, in England and at San Francisco, are now nearly all built in her own yards, and as her Douglas pine is the finest ship building timber in the world, standing a greater strain per square inch than oak, and never

warping, so that it may be used as soon as cut, there seems every probability that she will in time become a focus of this important and profitable industry. The lumber of Vancouver Island, which includes many varieties of timber beside Douglas pine, is superior in quality to that of the mainland and the forests of Oregon, and as its supply is practically inexhaustible, while that of the United States in Oregon is rapidly diminishing, the lumber trade at present carried on by the latter with Japan, China, and Australia will necessarily drop hereafter entirely into her hands. Another of her natural sources of wealth is coal, of which over three hundred thousand tons are annually exported; and as magnetic iron is also found in inexhaustible abundance in the island of Taxada, not far from Nanaimo, where the coal pits are, and is at present largely exported to the United States for smelting, she will no doubt soon take to smelting her own ore. When she does so she will be able to provide herself with the iron plates at present obtained from England, and to carry on ship building in iron as well as in wood.

Space will not permit me to refer in further detail to, what I will venture to style, this "noble and queenly" young city—a descriptive epithet, which, I am sure, all who have seen it and acquired their information about it from personal intercourse with its intelligent, vigorous, progressive, and most hospitable inhabitants, will readily acknowledge as not inappropriate. She is deservedly "noble" in many respects, but I will merely mention the one that struck me most, namely, that amid all the struggles of competition and the eager pursuit of success and riches, inseparable from all young communities, she has had the heart and the will during her as yet short lifetime to build and maintain many fine churches and schools, a splendid general hospital and asylum, and to initiate and foster many philanthropic and christianizing agencies and institutions; and she is "queenly" not merely in name, but by her magnificent and commanding geographical position, which points her out as destined to become, in the not very distant future, the successful rival of San Francisco, as the mistress of the Pacific. Victoria is situated on a peninsula at the south eastern extremity of the island, on her own beautiful low green hills, with wooded mountain slopes, and peaks and ridges of romantic grandeur for a background. In front of her is the clear blue waters of the De Fuca Straits, with the diversified scenery of the opposite coast of Puget Sound—belonging to the United States—and away far inland,

on the south-eastern sky line, is to be seen the noble range of the snow-crowned Olympian Mountains. On her right and left are marine views and coast scenery of indescribable beauty, especially eastward, over the tranquil waters of the Straits of Georgia, with its numberless sunny islets basking on its breast, and the white cone of Mount Baker, although a hundred miles away, standing out cold and clear, and lone and peerless, far above its fellows. If we superadd to these commercial advantages of position and attractions of scenery, a climate of unimpeachable salubrity, and where the kindly and invigorating sea breezes, by which it is perpetually fanned, make it one of the healthiest places on the face of the globe for a person to live at, I think this city of Victoria is not unworthy of being regarded as noble and queenly.

We left Esquimalt on the 17th, and had a pleasant run down the Haro Straits, but failed to get further that day than Henry Island, in consequence of so dense a fog coming on as to render further progress unsafe in such a narrow sea, with so many twistings and turnings of the sailing course, among the numerous islands that lie scattered about that part of it. We anchored for the rest of the day and night in one of its small bays, marked on the chart as Open Bay. This bay was full of fish and water-fowl, and as the fog cleared a little towards evening, some amusement was afforded by the net and gun. Just before reaching Henry Island, we passed on our starboard the island of San Juan, the ownership of which was at one time a subject of dispute between England and the United States, but was ultimately awarded to the latter by the Emperor of Germany, to whose friendly arbitration it had been referred by mutual consent. Next morning, the fog having cleared off, we renewed our course for Vancouver, steaming up the Straits of Georgia by Swanston's Channel and Active Pass. The scenery on all sides of us, both far and near, was here marvellously beautiful, while the sea was so perfectly calm that the Indian's red cedar canoe and the crazy-looking stern paddle-wheel steamers engaged in the river and coasting trade, were just as safe as the stoutest ocean screw propeller could be. I am here tempted to quote Lord Dufferin's description of the scenery of these beautiful straits and coasts, as it delineates as accurate a word photograph as language could depict of what we had ourselves seen, and which, judging from our own impressions of it, is neither exaggerated nor over-coloured: "Such a spectacle as its coast line presents is not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day for a whole week,

"in a vessel of nearly two thousand tons, we threaded an interminable labyrinth of watery lanes and reaches, that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories, and peninsulas for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn, an ever-shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier, and snow-capped mountain of unrivalled grandeur and beauty. When it is remembered that this wonderful system of navigation, equally well adapted to the largest line of battleship and the frailest canoe, fringes the entire seaboard of your province, and communicates at points, sometimes more than a hundred miles from the coast, with a multitude of valleys stretching eastward into the interior, while at the same time it is furnished with innumerable harbours on either hand, one is lost in admiration at the facilities for intercommunication which are there provided for the future inhabitants of this wonderful region." One would hardly have expected that the seas along the shores of the mainland of British Columbia would be in such a state of perpetual tranquillity, exposed as these shores apparently are to the storms and hurricanes, the huge swells and the permanent drift current of the Pacific Ocean, yet so it is, and the phenomenon is explained by the fact that the numerous islands of the Archipelagic fringe along its seaboard, of which Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands are the chief, act like a mighty breakwater, seemingly saying to the monarch of oceans "hitherto but no further." On reaching English Bay at the entrance to Burrard's Inlet, a pilot was taken aboard to navigate the yacht the rest of the way up to Vancouver City harbour. Between the bay and the inlet there is a considerable contraction of the waterway, called The First Narrows, caused by a rocky prominence on its south side, and which reaches out at such a sharp angle that a vessel coming either way could not see beyond it until fairly up to its point. Accordingly all steamers have to blow their whistles on approaching, so as to warn vessels coming in the opposite direction; and it so happened that almost immediately after the *St. George* had complied with the port regulation, a counter whistle was heard, to be soon followed by the *Yosemite* steamer that plies daily between Vancouver and Victoria. By two o'clock p.m. we had taken up our position in that part of the inlet formerly called Coal Harbour, opposite the city, this name having been given to it seventeen years ago, when the black diamond was being prospected for in its neighbourhood,

and although found, for some unexplained reason was never worked, so that the name was the only result of the large expenditure that had been incurred.

Vancouver is said to be the youngest city in the world, having only come into existence six years ago, when it was decided to make Coal harbour the western terminus of the great Canadian trans-continental route. The first town had a short lived existence, as when barely a year old a fire broke out, and in a few hours laid it in ashes. Nothing daunted, however, its plucky population set to work at once to rebuild it, and in two years it was resuscitated on a much larger scale and with an increased population of seven thousand, and which has now more than doubled itself. At the time of its incorporation the Government proposed to call it Quadra, after the Spaniard whose name was originally associated with that of Vancouver as the name of Vancouver Island, both having agreed to enter it in their respective charts as "Vancouver and Quadra Island," although the Spanish Commissioner's name has long since been struck out of all charts. The residents, however, insisted on its being called after the great English navigator who was the first to circumnavigate Vancouver Island and make the discovery that it was not a part of the mainland, as was at that time supposed, and who also gave the name of Georgia (in honour of his sovereign) to the beautiful straits separating it from the mainland. Vancouver has now all the advanced development of a modern town, such as I have already described in the case of Victoria, and I need but mention in proof of its vitality and progressiveness that it possesses a commodious and elegantly fitted up Opera House, and while we were there Sarah Bernhardt, with her travelling company, fulfilled a short engagement, having travelled thitherward, as is her wont, in her special train of four connected saloon carriages, in which she holds her rehearsals. As further evidence in the same direction, I may also mention that Vancouver has no less than four rowing clubs, the chief of them, to which we were introduced, having over a hundred members, and a large number of splendid and expensive boats by the best makers in Ontario and elsewhere. Vancouver, like Victoria—and, indeed, everywhere else in these regions—is surrounded with dense forests of pine, cedar and other kinds of timber, and many of the trees, such as we saw in Stanley Park—a perpetual reservation of the C.P.R. as a public park in the immediate vicinity of the city—are of enormous size of both height and diameter. Some of the

lumber mills are the largest in the province, and export annually over fifty shiploads, in addition to supplying local wants. Salmon canning is also extensively carried on, and already it has many manufacturies, foundries and smelting works. It has a number of very fine hotels, the C.P.R. Hotel rivalling the Palace Hotel of San Francisco, and what with a semi-weekly communication with China and Japan, and the Canadian Pacific Railway keeping this northern-most city on the Pacific coast in daily communication with the eastern world, Vancouver shows many indications of being destined to become a great and populous city.

We had the good fortune to have letters of introduction to Mr. Henry Abbott, general superintendent of the Western Pacific division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and received at his hands and that of his charming wife and amiable family, so many acts of kindness and hospitality as we are not likely soon to forget. Mr. Abbott also kindly offered us the use of his official car and servant for our contemplated trip to Banff and to see the Rockies, and which we had much pleasure in availing ourselves of, after first paying a short visit to New Westminster. This was carried into effect on the 23rd by taking the yacht round from Burrard Inlet to Fraser River (the chief river of British Columbia), fifteen miles up which this town is situated on a steep slope on the right bank. The following notice of some of the incidents of our visit appeared in a local newspaper called "The Columbian," and which I quote in preference to describing them myself:

"A NOTABLE VISIT.—Shortly after ten o'clock this morning the large steam yacht *St. George* came into port flying the Royal Yacht Squadron ensign. The vessel, as she was brought to anchor almost opposite the C.P.N. dock, was watched with much interest by crowds of spectators on Front street and the wharves. The *St. George* has been lying in Burrard Inlet for a few days, and left Vancouver early this morning. She is owned by Mr. Wythes (a cousin of Captain W. S. Jemmett, of this city), who, with a number of friends, is making a voyage round the world. This beautiful vessel is one of the largest yachts afloat, her displacement being one thousand tons. Mr. Wythes has kindly consented to throw the yacht open to the public on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, from 10 o'clock a.m. till 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p.m. A large number of citizens and visitors are sure to avail themselves of this unusual opportunity of inspecting one of the finest private vessels afloat. During the afternoon all the bunting of the yacht was spread, and she presented a beautiful appearance. Her crew numbers forty-six all told. The vessel will remain in port several weeks.

At three o'clock this afternoon, at the invitation of Mr. Wythes, His Honor Lieut.-Governor Nelson, Mrs. Nelson, His Worship, Mayor Brown, M.P.P., and Mrs. Brown paid a visit to the *St. George*. The party embarked at the C.P.N. wharf in the ship's launch and were taken aboard. The

moment Governor Nelson stepped on board the ensign was unfurled and a salute of fourteen guns fired. The visitors were shown over the vessel, and after enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Wythes, returned on shore."

The Royal Agricultural Society's annual exhibition was just then being held at New Westminster, and as the district is considered the most fertile in the province, we paid several visits to it, and were much interested by all we saw, especially the agricultural, fruit, and floral exhibits, and also the different kinds of live stock in the showgrounds. The roots and vegetables were something quite prodigious, and nothing could be finer, both as to quality and size, than the display of apples, pears, plums, and other fruits, and to show how prolifically the trees yield, a branch of an apple tree was exhibited, with the fruit upon it, covered all over with large fine looking fruit, as thick as there was room for them to stick on. Altogether, what we saw at this exhibition amply sustained the reputation of the delta lands of the Fraser River for productiveness, a reputation which has been well and clearly established by carefully prepared statistics, and of which the following is a summary: Average yield of oats per acre, 75 bushels: barley, 40; hay, 3½ tons; parsnips, 40 to 50 tons; potatoes, 30 tons.

It may interest some readers to hear that in this district, lying east of the Fraser River and in the southern portion of the Province there are at least a quarter of a million acres of prairie and an area of ten thousand square miles of mixed forest and open land, capable of yielding as good and bountiful returns, that could be easily utilized and is only waiting occupation. With a soil so generous, with a climate so delightful, "ensuring," as the Marquis of Lorne has so truthfully and beautifully expressed it, "at all times of the year a full enjoyment of the wonderful loveliness of nature around you," with free grants of a hundred and sixty acres of land wherever you may choose to pick it, or three hundred and twenty acres in more eastward districts, with a thoroughly settled state of the country, and free education, a school and schoolmaster being provided by the Government wherever it can be shown that there are fifteen young people between the ages of six and sixteen within a radius of three miles, I feel confident from what I have seen myself and heard from the people on the spot that there is no more inviting field for the young agriculturist, having a little money, to go to, than British Columbia, and the sooner the move is made the better, as the Chinaman and the Jap are rapidly taking possession of the land that the Anglo-Saxon ought to have, and for which as regards climate, he is best adapted. Next to agriculture,

the most thriving and lucrative industries of New Westminster are the lumber trade and salmon canning, the former being favoured by the waterway of the river, facilitating the transport of the rough timber to the saw-mills, and the latter, by the enormous quantity of fish that throng the river and its confluents, and which is far in excess of the requirements of local consumption and exportation. A floating cannery called Spratt's Ark, was pointed out to us in the river, that is moved about from place to place, wherever the fish are ascertained to be in greatest abundance, and having on board a complete set of apparatus and machinery for fish canning and for extracting oil from the offal, as well as providing accommodation for the hands employed. Most of the work of taking and treating the fish is done by Indians, who, to my surprise, are paid higher wages than the whiteman, not only because they are stronger and can get through more work, but also because they are found to be more reliable and steady. The Indians, one way and another, make a good deal of money and spend it as freely in luxuries and finery. They are somewhat musical and have no less than three brass bands in New Westminster. In the public procession, styled in the programmes by the whimsical name of Calithumpian, that paraded the streets of the town in celebration of the opening of the exhibition, they played in turn with the Canadian bands, and discoursed quite as good music. Some of them took part in the athletic sports and engaged in canoe contests on the river. They are all Roman Catholics, and we were told, were such obedient sons of their church that they consult their priest on everything, and would not even join in the procession until they had first asked and obtained his permission to do so. Before quitting New Westminster, I must not omit to mention that our sailors enjoyed the visit to the place as much as we did ourselves, entering heartily into the spirit of the occasion by joining in the procession and taking part in the sports, one of them, Quarter-master Marsh, getting the prize for wrestling. They were the object of many attentions from the inhabitants, who "seemed" as one of our sailors expressed it "as if they could not do enough for them."

After bidding a cordial good-bye to the many pleasant friends we had made at New Westminster, we got "aboard"—as the railway official expressed it—the local train at two p.m., picking up the eastward bound C. P. R. train at the junction station, eight miles from the town, that was to take us to Banff, a distance of five hundred and sixty-two miles from

Vancouver, and where we duly arrived at eleven o'clock on the following evening, the yacht meanwhile returning to Vancouver to have some repairs done and to take in coal, water, and stores, so as to be ready for sea, when we rejoined her. We found Mr. Abbott's official car a great advantage by enabling us to keep altogether, as well as being most comfortable, and indeed luxurious. Its commodious and handsomely upholstered compartments, were convertible at night into sleeping arrangements, with toilet accessories, and the car being at the end of the train, with a railed in platform behind it, we could sit out in the open air and enjoy the scenery, sheltered from wind and dust from the moving train. What with his servant to wait upon us, who was thoroughly familiar with the route, and drew our attention to many of its points of interest that we might otherwise have missed, and the yacht's steward, whom we took with us to cook and look after the larder, combined with the exhilaration of spirits inspired by the bracing mountain air, and perpetual change of scenic combinations, exciting fresh bursts of admiration and wonder at every turn of the way, we had a most delightful railway journey both going and coming. The return journey presents so many new combinations and fresh aspects of scenery as to have much of the novelty of an extension of the original trip, and so great are the contrasts, that I have heard many people discuss whether going east or coming west affords the finest views, the preference being generally given to the latter. To get an adequate notion of it, however, you ought to make the journey both ways, and no finer scenery is anywhere to be witnessed all the world over, than along this route.

As the iron horse rushes you along from station to station, awakening the echoes of the valleys by its shrill neighings and lifting you higher and higher as you proceed until you are a mile in perpendicular height above where you started from, many of the grandest sights of the physical world appear before you in rapid succession. The first part of the way runs for two hundred and fifty miles along the Fraser river, through some of the most fertile and best settled up lands in the province, and from the train we saw many well-to-do farmsteads and extensive tracts under crops. At many parts of the river we saw large numbers of Indians engaged in salmon catching, which is done in a very simple way by scooping them out of the water with a landing net, the fish being so numerous as to admit of this being easily done. Five different kinds of salmon are said to frequent the Fraser, each having its own

spawning season, when many of them succeed in making their way up it as far as eight hundred miles. During the running periods their numbers are so prodigious that at the narrower parts of the streams they actually shoulder one another out on to the banks, and many get fatally bruised in the squeeze and struggle to get along, and the dead fish line the banks in such numbers that the farmers in the neighbourhood make use of them for manure. Most of the salmon so caught are canned, thousands of tons going every year to England, but a large and increasing quantity are now being sent eastward in a fresh state in refrigerator waggons, and yield a good profit at fourpence a pound. A great deal, too, is also exported in a dried state. The Indians hang the dried fish intended for their own consumption high up on trees to prevent bears and other climbing animals getting at them. We saw this done at Yale, which we now reached, where there is an Indian village, and it had a strikingly odd appearance. The famous canyons of the Fraser river end at Hope, next station to Yale, where its waters that have been so long tossed and tumbled about down its rapids and falls, deploy into a wide shallow and placid stream, depositing sand bars that contain small quantities of gold in very minute particles, and where we saw numbers of Chinamen busily engaged in washing for it. The living they get by doing it is but a poor one, yet it has been enough to attract a considerable Chinese settlement at this place, which we saw as we passed. What an industrious enterprising race the "heathen Chinese" is, for all round the Pacific Ocean, wherever there is the smallest chance of his getting a living, there he is sure to be found. Besides being industrious, he possesses considerable physical capacity for toil and endurance, for he was largely employed in making this railway, and without him it is doubtful if it could have been made at all. We now got a splendid view of the canyons, as the line runs by the side of them and we were much interested in watching the savage fury with which the water leaps, dashes, struggles and fights against its rock-ribbed barriers. The railway here threads a devious course along the mountain sides of the Cascade Range, while the river, which it now crosses by a high steel bridge, is seen far beneath in a deep black gorge. After traversing long trestle viaducts, and through tunnels in projecting spurs of the mountain, the line follows the shore of the Kamloops Lake for an hour before arriving at the little town of that name, and which is interesting as being the chief town of the interior

of British Columbia. The fertile valley of the Thompson river now comes into view, with farms and ranches from end to end of it ; and on ahead are the snow-clad mountains of the Golden range, being the second of the four ranges that we are to cross. For the next forty miles the line traverses a deep narrow gorge between almost vertical cliffs, gigantic and beetling, and is pushed into cuttings in their sides, to avoid the deep lakes that fill up the interspace between them. Further on, for a considerable distance, the view is much obscured by the shade of trees of great dimensions, many of them, however, being only the charred ghosts of their former umbrageousness, having become the victims of the forest fires, produced by the carelessness of the Indians in not properly extinguishing their camp fires, and the embers getting blown about among the dry inflammable undergrowth, or by fires accidentally produced by sparks from the passing engines. A case of the latter kind occurred some time ago, where the fire produced by one train set on fire the train that followed it with very disastrous results. The pine trees do not appear to suffer so much from these fires as the cedar trees, for although stripped to brown bare poles, they retain vitality enough to start growing again, whereas in the case of the cedars, the fire quickly gets into the heart of the trunk, which then roars and burns like a blast furnace until nothing is left but the charred exteriors. We saw many of these great black, weird looking funnel stumps as we went along. Revelstoke, which was now reached, is the centre of the mining districts, and has smelting works for the silver ores that are brought down from the mines situated high up in the mountains, the tracts and tram lifts, to some of which we could see as we passed along. The Columbia river is next crossed, and will be recrossed further on. It takes its rise from the western end of the Summit Lake, situated at an altitude of over five thousand feet, at the foot of Mount Stephen, and after a long and rambling career of two thousand miles, finds its way into the Pacific Ocean past the town of Portland, in the United States territory of Washington.

We now enter the Selkirk range of mountains, the third of the series, and find ourselves everywhere surrounded by mountains of gigantic size and majesty, and carrying glaciers on their shoulders of such vast dimensions that the largest of the Alpine glaciers are puny beside them. Then we came upon several remarkable canyons in fissures of the solid rock, the walls on both sides rising perpendicularly for several hundred

feet. One of the most striking is that called the Albert Canyon, the sides of which are three hundred feet high. The train always stops for a few minutes to allow passengers to view it; and it certainly was a remarkable sight, with these ever thundering waters leaping with furious impetuosity from ledge to ledge, and making the banks reverberate and quiver with the violence of their struggle with the rocky impediments of their tortuous channel. The railway has now a steep ascent to make before reaching Glacier House Station, at the foot of the sublime pyramidal mountain peak of Sir Donald, which rises eight thousand feet above it. The engineering difficulties of this ascent are overcome by a remarkable series of loops and curves along the mountain slopes, the line seeming to be continually doubling on itself, out of one valley and into another, getting higher and higher, but never much farther; for you can see far below you many of its windings and turnings, its gigantic trestle bridges (the largest in the world, one of them two hundred and eighty feet high, and another six hundred feet long), its viaducts and embankments, and the mountain side cuttings and their avalanche-defying snow sheds, that you had previously come along. All the scenery in the neighbourhood of Glacier House and Donald and Golden, is of extreme grandeur. It is quite awe inspiring by the immensity of its mountain masses and the sublimity of their heights. Some parts of it have a look of terrific wildness, and others a mysterious gruesome weirdness, that can be felt but not described. On all sides of you, and stretching far away up to the snow line are trackless pine forests of immense extent, desperately scarred in places, occasionally as much as fifteen miles in length, by forest fires, with deep gloomy ravines and far reaching mountain fastnesses of primeval solitude. Close beside you are steep-walled and beetling crags, and sky piercing mountain peaks towering thousands of feet above you, looking terrible in the sheerness of their height, and proudly defiant, as if conscious of their everlasting inaccessibility. But under whatever aspect you contemplate this magnificent scenery, you cannot fail to be impressed with its uniquely romantic grandeur and its truly poetical sublimity and beauty.

We now begin to leave the Selkirk range behind us and enter upon that of the Rockies, and the majestic peak of Mount Stephen, the highest of this part of the range, being eight thousand feet above the railway, comes boldly into view. Summit Lake, at the foot of it, to which I have already alluded,

is spoken of as the summit of the Rocky mountains, but it is merely the engineering summit, being the greatest altitude reached by the line along its entire length, and beyond which it begins to descend towards the level prairie land of Alberta. Wapta Lake and River, and Kicking Horse Pass and Canyons are now soon reached, and are all characterized by scenery of the most bewildering grandeur and romantic beauty. We are now within a few hours of Banff; and as we continue our journey through scenery of even greater magnificence and sublimity than any we had seen before, if that were possible, our attention is attracted by a new and highly picturesque river flowing in the opposite direction from the Columbia. This is the beautiful Bow river, which forms such a feature of the great National Park at Banff. Like the Columbia it takes its origin from the Summit Lake, but from its opposite extremity, and following the eastern watershed of the Rockies, after beautifying and irrigating many of the most fertile districts of the north-west territory, it empties its waters into Hudson's Bay, a distance of 1,500 miles from its source.

On arriving at Banff station, we found the omnibuses of the C.P.R. Hotel and Dr. Brett's sanatorium were in waiting to take passengers to their respective establishments. Mr. Wythes and all the party, except myself—as I intended going a hundred and fifty miles further east, and about which more anon—went to the former, and found the accommodation very satisfactory, and the scenery and other attractions of the place in full harmony with the following descriptive account of it, which I have extracted from the railway "Annotated Time Table":

"Banff is the station for Rocky Mountain Park, and the Hot Springs, a medicinal watering place and pleasure resort. This park is a national reservation 26 miles long, N.E. and S.W., by 10 miles wide, embracing parts of the valleys of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers, Devil's Lake, and several noble mountain ranges. No part of the Rockies exhibits a greater variety of sublime and pleasing scenery, and nowhere are good points of view and features of special interest so accessible since many good roads and bridle paths have been made. The village of Banff is two miles south west of the station, on the other side of the Bow. A steel bridge takes the carriage road across to the magnificent new hotel, built by the Railway Company, near the fine falls in the Bow, and the mouth of the rapid Spray river. This hotel, which has every modern convenience and luxury, including baths, supplied from the hot sulphur springs, is kept open during the summer months. It is most favourably placed for health, picturesque views, and as a centre for canoeing, driving, walking, or mountain climbing. Trout of extraordinary size occur in Devil's Head Lake, and deep trolling for these affords fine sport. Wild sheep (the big-horn) and mountain goats are common on the neighbouring heights."

My object in going further east along the line was to visit a ranche in which I had the misfortune to become the chief shareholder, and which is now in process of liquidation, and as some of the information, which I thereby acquired from personal observation of the country, its agricultural capabilities and its general adaptation for colonization, may be both useful and interesting to some readers, I am induced to add a few notes upon it. After leaving Banff the line passes through Anthracite, where good coal of that name is mined, then Canmore, where an observation car is added on to the train that passengers may be better able to view its singularly beautiful scenery. Next, the Gap, the outlet from and the termination eastward of the Rocky Mountains, a narrow opening between two vertical rocks of immense height, and through which the Bow river escapes to the plains below. After descending the Foothills and River Benches, as they are called, on the uppermost of which are to be seen tens of thousands of sheep, while the middle and lower are respectively occupied by extensive cattle and stud ranches, first Cochrane and then Calgary are reached, both in the centre of the ranching district, the latter being a charming little town of about four thousand inhabitants, chiefly males, and likely to become a big city bye and bye.

I passed the night at Calgary where there are excellent hotels, and next morning drove about twenty miles along the valley of the Bow river to see a horse ranche owned by three brothers of the name of Rawlinson—young English gentlemen who had all been educated at Cambridge, but had now settled here as ranchmen, and who told me that they thoroughly enjoyed the life. The stud consisted of fifty brood mares of good stamp, two fine looking English sires and their produce, bringing the number up to two hundred. I returned to Calgary in time to catch the train to Gleichen, about eighty miles further east, and having stayed what remained of the night at the small station inn, having the pretentious name on its signboard of The Palace Hotel, I drove next morning to Queenstown, the name of the ranche I was in quest of, and had the good fortune to make the acquaintance and have the company of a Mr. Frank Ritchie, the son of a doctor at Otley, in Yorkshire, who had been living in Alberta during the three previous years, and who, I found had acquired a considerable knowledge of the country and of farming and ranching matters.

Queenstown ranche is situated about thirty miles to the south of the station, and the road to it—which was only an

Indian trail, and a little troublesome at times to follow, because of its many diverging tracks—lay through the large reservation of the Blackfeet Indians. We had here to cross the Bow river, which flows through it, and were ferried over it by an Indian, who rejoiced in the name of "Many shots." He pointed out to us on the top of a low hill to our left, the grave of his late chief Crowfoot, who remained so loyal to us during the late Indian rebellion, and he told us that his horse and dog together with all his paraphernalia were buried with him. We met many Indians as we drove through the reservation, and they all seemed very friendly, often stopping their horses and insisting on shaking hands with us. They always seemed much pleased by the offer of some tobacco or a few cigarettes. It is rather a curious fact that formerly, when one tribe declared war upon another, it made the announcement by sending to it a present of tobacco. These Indians live in a kind of canvas bell tent, called teepees, which are left open at the top to allow smoke to escape, a necessary arrangement, as a fire is always kept burning in them, summer as well as winter, and no matter how hot the weather may be. When passing near their village, we saw some strange looking objects hanging on low trees, which turned out to be bodies of young children or papoose that had died, and which they hang up in this way for the birds to peck at, instead of interring them.

No Indian is allowed to leave the reservation and if any did so they would be arrested by the mounted police. In compensation for this restraint on his liberty, in consequence of which he cannot provide for himself as formerly by hunting, ample rations are supplied to him by the Government, consisting of two pounds of beef daily, besides an allowance of flour and other things to each individual, down even to the youngest papoose. It so happened that the supplies were being distributed when we were passing which afforded us a good opportunity of seeing these Blackfeet Indians to advantage, as they all go to receive them dressed in their best, with their bead-worked mocassins, belts and ornaments, the bucks and squaws riding, and taking all their property in horses with them, for they like to show what they are possessed of. Many of them had also "travoy" for conveying their children as well as their goods in. The "travoy" is the Indian conveyance, and is of the simplest and most primitive construction, consisting merely of two long poles, one end of them being attached to each side of the "cayeuse" or Indian horse while the other ends

drag on the ground, and are kept more widely apart by cross spars; and between these cross spars, stout netting is suspended, and in its hammock-shaped folds the children lie apparently comfortably and secure. Many of the Blackfeet that we saw were grand looking men, and we were much struck by the intellectual type of their heads and faces. Their chief occupation seemed to be herding their horses; for although the Government try to teach them arable farming, they do not seem to take well to it, for we only saw squaws working in the fields, never any of the bucks. All the vast extent of prairie land round this district was formerly the natural home of the buffalo, but they have now become entirely extinct, having all been killed off by the Indians for the value of their skins. Their whitened bones which we frequently met with, and the hollows in the ground called "buffalo wallows," are the only evidence now left of their ever having existed.

We reached the ranche early in the afternoon, seeing on the way great numbers of prairie fowl, and of that funny little creature, called a goafer, that looks like a cross between a rabbit and a rat, and which the Indians catch to eat; a few kit-foxes, and a coyote or native wolf, but not a human face or habitation since we parted from the Indians about twenty miles back. After partaking of some refreshment which we very much needed, three or four hours of daylight were still left for driving over the ranche and seeing the stock upon it. It consisted of eleven thousand acres enclosed in a post and wire fence—a needless expense—of rich rolling prairie and with unlimited scope of similar quality all round as yet entirely unoccupied. Of this fenced-in area, only eight hundred acres had been purchased by the Company—the rest being on nominal tenure and open to be taken up in pre-emptions. Indeed, Dawson, the late manager, who had been dismissed for his misdeeds, had taken up one within the boundary, and as it included the only spring on the ranche, it enabled him to retaliate upon the Company by interfering with the chief source of its water supply. As to the stock, there was only a hundred and fifty horses, and about the same number of cattle. The buildings comprised merely a frame-wood house for the manager's residence, and a similar kind of structure for the stockherds—and just then also occupied by the sheriff's officers. There were no other houses, nor were there any settlers, or ever had been. As I saw nothing in all this to represent the shareholders' capital, I enquired as to what profits had been made since the ranche was first started, and

was told that only one bull calf had been sold off for fifteen dollars, and as to all the cattle then on hand, that they would not fetch the price that had been paid for them, as they were all old cows when they were bought, by the blunder of the director who had bought them and who had come out from England for the purpose. When this state of things is contrasted with the following data, which I have culled from the Company's prospectus, and with the representations in the subjoined letter of Canon Hayman, the effect is simply ludicrous, but it is sad to think, that of the fifty clergymen who were induced to take shares in this company by the guarantee of Canon Hayman's name as president and chairman, as well as such names as the Very Rev. J. J. Stewart Perowne, Dean of Peterborough; the Right Rev. the Bishop of Moonsonee, Canada; and a dozen other gentlemen of rank and position as vice-presidents, there were doubtless several who could ill afford to lose the money they had thus been induced to put into it.

The Company was styled the "Canadian Pacific Colonization Corporation," with a capital of five hundred thousand pounds, professedly "to found the town of Queenstown in North Western Canada," and the prospectus states that "The Company are in possession of Government Concession leases and lands equal in extent to about a hundred square miles of the most fertile territories in all Canada, as vouched for by the land surveyors, who have surveyed the district for the Government; among these are large tracts secured from the Canadian Pacific Railway, Hudson's Bay Company and others, by purchase or option for this Corporation; and that the estimated annual income therefrom will be twenty thousand, eight hundred pounds." With reference to the issue of a hundred thousand pounds, eight per cent. guaranteed dividend, it goes on to say—"Guaranteed Dividends at the minimum rate of eight pounds per cent. per annum, or four pounds each half-year's dividend, are payable half-yearly on these shares until 1891, before which date it is anticipated that the town will be ready for settlement. This dividend will be secured by deposit with trustees of a sufficient amount of Government securities and first-class bank and insurance stock to cover same; any profits made in the meantime by the Company are open to distribution on these shares in addition to the guarantee." As a matter of fact the last half-year's dividend was never paid, for the reason that Canon Hayman, who was trustee for the deposit had appropriated it for other uses of the Company. His letter just alluded to runs thus:—

"FROM CANON HAYMAN, D.D.,
Chairman of Directors of the Canadian Pacific Colonization Corporation,
Limited.

Aldingham, Lanc.,

January, 1889.

Dear Sir,

In forwarding you Prospectus of the above, the Board would draw your attention to it as a means of bringing together the numbers of better educated settlers who annually emigrate, as also of relieving the suffering agriculturist. To be successful, an enterprise like ours should remunerate *not only the assisted, but those who assist*. On this basis the above Corporation has been founded, including the moral and spiritual welfare of the settler, which is, and will continue to be adequately provided for. The region selected is superbly endowed by nature alike with agricultural and mineral resources, with superabundance of the purest water, a climate less rigorous than the Canadian, and plenty of good and cheap labour to develop them all. A large proportion of the capital has been subscribed, but more is required. I myself am a large shareholder. Even one or two shares taken, will enable the investor to watch with interest the progress made. It is proposed to publish half-yearly reports to be sent free to shareholders.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.,

Hon. Canon of Carlisle, formerly Headmaster of Rugby School, Chairman of Directors, C.P.C.C."

The three statements in this letter (1st) as to settlers (2nd) that a large proportion of the capital had been subscribed when it was written (3rd) that Canon Hayman was a large shareholder himself, in any other sense than that he held promoters' shares for which he had never paid a shilling, are nothing short of deliberate untruths, intended to influence investors, and I can speak feelingly on the matter, as I was induced thereby to take up shares to the tune of eleven hundred and fifty pounds in cash actually paid. As to the merits of the ranche itself, I asked Mr. Ritchie if he thought it could be made to pay, to which he replied that "it would pay and pay well with the right kind of stock, namely horses and steers, and that he himself would not hesitate to undertake the management of it at a remuneration based on profits," but he added, "if managed (?) by a board of guinea-pig directors in London, who have no practical knowledge of ranching, and where, as you tell me, the office expenses according to the official liquidator's financial statement amounted to nearly seven thousand pounds out of a subscribed capital of nineteen thousand pounds, and the rest so injudiciously laid out that

the assets are now valued at only a fourth, it would be sure to end disastrously sooner or later, as this has done." *

All the country round here is splendidly adapted for ranching or mixed farming. It is entirely different in character from that of British Columbia, having no timber except along the banks and hollows of the rivers, therefore requiring no clearing, and is covered everywhere with rich and nutritious grasses on which sheep, cattle and horses thrive well. It is fast becoming settled up, and the time cannot be long before every foot of it will be in occupation.

My young friend Ritchie has taken up a pre-emption of three hundred and twenty acres at a place called Beaver's Dam in the Red Deer Valley, which will be in full profit and his own property in three years. He speaks with great enthusiasm of the country and the prospects it holds out to young settlers, and he told me that taking all circumstances into consideration, he would not exchange Alberta for any part of England he had ever been in. If any young farmer, with two or three hundred pounds in his pocket, should be induced by these remarks to go out to Calgary, which is only fifteen days from England, and follow his example, I am sure Mr. Ritchie on being communicated with, will be pleased to give him the best advice in his power, where to settle and how to set about it. Having stayed the night at the ranche, I returned the following day to Banff, where I rejoined my friends, and travelling as before in Mr. Abbott's car, we reached Vancouver on the eighth day from leaving New Westminster, and all much gratified with our trip.

After paying off some debts of hospitality to our kind friends at Vancouver, we started on our voyage to San Francisco on Monday, 6th October. We did not, however, get further that day than the adjoining bay, in consequence of a dense fog coming on, obliging us to keep a fog bell constantly ringing. Our sailors in the meantime amused themselves with fishing over the ship's side, and among other kinds, caught a great number of large dog fish. This ugly shark-looking fish is taken in large quantities in these waters, and has a commercial value for making lubricating oil from the liver, which is said to be of the finest quality, and as much as forty

* All the proceeds of the assets have since been absorbed in liquidation expenses, and Canon Hayman, after a verdict against him, in a law suit brought by an exasperated shareholder, has found it necessary to go through the bankruptcy court, so all the shareholders' money, like MacGregor has now "Vanished for ever and aye."

thousand gallons of it are obtained annually and sold into the States. Another oily fish is also got here in enormous quantities, called the colachan, and which is also called the "candle fish," because when dried and lighted it burns like a candle, and is so used by the Indians. They also get a fish lard from it by boiling and expression, and which they use as butter. At 10-30 on the following morning the fog had sufficiently cleared off to allow us to get again under weigh. At 1-20 p.m. Active Pass was reached, at five o'clock Discovery Island, and after a pleasant sail down the straits of Juan de Fuca, and taking a "last fond look" of noble queenly Victoria as we passed her on our star-board beam, we made Cape Flattery, at the entrance of the straits on the United States side, about midnight, and then turning southward, steamed all the way to San Francisco, where we arrived on the morning of the 10th October, after a pleasant if uneventful passage.

LETTER 10.

SAN FRANCISCO TO HONOLULU.

AT THE close of my last letter we had just then arrived in the Bay of San Francisco, and the pilot who had navigated us through The Golden Gate—the name of the short cliff-flanked strait that connects the bay with the Pacific—had settled us in a suitable anchorage in the roadstead abreast of the city harbour. The pilot came aboard when the yacht got near The Farallones, a group of desolate jagged rocks, tenanted solely by sea birds, whose eggs are collected in large quantities and sent to San Francisco for sale, and by great numbers of sea lions. These islands are situated about twenty-five miles to the west of the Golden Gate, and in their vicinity the port pilots are always to be found cruising about in their smart looking cutters on the outlook for vessels making for

the bay, and are in constant requisition by the large number that are continually entering and leaving it, as it is obligatory on all of them to have a pilot by the port regulations. Although access to the bay is ordinarily safe and easy—the land marks being conspicuous, and at night and in fogs the sailing course being well lighted and supplied with fog bells and steam sirens—yet it is not free from dangers, especially at the Bar—a shoal bank extending outwards in a horse shoe shape from Point Bonita to Point Lobos, the two high cliffs that form the northern and southern entrance pillars of the gate—and also from some sunken rocks along the south shore of its narrowest part, where eddies are formed by the strong tidal currents that drive over them at a six knot rate. The Golden Gate is also called "the keyhole," in consequence of its being the only gap in the Contra Costa coast range of mountains, and through which the wind constantly blows, as through a keyhole, and which is therefore called "the keyhole breeze."

The scenery that opened out into view as we passed through the Golden Gate was both interesting and beautiful. Its somewhat wild looking land-jaws of abrupt cliffs, at first contracted upon us as we entered, but after passing the narrowest part of it at Fort Point, they expanded again into a wide and varied landscape of softer and more placid type. The rock and islet studded bay of San Francisco, with its secondary bay of San Pablo branching off from it to the north east, and into which the large and partly navigable Sacramento River debouches, lay extended before us in a blaze of scenic beauty under the dazzling rays of the morning sun; and the long and sinuous line of gently sloping shores that surrounded them, along whose graceful sweeps of bulge and bend your eye delights to wander, were here and there adorned with several charmingly situated towns, and many pretty wood-shaded and garden-bedecked villages. A not uninteresting feature of our passage through the keyhole was the flights of pelicans that were constantly passing and repassing us, going to their feeding grounds in the coast creeks, or returning to their nesting haunts on the Bird Rock in the bay, and of which they hold a privileged tenancy; also the numerous sea lions that we saw disporting themselves in the water around us, and which congregate in such large numbers on the rocky islets opposite Point Lobos. They form, there, one of the sights of San Francisco, and are seen to most advantage from the balcony of the Cliff Hotel, which almost overhangs the rocks, and where their loud harsh yelping bark may always be heard above the

noise of the wildest seas that ever break on the coast. The Golden Gate is defended by two powerful batteries, which we saw on our way through it, the one being at Fort Point, where the passage is narrowest and which was formerly a high bluff, commanding the finest views of the harbour, but now cut down to a few feet above high water level to suit the requirements of the fortification, the other on the island of Alcatraz, just inside the bay, and in the central line of the passage. The powerful ordnance by which these batteries are mounted and the effective lines of firing, which their positions command, must make a successful attempt at forcing them well nigh a naval impossibility.

Of the three natural harbours possessed by the United States on the coast of California, that of San Francisco Bay is by far the largest and finest ; the other two being Humboldt Bay, in the north, and San Deigo Bay, in the south. It is enclosed on its western side, and separated from the Pacific by a long and narrow peninsula (twenty-six miles by six), that terminates northwards in the hills, forming the southern shore of the Golden Gate, and on whose eastern slopes the large and populous city of San Francisco now stands. The physical character of this site, in its original state, was not very favourable for the erection of a large city upon, consisting as it did of sand ridges and gullies and vertical cliffs, but the ridges were levelled, the gullies filled up, and the cliffs blasted away and literally thrown into the sea, so that the harbour, where large vessels had been moored in 1843, was completely filled in, and is now occupied by the chief business streets, while the barren and loose sand of their upper and western aspects have been converted by a skilful adaptation of soil-holding plants and grasses, into splendid parks and gardens, like the Golden Gate Park, a free public resort, and Adolf Sutro's Gardens, which are said to contain one of the finest collections of flowering plants in the United States. San Francisco is not, as yet, rich in public buildings, but the City Hall, the Palace Hotel—which cost seven hundred million dollars—and some of its Cathedral Churches have some pretensions that way. Higher education has been well provided for by the establishment of two Universities in its vicinity, the State University at Berkeley on the other side of the bay, and the Leland Stamford University, established and endowed by the gentleman whose name it bears, in memory of his only son.

The rapidity of growth and expansion in population, commerce and wealth of some of the places we have already

visited has been remarkable, but they are all eclipsed in these respects by San Francisco. In 1847, when it first took its present name, it was only a small straggling village called Yerba Bueno, or good herb, from a species of wild mint having some medicinal properties that grew in great abundance in its vicinity, but as soon as the gold discovery excitement of the following year began, its handful of inhabitants suddenly increased to a thousand. Three years later it rose to twenty-five thousand, and continuing to increase by similar leaps and bounds, it has now a population of three hundred thousand, besides the residential suburb of Oakland, across the bay, and in hourly communication with it by ferry steamer, having a population of fifty thousand. The material prosperity of San Francisco in trade, manufactures, ship building and shipping has developed at a corresponding pace to this phenomenal increase of population, so that in the short period of forty years, from such meagre antecedents as I have above referred to, it has risen to become the fourth city in the United States in exports, the eighth in population, and the commercial capital of the Pacific; and is doubtless destined in the future to be one of the greatest centres of commerce and civilization in the world. This extraordinary exuberance of growth and prosperity is mainly ascribable to the following three causes. First, the immense and continuous immigration from the east and elsewhere, consequent on the gold discovery and the subsequent settling up of vast tracts of the rich grain bearing and fruit growing land, more particularly in the south-eastern counties of the State. Secondly, the construction of the three extensive railways of the North, South, and Central Pacific, placing San Francisco in connection with the entire railway system of North America, and by the last, through New York with Europe, while a splendid fleet of mail steamers do similar duty in the opposite direction by connecting it with all the chief ports of the Pacific, and thereby adding a new and equally expeditious mail and passenger route to that of Brindisi, between our Australasian Colonies and the mother country; and thirdly by the natural advantages of the physical configuration of the magnificent bay-harbour, and its unrivalled geographical position for becoming a great commercial centre.

Among the places of interest that we visited in San Francisco, was the Museum of Mineralogy, which, along with a library and reading room of the literature and journalism of the subject, is open to the public, and is in connection with the Mining Bureau, or State department for collecting informa-

tion and statistics about the mines and mineral resources of the State, and for carrying on various kinds of field work in connection with its geology and lithology, as well as chemical, metallurgical, and other cognate scientific enquiries appertaining thereto. On writing our names down in the visitors' book of the museum, the curator introduced himself to us, and politely undertook to show us over it, and we thanked him on leaving for a very interesting description of its arrangements, and of many special objects among its contents. Its collection of minerals, earthy and metallic, scientifically curious and economically valuable, is the finest in the world, and therefore worthy of a State that is said to contain nearly every mineral substance known in nature, and as regards the precious metals, has a record of having produced more in a similar area than any other country. The specimens of gold ores were remarkably rich and numerous, and were arranged in groups to represent the mines of different gold yielding districts. Our attention was drawn to a model, represented by a gilt square block, of all the gold that had been got in California (having an estimated value equal to half the English National Debt), since the first nugget of the value of about a sovereign, was found in Sutter's Milldam by James Marshall, and to whose memory, as the first discoverer of gold in California, a statue has been erected by the State, at Caloma El Dorado. This museum is apparently much appreciated by the Californians as no less than twenty thousand recorded their names in the visitors' book during the past year, in addition to those who omitted to do so.

As information and advice is given gratuitously by the Bureau to applicants on all matters connected with mines and minerals I took advantage of this privilege to make inquiries about a gold mine situated near Jackson in Amador County, in which I have the misfortune to be a considerable shareholder, and to which I intended to proceed to make independent enquiries as to the truth and accuracy of the reports that had been from time to time issued to the shareholders. Although a stranger, and not therefore entitled to participate in such a privilege, I was received and treated with the utmost courtesy by the heads of the Bureau, and supplied with printed matter and maps and a plan of the mining locations on the Mother lode of the Sierra Nevada, and had the exact position of the mine pointed out to me, with information how best to get there, and was also invited to a further interview on my return.

Armed with the information I had thus obtained, I now proceeded to carry out my projected expedition to the mine in question. There being railway as far as Ione, about a hundred and forty miles from San Francisco, leaving only fourteen miles to be done by road, I travelled by the Southern Pacific line, via Niles, Stockton, and Galt, in going; and in returning, by the Central Pacific via Sacramento, Benicia and Oakland, thereby making a circular trip of it, so as to get a more extended view of the country. The principal feature of the former route was the large grain farms to be seen all along it; whilst that of the latter, especially in the Sacramento valley, was fruit growing on an extensive scale, such as field viticulture. The grapes, pears, and other fruits, that were offered for sale to the passengers in the cars and at the stations along this part of the way, were as delicious in flavour as they were prime in appearance and cheap. Curiously the Californian viticulturist has not yet been successful in wine making, notwithstanding the splendid quality of his grapes. It is probably an art depending upon such nicety of manipulation as can only be acquired by long experience, and which he has not yet arrived at. At any rate, none of the samples of Californian wines that we tasted came up to the European standard, and on that account they are largely exported to France, where, after undergoing some process of "doctoring" and blending, they re-enter the market as French wines. Throughout my entire railway journey I was much struck by the indications of agricultural prosperity that was everywhere visible, and the thriving and well-to-do appearance of all the towns and villages through which we passed, and which seemed to give ample support to the statement, made on Government authority, that California is capable of supporting six times its present population by its agricultural capabilities alone, exclusive of its mineral resources.

On arriving at Ione railway station I found the United States mail coach waiting to take on mails and passengers to Jackson. It was a large, heavy, lumbering, four-wheel vehicle, something like the one in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, drawn by four strong horses, and by the side of the driver sat a man of powerful physique (as indeed was also Clint, the driver) with a loaded double-barrelled rifle between his knees. On enquiry as to the occasion of this singular escort, I was informed that the district through which we had to pass was still infested with desperadoes, who had often before stopped and robbed the mail, and would do so again but for such precautions, which were always taken whenever there was bullion aboard, as was

the case on the present occasion. The driver told me that only a short time ago a mounted highwayman, disguised under a mask, suddenly made his appearance at a turn of the road, and presenting a revolver at his head, compelled him to deliver up Wells, Fargo and Company's express box, in which the bullion is always carried. The mail stage between Ione and Jackson runs through a very rough and somewhat wild-looking country, and as to the road, it was of the worst possible description, with steep dips and sharp ascents, abrupt turns perilously near the edges of precipitous banks, and the water courses that crossed it bridged over with loose and broken planks. It was cut out of such a rotten kind of mud stone that the ruts were at places nearly hub-deep, and the whole of it from end to end covered with about six inches of fine dust, which, when stirred up by the trampling of the advancing team, enveloped everybody and everything in a dense and stifling cloud, and that left a long trail behind it like the smoke track of a steamer at sea. There was nothing, however, to be uneasy about, for Clint, the driver, was a master with the ribbons, and tooled his way along the tortuosities and difficulties of the road with consummate dexterity, so that we arrived in Jackson all right, although as dusty as millers.

The first courtesy shown you on arriving at the hotel was to be taken to the back verandah and be well broomed, beaten and shaken, for brushing was out of the question under such an entombment of dust. After the toils of the toilet were over, the wants of the wanting were duly catered for by a comfortable dinner, which, although not refined and varied enough for a stalled monarch, was very acceptable to a hungry traveller. Tea and coffee were served with the repast, according to the general custom in the States, for Americans seldom take alcoholic beverages with their food. Meals, with them, are for eating only, but "drinks" may come in between, at the "bars." This hotel's cook and kitchen drudge were both Chinamen, and according to my experience and information, Chinamen are pretty largely employed in the Western States in these capacities, and also as laundrymen and gardeners, notwithstanding all that "our cousins" have to say against them as intruders, and about their being allowed to sneak into the States through Canada. I spent the remainder of the evening chatting with the miners who frequent the hotel bar room, and endeavoured to get from them all the information I could about my gold mine, and having succeeded in making the acquaintance of the Editor of the local newspaper, the

"Amador Ledger" and also of the late superintendent of the mine, arranged with them to meet in the morning, and drive over to it, and also to visit several of the more interesting mines in the district.

It may be as well for me here to explain that this town of Jackson is situated in the centre of the mining districts of Amador County, where it is crossed by the so-called "mother-lode" of gold-bearing quartz. In its vicinity, and within a radius of seven miles of it, are to be found about twenty-five large quartz mills, of which at least twenty are fully equipped with the best machinery and in constant and more or less, profitable operation. This "mother-lode" is not limited to Amador County, but is of great extent, running for, from three hundred to four hundred miles and with a width of thirty-five miles, along the western foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountain range, and constitutes the chief portion of the "gold fields" of California.

Next morning, according to arrangement, the trio got under weigh in a two-horse buggy, and first visited the Zeile and Kennedy mines, two of the low grade quartz mines of the district, which after some vicissitudes of fortune in their development stage, are now making splendid returns, especially the latter. The invention of automatic acting and labour saving machinery, and the discovery of chemical processes for the economical working of these low grade ores, which are subtle enough to extract from ninety-two to ninety-nine per cent. of the gold, have enabled many mines that had formerly been abandoned as worthless to be now worked at a profit. When going over the works, it was explained to me that the ore was only once handled, namely, in filling the trucks at the workings, down in the mines, and that it was then brought to the surface by water power, dumped automatically over into the rock breaker, distributed to the bins and stamps, passed over the amalgamators, the sulphurets collected, roasted, chlorinated, and precipitated, and all as regular as clockwork, and requiring the minimum of superintendence.

Although the value of the gold per ton in these low grade ores is small, still, if there is ever so small a margin of profit left over after paying working expenses, the quantity dealt with, may yield large totals, and it is generally the case that the supply of ore is in proportion to the lowness of the grade. This is very well illustrated in the case of the Plymouth mine, another of the low grade mines of this neighbourhood, where the gross amount of gold got out of each ton of ore, is only

7.59 dollars, but as the entire cost of extracting it is only 3.07 dollars, the profit per ton is 4.52 dollars, which, when multiplied by ninety-seven thousand, the number of tons treated during the course of the year, gives a net profit of four hundred and thirty-eight thousand, four hundred and forty dollars or allowing five dollars to the pound, an English equivalent of eighty-seven thousand, six hundred and eighty-eight pounds. The Plymouth has been making annual returns of this kind for many years back.

We next proceeded to inspect the mine that I had specially come to inquire about, namely, the Amador Gold Mine, Limited, London, and I obtained a good deal of information of an extraordinary and very unsatisfactory character as to its ore and operations and its financial affairs by my visit to it, but as it is more adapted for laying before the shareholders than the public, I will merely express a caution to readers against allowing themselves to be advised in the matter of investments, by advertising stock brokers, or influenced by circulars and prospectuses reaching them through the post.*

A few days after my return to the yacht, namely, on 31st October, a pilot having been taken aboard, we left our moorings in San Francisco Bay, and at 12-20 p.m. began to steam out of the Golden Gate on our voyage to our next halting place at Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands, and which is situated on the lee side of Oahu, the central island of the group. The pilot left us at 2-50, near to where we had picked him up when coming in, and at 4-30 we passed the Farallones, bearing six miles to north-west. On the following day, November 1st, a fine fresh breeze having sprung up, the engines were stopped, the funnel telescoped, and all possible sail made, and the yacht went gaily along, passing several outward bound vessels as she sped on her south-western course of two thousand and eighty miles, while all of us were rejoicing again in

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The ever fresh the ever free."

But alas! it was not to be for long, for only next day a strong head wind and sea got up, doing us some damage, and the wind freshening to almost a gale, compelled us to take in mizen stay sail and all small canvas. On Tuesday, the 3rd, the wind and sea continued to increase, and as evening drew on, the weather having what sailors call a dirty appearance, with a

* For history of Amador Gold Mine Limited, see letter in Appendix from "Weekly Sun," with Editorial comments.

falling barometer, all canvas was closely reefed, and everything secured about the deck, a necessary precaution as it proved, for towards midnight the wind increased to a full gale of great force, and terrific squalls of wind and rain made the yacht labour throughout, the sea also running high and breaking frequently aboard. Wednesday, the 4th, proved as bad as the previous day. The jib-headed mizen trysail was set at 2-30 p.m., and the storm fore trysail at 4 p.m. Later on the ship's head was "reaching" under very small canvas, and she laboured violently, straining decks, mast and riggings, and chafing heavily. The captain now "wore" ship, to have the sea on another tack. At midnight it was very dark and thick, with heavy rains and sea running high. At four in the morning a tremendous sea struck the yacht, causing her to labour heavily and breaking the goose-neck of main boom, which took to running, and smashed accommodation ladder, ventilator on top of deck house, bridge rails, and doing several other damages. On Thursday, the 5th, the gale having moderated, an observation was obtained, and the position of the yacht ascertained. A strong swell, however, continued all day, and throughout Friday, the 6th, causing the ship to roll heavily so that all sails were clewed up to avoid chafing. On the 7th a strong swell rolling from north-west obliged the stowing of all sails and starting engines. Next day, 8th, the swell subsiding and the wind moderating to a fine breeze the fires were put out and all plain sail set, and during that day and the following, 9th, we had a temporary and gratifying surcease to our nautical sufferings. How the seamen on watch got through their duties on that awful 4th of November night I cannot imagine, with the weather as "thick as a hedge," and as "dark as the inside of a cow," "blowing like steam," raining in sheets and the sea running mountains. The quoted similitudes are the sailors', which, like Sam Slick and his opinions, "I sticks to, 'cos they answers." Disturbed weather with heavy squalls began again at midnight on the 10th (a tremendous staggerer at two a.m. of the 12th) and continued until mid-day of the 13th, when it finally settled to light airs and a calm sea. Steam was now got up, and we made land right ahead at two p.m. on Sunday, the 15th November. At 5-25 Point Makafa was on our starboard bow, at 6-25 Diamond Head, bearing north-west two miles, and at seven o'clock we let go anchor in Honolulu harbour. I need hardly remark, that a few of us, some of the sailors as well, were more or less upset by the asperities of the voyage, and speaking for myself,

I made the discovery that I was not so good a sailor as I was beginning to think myself, and was very glad to feel the yacht once more at rest beneath me. We are to stay in these beautiful islands for a few weeks, and then visit Fiji on our way to New Zealand, all of which I hope to tell you something about in my next letter.

LETTER 11.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

MR. WYTHES did not at first intend staying longer than a fortnight in the Sandwich Islands, but their attractions proved too many and too strong to be resisted, so that it was the day after Christmas before we got away—about six weeks from the date of our arrival—and even then, so thoroughly did we enjoy our sojourn at these charming and most interesting islands that it was not without some twinges of regret that we at last said good-bye to the many kind, sociable and most hospitable people—indeed, friends, for we never can forget them—that we had met and made there.

To those readers who have only what I may call a school boy's notion of the Sandwich Islands, namely, as the place where the great English circumnavigator, Captain Cook was barbarously murdered in 1779, and that the inhabitants are still the wild and naked savages that they then were, such remarks will appear strange, but they nevertheless truly indicate the impressions we formed of the islands and their inhabitants, and the feelings by which we were swayed on leaving them. Nor are we at all peculiar in this respect, for all the large and increasing number of tourists who annually visit the group invariably express themselves in a similar way, and which is not to be wondered at, for besides the social attrac-

tions of the European residents, the Sandwich Islands are unsurpassed by any country in the world for the fascinations of its perfect climate, its splendid and varied scenery, enhanced by clear skies, blue seas and gorgeous sunsets, its rich and diversified tropical and subtropical vegetation clothing the face of the country with a perennial verdure; and lastly its extraordinary volcanic phenomena, characterized by some of the most wonderful displays of active volcanic force anywhere to be seen throughout the world. The majority of these tourists come for the sole object of seeing the latter, but many are also attracted by the pure physical enjoyment of living in such a delightful climate. With a temperature of eighty degrees by day and seventy-five degrees by night, even the most delicate may clothe in the lightest possible way, without the least fear of catching cold, and its greatest heats, such as occasionally happen, are never felt to be oppressive, being dry in character and always tempered by the cool winds that continually blow across the Islands. Indeed so impressed did I feel with the salubrity of the air, the equability of the temperature and the general restorative and invigorating qualities of the climate, that I could not help thinking that no place we had as yet visited, probably none in the world was better adapted for those to go to, who are suffering from incipient lung affection or are convalescents from any acute malady. "In Honolulu," to quote the opinion of another medical visitor, "the invalid throws off his heavy wraps and basks in the lovely atmosphere. He lounges in the verandah through the live long day, and at night watches the rising of the Great Bear without the suspicion of a chill; with the windows of his bedroom open, he needs only a coverlet and blanket, and in the early morning rises with the sun, refreshed and hungry for his breakfast." If any would like to test the matter for themselves, they could not take a more delightful holiday trip than to Honolulu, which is no longer one of "the uttermost parts of the earth," as by the modern facilities for overcoming time and distance, you can be there in three weeks from leaving England, namely, a week crossing the Atlantic to New York, a week by rail through the United States to San Francisco, and a week to Honolulu by one of the Oceanic Steam Ship Company's fine steamers that ply once a fortnight between the two latter places, and when you get there you will find first-rate hotels and plenty to amuse in the way of sports and pastimes, and if properly introduced, in the way of social gaieties.

Honolulu harbour and its surroundings on the evening of our arrival presented to our view one of the most charming scenes we had ever beheld. As the shades of evening closed in, a full moon beamed down in silvery splendour upon us, and enabled us to take in at a glance the entire sweep of the bight, in the centre of which the town and harbour is situated. On its extreme right was to be seen the couchant lion-shaped mountain ridge of Diamond Point (native, Leahi) a prominent landmark in making for the harbour, with Waikiki, the Brighton of Honolulu, where are many charming marine residences of the wealthier classes skirting the shore and reaching towards the town. At the opposite extremity on the left is the promontory of Moanoloa, separating Pearl from Honolulu harbours, and directly in front is Punchbowl Hill, with its well marked volcanic features of an extinct crater, and with Tantalus Peak and the mountain range it belongs to, towering magnificently in the background. Between Punchbowl and the shore, and reaching up into the valley east and west of it, lies this charming town of Honolulu, the paradise of the Pacific, and capital of the Hawaiian Kingdom, and so embowered is it in umbrageous groves of palms, and algarobas, monkey pods and tamerisks, eucalyptus and guava orange trees, bananas and cocoa nut, screw pines and tree ferns, and indeed an almost infinite variety of indigenous and imported tropical trees and shrubs, as to look more like a collection of detached villas, buried up to the eaves in green, than a methodically arranged town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. As night drew on, the air seemed to get balmier, the harbour and shore lights began to wane, and glimmered more and more faintly under the brightening moonbeams, the hum of the busy town gradually subsided, and was finally drowned by the ceaseless and melancholy booming of the sea breaking over the long coral barrier reefs that bound the deep water of the harbour; and a night of serenest loveliness was fast melting into dreamy repose, when hark! what sweet and melodious sounds are those that we hear floating fitfully out towards us from the shore? By degrees they become more and more audible, and soon a couple of boats are seen approaching, and as "their voices keep tune and their oars keep time," we recognise the former to be musical and well trained, and singing in concert to an accompaniment of guitars. At one time the sounds are those of a melancholy ditty, like a highland coronach, at another of a lively character, but all of so novel and peculiar a cadence as to suggest their insular origin, and

so it proved, for our visitors were the Hawaiian Glee Club, who had come out to entertain us with a serenade of welcome to the islands. As they rowed slowly round and round the yacht, song and glee followed freely on one another, and in the soft stilly moonlight their skilful rendering produced a very charming effect. Return songs having been called for from our sailors, they responded by striking up some familiar sea songs, in the choruses of which both parties heartily joined. After giving us the Hawaiian national hymn of "Lil-é woke a lany, (spelt here as pronounced), long may she live and happy may she be," &c., they returned to the shore amid hearty rounds of cheers from the yacht, singing as they went the pathetic Hawaiian farewell song, "Aloha oe Aloha nei." Thus closed the first day of our arrival at Honolulu, and which formed a suitable forecast of the delightful six weeks we were about to spend there.

When we went ashore next day, the first things to attract our attention were the ubiquity of the trams, the copiousness of the telephone wires, and the number of the churches, schools and colleges. Trams run along all the main streets and out to the suburbs. As to the telephone system, it is simply perfect, nearly every private residence having its wire, and even the ships in the harbour. Nor is it confined to Honolulu alone, but extends all over the island, the other islands of the group being also extensively supplied with it. This general use of the telephone is said to contribute largely to the sociality of the residents, as chats can be held between friends at a distance, and arrangements made for social amenities. As to churches, schools and colleges, they seemed to be everywhere, and their number irresistibly impressed you with the thought that the Hawaiians must be a highly religious people, and that they greatly appreciate education; and, as a matter of fact, such is really the case. They are now no longer the savages and cannibals that tore Captain Cook's body to pieces, cooked and ate it (although they deny the latter part of the allegation, and that their ancestors ever were cannibals); nor are they the heathens of a degraded worship of demons, with human sacrifices and lubidinous dances, such as they then were, but are now all Christians, many of them both sincere and earnest, two-thirds being American Presbyterians, and the other third about equally divided between the English and Roman Churches. In the matter of education, every Hawaiian can read and write his own language, and many of them speak, read and write in English. They

have a vernacular press and literature, free public library and news rooms, equal political rights with the whites, and, through the organization of their political clubs, exercise them so effectively as to be well represented in the legislature and executive of the Queen's Government. Our first contact with the natives strongly impressed us with the genuine frankness of the Hawaiian disposition, and with their thorough friendliness, especially to all English-speaking whites.

We now set to work to get a general notion of Honolulu and its environs, and among our first drives were included Waikiki, already alluded to as the Brighton of Honolulu; the Manoa Valley, so picturesque, cool and breezy, and resembling a quiet glen in the Scotch Highlands; Kapiolani Public Park, where there is a very pretty racecourse and a well laid out recreation ground, and where we saw an excellent game of baseball played by the Hawaiians, a game they have a great liking for and excel at; the Queen's Hospital, with its splendid avenue of royal palms, one of the sights of Honolulu. This noble institution was erected by the patriotic munificence of the late Queen Emma, and is supported by a tax of two dollars a head on all persons arriving by the ocean steamboats. It is free to all sick poor, irrespective of race or religion, although a small charge is made upon foreigners, who are only temporarily in the islands. The wards of this hospital are large and airy, the sanitary arrangements satisfactory, everything scrupulously clean, and all the patients appeared to be very kindly treated and well cared for. I was shown over it by the two honorary physicians, Drs. Macgregor and Wood, and was exceedingly pleased with everything I saw.

The Punchbowl Hill was next visited, from which we got a magnificent *coup d'œil* of the town and harbour. Our next drive was to the Pali, or precipice, as its name implies, about six miles up the Nuuanu Valley. The road to it runs through the best street of the town, Nuuanu Avenue, where are all the finest houses, with their tasteful and ornamental gardens, such as Mr. Charles Bishop's, the banker, whose late wife, Princess Bernice Pauahi, has been such a munificent benefactor to her race by building and endowing the Kamehameha Schools.

Farther on we came to the Royal Mausoleum, where the Hawaiian Royal Family are interred, and immediately beyond is the European cemetery, beautifully kept, and containing many interesting monuments. Then the Lunalilo Homes for aged Hawaiians, erected and endowed by the late Hawaiian king of that name. Some distance up the valley we came

upon the reservoirs of the Honolulu public water supply, and from thence, all the rest of the way up to the Pali, was one continuous panorama of charmingly beautiful scenery. The ranges of hills on either side of this valley have a very singular appearance, and look just as if some great volcanic force had been at work at their ends, and squeezed and crimped them along their entire length into a close succession of alternate spurs and ravines. The Pali is a thousand feet in perpendicular height, and is flanked by two lofty peaks. It commands extensive and beautiful views of both sides of the island, and is memorable as the scene of the last stand that the Oahuan chiefs made against Kamehameha I. (most of the defeated warriors having been forced over the precipice), who brought all the islands of the group under his rule and became the founder of the present Hawaiian monarchy.

Our general look round was completed by a visit to Pearl Harbour and the extensive Eva sugar plantation in its neighbourhood, which are both accessible by the new railway that was opened two years ago, and which is intended to be pushed on by degrees until it has encompassed the entire island. Pearl Harbour is a charming spot, and is much extolled by all who have seen it. The islands upon it give it the appearance of a series of lochs, each large enough of itself to make a good sized harbour. It communicates by a narrow channel with the sea, and is well sheltered from the ocean swells and breakers by an outlying coral reef; and as it is deep as well as capacious, when this entrance channel has been deepened and some other necessary improvements effected, it will make a safe and truly splendid harbour. At the Eva plantation we saw a thousand acres under sugar cane, and were shown over the crushing mill—erected on the newest principles, and one of the largest and most complete in the world—by the manager, Mr. Lowrie, who obligingly explained to us all the various processes in the manufacture of sugar from the cane.

During the first days after our arrival at Honolulu, we were called upon by all the leading residents, among whom I may mention His Excellency Samuel Parker, Premier of the Government; the Hon. A. G. Cleghorn, brother-in-law of the Queen and father of the heir presumptive, Princess Kaiulani, a young lady of 17, at present in England for her education; Major Robertson, the Queen's Chamberlain; Major J. H. Wodehouse, the English Commissioner; and T. R. Walker, Esq., the Vice-Consul. We were also promptly introduced to and made

members of the British Club, which, although so called, is of unrestricted nationality, consisting of Americans, Germans, Hawaiians, &c., as well as British, and include many members of the legislature and judicature, present and past, and nearly all the resident gentlemen. From many of these parties we were the recipients of many social courtesies, and the interchange of hospitalities between them and the yacht, thus so early begun, was continued all through our stay at Honolulu. When aboard we were seldom without some of them to lunch or dinner, and quarter deck "At Homes" for their lady friends, were of frequent occurrence, and they, on their part, entertained us on shore with a constant succession of little gaieties, such as dinners and dances, lawn tennis and pic-nics, riding excursions and shooting parties. Two of these entertainments were to us of so novel a kind, and to some extent so characteristic of the country, that I may be excused for referring to them with a little detail. The one was a Barbecue, given by Mr. Herbert at his charming sylvan retreat at Waihili, and the other a Poi supper, for which we were indebted to Judge Widiman, at his pretty suburban bungalow at Kapiolani.

The Barbecue is an out-of-door social entertainment of American origin, the characteristic feature of which is the roasting of a whole carcase, in this case a fine fat Hawaiian ox, and which, along with other viands and light beverages, is partaken of in an unceremonious way, dispensing with waiters, every one delighting to wait on his neighbour as well as himself, using the green sward for a table, and with much genuine hilarity, even triumphing over such little difficulties as a dearth of knives and forks by using their fingers and teeth. As it is considered a compliment to be asked to carve the Barbecue roast, the honours of the occasion were confided to Mr. Chief Justice Whiting, who discharged the somewhat formidable-looking duties with much grace and hearty good humour. After the repast was finished, some danced on a low platform that had been erected for the purpose, to the music of a Hawaiian string band, while others strolled about under the cool and lightsome shade of the algaroba trees, or squatted in knots on the velvety turf and amused themselves with friendly chat and banter, and the more juvenile with frolicsome gambols. It was attended by about three hundred ladies and gentlemen, many of whom had come from distant parts of the island for the occasion. Some of the ladies came on horseback, and I must not omit to mention that they ride

in the Hawaiian fashion, *en cavalier*. If you ask them how they like riding in that way, they al' say it is much more comfortable, and gives a securer seat than in the ordinary feminine way. As the skirt of the riding habit is of such ample width as to hang with flowing fulness on either side, disclosing only the toe in the stirrup, the general effect is neither ungraceful, nor does it look unbecoming.

The algaroba trees, to which I have referred as giving such a "cool and lightsome shade," are such a feature of the Hawaiian waysides and compounds, that I will take this opportunity of mentioning some interesting particulars about them, that were told me by Major Robertson. Although not indigenous, the algaroba species of acacia grows very freely in the Sandwich Islands, and it sows itself and multiplies prolifically. It would soon become as great a nuisance as the lantana, also an importation, but for its utility as firewood and in several other ways. Its light and open foliage does not prevent the grass from growing under it, for while producing sufficient shade from the sun's rays, it allows the slightest breath of air or shower of rain to filter through. Its seed pods, of which it produces a great abundance, are eaten with avidity by all grazing animals, an illustration of which Mr. Cleghorn showed us, when on one occasion we were visiting at his pretty residence in Waikiki, by holding up a pod to a horse in a paddock, which no sooner saw it then it galloped up and ate it out of his hand. And it grows so rapidly that the few trees of the cottage compound furnish the natives with practically an inexhaustible supply of fuel.

The lantana on the other hand, which is not a tree but a low shrub, is of no use whatever, except for the gay look it gives the hedge-rows and hill sides it has taken unjustifiable possession of, and in Oahu, as in Ceylon, where it was introduced by Lady Amherst for its pretty and free flowering character, it grows and spreads with such pertinacious exuberance, that wherever it gets roothold, it soon crowds nearly all the native plants and shrubs out of existence. "Look at that lantana," said Major Robertson to me one day, drawing my attention to a hillside beyond Punchbowl that was completely covered by it, "it looks as gay as a garden, but has now made quite worthless what was formerly good rough grazing ground." The mina birds, in appearance something like blackbirds, also an importation, are very much blamed for spreading it by carrying its aromatic seeds, on which they feed, about in their plumage.

The Poi supper, to which I will now allude, was to all intents and purposes a private ball with an elaborate sit-down supper, but having in addition to the ordinary viands and beverages of an English ball supper, all the national Hawaiian dishes, and in particular a bowl of Poi placed between each lady and gentleman, which they were both expected to partake of out of the same dish, and in the true Hawaiian fashion, with their fingers. The only Hawaiian dish that I ventured to partake of besides the Poi, was grey mullet that had been baked in "ti" leaves—the ti tree is a species of dracaena or cordyline, from the roots of which the natives distil a kind of rum called okelihaio—and it certainly was an excellent way of cooking the fish, preserving its flavour, and as the ti leaves (pronounced tee) are not unwrapped until just before eating, they keep it hot and juicy. I may here mention that grey mullet is reared in large quantities all round the islands, in marine ponds, constructed by enclosing shallow parts of the shore with walls of coral that admit the sea, but do not allow the fish to get out.

Poi is eaten by dipping the fore and middle fingers into it, rolling what they take up into a little spherical mass by a deft turn of the wrist, and then popping it into the mouth. Of course this looks very nasty to Europeans, but it is not so in reality, for the consistence of the Poi is such that all that the fingers have touched comes away upon them, and they are always washed and dried before they are again dipped into the Poi dish, a finger glass and dinner napkin of figured kappa cloth being supplied to each. The tables, rooms, corridors and verandahs were all elaborately decorated with flowers and the ornamental fronds of palm, fern, ti, arum and other showy kinds of foliage.

A notable feature of the occasion was the "leis" or wreaths, and necklaces of flowers with which the host's daughters decorated many of the guests. This floral display and decoration is as much a national characteristic of the Hawaiians as Poi, and on all occasions of private and public rejoicing you will invariably find them decorated with these "leis" round their hats and necks. About a hundred guests were present at the Poi supper, all attired in English evening dress and forming quite a gay assembly. The dresses of the ladies were tasteful and elegant, some of them strikingly so, and as to the ladies themselves, both whites, half-whites and natives, it is no exaggeration to say that many of them looked graceful and refined, and all of them more or less, attractive. I mention

this purposely to show, that socially, you are not very far away from England, when you are at Honolulu.

Our host, Judge Widiman, I may state had the good fortune to marry one of the Chiefesses of the Hawaiian royal family, and all his large family, now grown up, are married to Europeans with the exception of his two youngest daughters who had only just returned from a prolonged residence in Melbourne where they had been receiving their education. Mrs. Widiman, whom I took in to supper, and who gave me a lesson how to eat Poi, is a pure Hawaiian but speaks English perfectly. She greatly charmed me by her intelligence, amiability and the refined and high toned views she took of things. After the Poi supper was ended, dancing was commenced and kept up until the small hours, and so deliciously genial and warm was the midnight air, that the guests strolled about the gardens during the intervals of the dances just as they were.

As a Poi supper is essentially a Hawaiian institution, I ought to explain what sort of stuff Poi is and what it is made from. It is the staple food and has been so from time immemorial of the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. It is prepared from "taro," the farinaceous tuberous root of the *arum esculentum*, and when cooked and ready for eating, it has much of the consistence, appearance and taste of stale paste. The samples that I tasted had a slightly sourish and such a decidedly unpalatable flavour, that I think I would have to be hard pinched for something to live upon before I could take to it, yet Europeans who have been any length of time in the Islands get to relish it, just as in Fiji they take to drinking kava. It is said to be very wholesome and nutritious food, and that the Hawaiians, who are a big and powerful race, as our sailors found out when they had a tug of war with them, can live and thrive upon it alone. When I visited the prison, which by the way I found to be admirably managed, I was told by the superintendent that prisoners who are not Hawaiians and had not been previously accustomed to the use of Poi, gained weight upon it and often left in better health than when they entered. When also I visited Queen Emma's Hospital, already referred to, the doctors spoke in similar terms of its feeding and strengthening qualities, and Dr. Macgrew mentioned to me a rather curious and interesting fact, that no matter how drunk a Hawaiian may be, he gets sober again almost immediately after swallowing a dish of Poi, and that although some of the Hawaiians are great drinkers

of spirits, he had never seen or heard of a case of delirium tremens and this he attributed to the Poi diet.

The 16th of November, the second day after our arrival, was the anniversary of the birthday of the late king Kalakaua, and was observed as a public holiday—a curious custom to be sure—but the excuse was that he had been highly popular, although he was a bit of a spendthrift and never could make ends meet. All the Hawaiians decorated themselves with “leis” in honour of the occasion, and amused themselves in various ways—a favourite one being that of galloping in parties along the roads, the women riding astride like the men, and laughing and chatting merrily with one another, just as if they never had a care or trouble in their lives.

On the morning of the day, the captain of the United States man-of-war, *Pensacola*—the sister to the *Kearsage* that fought the *Alabama*—lying along side of us in the harbour, sent a polite message to Mr. Wythes to say that as he was going to “dress” and fire a salute, he thought that he would let him know, in case he would like to “dress” also. To this Mr. Wythes replied that he would not only be very pleased to do honour to the occasion by dressing, but that as no English ship of war was at present in the harbour, he would also fire a salute of twenty-one guns, all of which was duly carried out, the latter part of it being greatly to the delight of our gunner Whately, who is very proud of his pets, two quick-firing six-pounder Armstrong guns, and liked to hear the noise they could make.

During the following week, His Excellency Samuel Parker, and the Queen's Chamberlain, Major Robertson, made arrangements for presenting us to Her Majesty, and showing us over the Iolani Palace. We were much gratified, and indeed charmed with our interview with the Queen, whose manner is characterized by a natural amiability, combined with a presence and stateliness befitting her position. She speaks English perfectly and appeared well informed, and was never at a loss for material to keep up conversation with us. She takes a deep interest in the welfare of her people, and is an acting and much interested member of the Women's Board of Missions, as well as being a generous patroness of the seminary for the training of native girls. We were shown over the palace by the Chamberlain, who along with Major Wodehouse who accompanied us, drew our attention to, and explained to us the many rare and costly Hawaiian curios that adorn the different apartments.

About the end of the third week of our stay at Honolulu, Mr. Wythes decided to take the yacht to Hilo—the chief port of the island of Hawaii—the largest and most south-easterly island of the groupe—for the purpose of visiting the volcano of Kilauea, which is accessible on the north side from that place. It was also arranged that as her Majesty was just then contemplating a visit to the island, she should go with us in the yacht. In consequence, however, of the death of a relation of His Excellency Samuel Parker, he was unable to accompany her, and as Her Majesty never goes anywhere without her Prime Minister, the plan fell through.

On our way to Hawaii, and when about twenty-five miles to the eastward of Honolulu, we passed under the lee side of the island of Molokai, the fifth in size of the group, where the Leper Establishment is, of which everybody has heard something about in connection with the death from leprosy of a Roman Catholic priest called Father Damien. This settlement is situated in a beautiful valley on the north side of the island facing the sea, and enclosed by hills. It is salubrious in position and has a most delightful climate, as it is almost constantly fanned by the cool north-east trade winds that blow across it. The Hawaiian Government takes a deep interest in its welfare, and at an outlay of a hundred thousand dollars a year—a large slice out of the revenue of so small a kingdom—does everything it possibly can for the comfort and benefit of the community. The dwellings are neat and comfortable, and there is a well-arranged hospital for the worst cases, also churches, schools, reading and recreation rooms. Abundant supplies of good food and all reasonable luxuries are provided, and in addition to the superintendents appointed by the Government, and the clergymen, there is a thoroughly competent resident doctor and an ample staff of well-trained nurses, and the Hawaiian Board of Health make periodical visits to the settlement to see that everything goes on satisfactorily. As a result of all this thoughtful and painstaking care, and expenditure, I was gratified to hear from the Hon. A. S. Cleghorn that the number and severity of the cases had diminished, and that he was not without hopes that by a rigid adherence to the present system of segregation, the malady would eventually become extinct. Of the thousand inmates of the settlement about seven hundred are lepers in various stages of the disease, whilst the remaining three hundred—exclusive of the officials—consist of the relatives and friends, who, from motives of sheer love and affection, have voluntarily gone there with them

to nurse and wait upon them, and cheer them with their company. Leprosy is not indigenous to the Sandwich Islands, but was introduced by immigrants from China.

In an interesting conversation upon the subject which I had with Dr. Brigham, the curator of the Bishop's Museum at Honolulu, he told me what at first sight appears a very startling fact that no Hawaiian was ever known to have been affected with leprosy previous to the introduction of vaccination, whereas in the three years following it, no less than seventy cases occurred. This result, however, he went on to say, was not due to vaccination properly performed, as it had never followed European practice, but was entirely owing to the natives having had their vaccinations done by the Kahunes or native doctors, who in their ignorance had used leprous lymph. These Kahunes have no medical knowledge whatever, for what they profess to have, consists in ascribing all pains and ailments to demoniacal possession, and their treatment, in exorcising the disquieting and inimical spirits by various arts of sorcery. If one Kahune fails to dislodge the spirit another is sent for, and failing him another and another, as each Kahune professes to have power over only certain spirits. Unfortunately they have a great hold on the people who still retain the superstitious belief of their ancestors in the Kahune's medical theories and healing skill; and so great is the fear and terror which they inspire in their patients that many are actually frightened to death. Indeed so seldom does a patient suffering from acute disease, recover under the Kahune's treatment, that the resulting mortality has been regarded as one of the causes of the numerical shrinkage of the population.

All persons certified to be suffering from leprosy by the Government Medical Authority are at first sent to a receiving house near Honolulu, until a sufficient number has been got together, when they are removed to the island. One of these batches left Honolulu a few days before we did, and it was a heart-rending sight to see. The Hawaiian band played them on board, professedly to cheer them up, but in reality to drown their cries of grief at parting for ever from their friends and relations and the scenes of their childhood, for as leprosy is an incurable malady, no leper is ever again allowed to leave the island. The gurgun oil, which, according to the statements of Sir Edward Clifford, has been so successful in curing it in the Andaman Islands, has failed to do so at Molokai, although it has had a good and fair trial and is still being persevered with.

Leprosy is not infectious, but is propagated solely and entirely by inoculation and cohabitation. Very few white men in the island have ever become afflicted with it, and these, in all cases, have been living domestically with natives who had it. A visitor to the Sandwich Islands therefore need be in no fear of catching the malady, and as a matter of fact unless he was specially interested in the subject and had applied to the Board of Health for permission to visit Molokai or the receiving house, he is quite certain never to see a case of it. For these reasons, all the officials at the settlement are not restricted in their liberty to come and go whenever they please, or at least can readily obtain permission to do so. Thus for instance, Sister Mary Gertrude who came out with such a flourish of trumpets by the "Pall Mall Gazette," to teach the Hawaiians their duty to their afflicted kindred (and which set their backs up against her, as they both knew their duty, and as I have endeavoured to show, did and do it), when she changed her mind and married the doctor, she left the settlement and is now living at Honolulu. Father Damien could also have left at any time, until he became affected, when his liberty to do so ceased as in the case of any other leper. He probably got inoculated when cleansing a sore, through some unsuspected abrasion on his hands, in the same way as many a doctor has accidentally become the victim of fatal blood poisoning. On expressing this view to Mr. Wythes he reminded me of another remark of Dr. Brigham's bearing upon this point, that inoculation with leprosy had been known to result from handling kappa, or native paper cloth, that had been taken out of the graves of persons who had died of leprosy; and that therefore visitors should be careful in making a purchase of it as a curio.

Continuing our voyage south-eastward, we passed between the small island of Lenai (where large quantities of sheep are raised) on our starboard side and the large island of Maui on our port. Some of the scenery of the latter island is unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty, both as to contour and colouring. The ruby tinted effulgence, which the first glow of sunrise produced on the red soil and rocks of its mountain tops and slopes, which we saw at daybreak next morning, had a strikingly beautiful effect. As we rounded its south-eastern extremity and changed our course to east, across the strait separating it from Hawaii, we had a splendid view of Haleakala, the largest extinct volcano in the world. The mountain itself is ten thousand feet high and the crater at its summit (which

is somewhat V shaped, the open part of the letter indicating where the containing wall had burst away) is seven miles across and twenty miles in circumference, or thirty reckoning in the sinuosities. The numerous extinct fire cones, which rise from the floor of the crater, look as if they must have been spouting after the crater wall had burst and deluged that part of the island with its lakeful of molten stone. The roseate hues with which "rosy fingered morning" painted the clouds that encircled its weird brow, and moved across it in silent majesty, was a unique and lovely sight. Only those visitors to the island who have been enterprising enough to climb up to the brink of the crater in time to see the first morning rays dipping over the rim, into the mist clouds filling up and rolling and tumbling about in its capacious bosom, can adequately understand why the natives should have called it Haleakala, that is, the palace of the sun.

The three great mountains of Hawaii now came into view, namely, Hualalai (8,273), towards the west; Mauna Kea, or white mountain, from having snow on its summit, more or less all the year, according to the season (13,805), in the north middle; and Mauna Loa, or long mountain (13,680)—and which from its rounded shape does not look from a distance half so high as it is—in the south middle. These mountains, of which the two last are the highest in the Pacific, are all highly volcanic in character, although only Mauna Loa has been subject to periodical eruptions in recent times. Only a few years ago it had a terrible outburst of lava, overwhelming the country in the direction of Hilo, and came so near the town as to threaten it with destruction. All along the northern coast of Hawaii are to be seen extensive plantations of sugar cane, especially along the last sixty miles approaching Hilo, and which you readily recognise by the lively green colour reaching up the valleys and foothills, and contrasting with the darker green of the natural forests of Koa and Ohia, which cover all the rest of the mountain sides up to the sky line. There are also to be seen here and there the crushing mills with their tall smoke stacks, and the water flumes, supported on high trestle work across the gulches, for floating the canes from the plantations down to them. A considerable portion of this coast is skirted by abrupt and lofty cliffs, some of them over two thousand feet high, and which are deeply cut into, at numerous points by wide and tortuous ravines. These are traversed by the mountain streams on their way to the sea, and which nearly all tumble, some from considerable

height, directly into it like so many waterfalls, presenting a scene, as seen from the deck of the yacht as we coasted along, of much picturesqueness and animation. As we approached Hilo, these cliffs gradually diminished in altitude, and finally disappeared altogether, so that its bay, where we anchored about noon, is enclosed by a gently sloping shore and sandy beach.

Hilo is a truly lovely spot, and we were all much charmed with it. It has been called an earthly paradise, and the epithet is not altogether inappropriate as it has many paradisaical qualities to recommend it. Embowered in tropical vegetation, it rests on the shores of its own placid semi-circular bay, with beautiful sea and landward views on all sides of it, and as to its climate, it is so delicious that it makes you feel that if you could only continue to reside in it, you must live for ever. Its sunsets are like burning rubies dropping into seas of molten gold, and its evening skies are indescribable in the brilliance and delicacy of their colourings, and the phantasmagorial variety and beauty of their cloud forms. Our first business on going ashore was to call at Hilo hotel and arrange with Mr. Wilson, the proprietor, for our journey to Kilauea next morning. During the afternoon we overhauled Hilo, and visited all the sights in its immediate neighbourhood, the most noteworthy of which, is the beautiful Rainbow Falls on the Wailuku river, about two miles above Hilo. The water of this river shoots many feet clear of the edge of the precipice, by the momentum of its current, and as the lower part of the face of the precipice is scooped out into an immense cavern, the boom of the water, tumbling into the deep pool below, sounds like the ominous echo of distant thunder.

The distance to the volcano is about thirty miles, and you may either ride all the way to it, or do as we did, take advantage of the good carriage road to the half-way house, and ride the rest of it. At the half-way house we found horses waiting for us, and after partaking of some light refreshments, we started along the narrow bridle path that led up to our destination, and which wound its devious way along nearly the whole sixteen miles of its length, with a grotesque tortuosity, perpetually twisting and turning in and out and up and down in a most bewildering corkscrew fashion. Along the first or driving part of the way we passed between miles of sugar cane plantation, and then through forests of tropical vegetation, such as bread fruit, screw pines, tree ferns, supple-jacks, and the ubiquitous ohialehua, with its profusion of

pretty red flowers. At one part of the way we saw coffee growing, and were told that it was yielding good results. It had been planted experimentally under the shade of the taller forest trees—a situation which is said to suit it—and as a species of coffee is indigenous, it is hoped that coffee growing may add an alternative crop to sugar cane, should anything go wrong with the latter or its growing become unprofitable. Along the second or riding part of the way the vegetation becomes both less tropical and less varied, consisting chiefly of the ohialechua and ferns, and the track lies over undulations of the smooth kind of lava, called pahoe-hoe, making great billow-like steps four or five feet high, up and down which you seem at first afraid to ride, lest your horse should slip and “spill” you. The lava, however, is slightly crumbly on the surface, and gives good foothold to the horse, so that you scramble along this irregular flight of black lava steps as safely—if not so easily—as riding along an ordinary road. The two last miles are on the level and along a pleasant green lane, which our horses no sooner got into than they started into a brisk gallop of their own accord, as if rejoiced at getting near the end of their toilsome journey.

We reached the Volcano House about five o'clock, and were agreeably surprised to find so large, well-appointed and comfortable a hotel at such an altitude, and at the very brink of the crater, with scalding hot sulphur vapours escaping in dense volumes from innumerable holes and cracks on all sides of it. Mr. Lee, who manages it, made an excellent “mine host” and catered for us to our fullest satisfaction. The food, cooking, waiting, beverages, bedroom accommodation and general arrangements were exceedingly good, and certainly far beyond what we ever expected at such an out-of-the-way corner of the earth. There were eight other visitors, who had come by the Punaluu route, among whom were Dr. Macusé, of the Royal Berlin Observatory, and Mr. Whitney, the accomplished Editor and proprietor of the “Hawaiian Gazette.” The former gentleman, who is at present residing at Honolulu, is engaged in making a series of sidereal observations simultaneously with similar observations being made in Berlin, with a view to determine the astronomical question as to a deflexion of the earth's poles and its amount. We had the good fortune to have the intelligent companionship of these two gentlemen in our visit to the volcano the following afternoon, and as Mr. Whitney had seen it fifteen times previously and each time made sketches and accurate notes of what he

had seen, I will quote his account as it appeared in his paper of December 8th, 1891, of what he and we saw on that occasion, in preference to attempting one of my own :—

"The crater of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii is constantly changing, and like the views in a kaleidoscope, it is seldom seen twice alike. Shortly after the collapse which occurred on March 6th, 1891, when the immense pile of rocks that had been for years upheaving over the site of the ancient Halemaumau crater, till they towered above the western walls of Kilauea, suddenly sank and disappeared in the subterranean depths beneath the crater, accompanied by a tremendous earthquake, leaving nothing in their place but an empty basin two thousand feet or more in diameter at the rim, and several hundred feet deep, shortly after this great disturbance, when, as it might seem, Madame Pele had decided to change the scene of her exhibition and introduce a new rôle, the molten lava began to reappear, April 10th, in the bottom of this huge basin, and soon formed a small lake, which has been steadily increasing in depth and size, till it is at least twelve hundred feet in length and three hundred feet deep, of an irregular oval form, and surrounded by almost perpendicular walls; but what a sight it presents! the golden red lava, spouting, seething, hissing in every part of this large caldron, never still, but ever moving, rising or falling, and flowing steadily towards the centre, where it seems to pour back into, and descend through the same two vortexes, from which it is continually ejected as from a fountain, thirty to fifty feet high, near the centre of the lake.

Besides these large fountains, which seem to feed the lake and keep it supplied with fresh lava for the grand display, there are innumerable smaller ones playing in every part of the lake, reminding one of the splash when a cannon ball falls into the water. The number of these is very large, and quite impossible to count when the lava is very active, as they are constantly in motion, some disappearing and new ones being formed. At times they probably number thousands, the smaller ones resembling torches, the larger ones miniature fountain jets, varying from two to ten feet high, but all surpassingly brilliant. How they are formed has not been accounted for, but like meteors they come unheralded and then disappear. The shores, like the illuminations of this grand lake, differ from any previously seen by the writer. Former lakes in Kilauea have been surrounded by caverns, into which the lava was driven, thrown up and out, with splashing noise. This one is different in this respect, being surrounded on every side with a shore, like that of a fresh-water lake, on which the molten lava flows up like water on the shore. The resemblance is perfect—wave following wave the white foam of the water being changed to brilliant red in all its various hues, but otherwise a perfect sea beach surrounding the whole lake.

Now picture such a scene, a molten sea, with its red waves breaking gently along the shore and receding, followed by successive waves, painted in the most brilliant red, and always in motion; the interior of the lake marked with innumerable red ripples, and scattered among the whole a thousand lighted torches, all in motion, forming a changing panorama, and you have a picture of the lava lake as it is now seen, one of the rarest and most beautiful sights ever exhibited in the volcanic history of this or any other country. I have seen Kilauea on a dozen previous occasions; I have seen the Dana, New and South lakes in all their varied forms; I have seen Mauna Loa sending up a fiery column from her summit crater of Mokuaweoweo three hundred feet or more in height; I

have seen the lava streams of 1856, 1859, 1868 and 1880 from the side of Mauna Loa to Hilo, Kawaihae Bay and Kau, the latter flowing from ten to twenty miles an hour—all of which were fearfully terrific, awe-inspiring sights—but this present display at Halemaumau, though somewhat different, surpasses them all in real beauty as an exhibition that can be viewed only with admiration, without a feeling of the awe and fear which the others created. It is a picture which no artist can paint, no pen fully describe, and no person fully comprehend without seeing it. Were it located in California or anywhere in the United States it would attract more spectators than Yosemite, the Mariposa big trees, the Geysers, Niagara or Chicago Columbian Fair, or indeed of all these combined in one colossal show!

THE PILGRIMS OF "ST. GEORGE" AT THE SHRINE OF MADAME PELE.

It was quite accidental that during my visit at the volcano, Mr. E. J. Wythes and his companions of the yacht, *St. George*, of the Royal yacht squadron arrived, bound on the same errand, namely, a visit to Madame Pele on the occasion of her "house warming." So the descent into the crater was made by a party of ten, starting from the new hotel about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th, and the edge of the lake was reached after a brisk walk of sixty minutes. The day and hour proved to be most opportune, as madame was arrayed in her most gorgeous royal robes, in hues of the richest volcanic vermilion. Several of the party immediately started off to descend the almost perpendicular cliffs to secure a closer interview; but this was found a harder task than was anticipated, and only two, including Mr. Wythes himself, accomplished the feat of reaching the lower level, and as there was still a short distance of very uncertain footing between them and the flowing lava, discretion seemed to be the better part of valour, and a retreat was ordered without securing the coveted mementoes of coins dipped in the liquid lava, which she sometimes bestows on her daring admirers. However, the glowing picture which they saw of her gorgeous paraphernalia, will be indelibly stamped on memory as long as the name of Kilauea is remembered. The visit of the *St. George* party was very timely, and they unanimously voted that it should be marked a red-letter day in their yacht's voyage, as it surpassed anything they had seen since leaving England."

"Pele" and "Halemaumau," I should mention, are native words, the former meaning the "Goddess of fire," and the latter the "House of fire." We also visited Kilauea-iki—a dormant rather than an extinct volcano—only about a mile from the hotel, and which is supposed to have a subterranean connection with Halemaumau, as whenever the molten lava rises beyond a certain height in the latter, it re-appears in the former. While visiting these and other places in the neighbourhood of the hotel, we collected a number of volcanic curios, such as "Pele's hair,"—a substance resembling human hair of flaxen colour—tough and flexible, which consists of fine vitreous threads that have been blown by the wind from the lavafire fountains, and become attached to the surrounding rocks; metallic sulphurets having a beautiful gem-like lustre; sulphur crystalizations and quaint shaped lava specimens.

At the suggestion of the hotel manager, Mr. Lee, it was decided not to return to Hilo, but to rejoin the yacht at Punaluu, so that we might have an opportunity of seeing the country along the southern route, by which the other visitors had come, and which had the advantage of a carriage road all the way, such as it is ; for it was so rough at places that it seemed almost like driving over a steeplechase course. Mr. Wythes accordingly telephoned instructions to the captain at Hilo to take the yacht round to Punaluu and wait our arrival there, and also availed himself of the same useful agency in the opposite direction to procure carriages for the journey, and which we found waiting for us next morning after breakfast at the hotel door. The first half of the way was over the same kind of pahoehoe lava as in the ascent, but of its kind, far more remarkable in appearance. It is impossible by description alone, without the aid of sketches or photographs, to convey to others an adequate idea of what it looked like. The nearest approach to it that I can think of is to suppose that the waters of the Trent had become molten lava, and that its tidal wave, the *ægre*, represented an eruption from it that overflowed the banks and flooded the country in various directions for from thirty to forty miles, and at some points reaching to the sea and falling into it ; that the "whelps" following the *ægre* had combed one upon the other, and hardened into great terraces and hummocks, and other less shapely masses ; and that through the innumerable cracks and vapour holes that had formed in the stiffening crust of this wide expanse of lava, the still fluid-under-current had forced its way up on to the surface and assumed an infinite variety of grotesque shapes and forms, such for instance as huge anthills, gigantic worm casts, coils of enormous snakes, or piles of cables of prodigious calibre, and giving to the whole face of the country an uncanny and weirdly aspect.

The last five miles of the way to Punaluu was accomplished by train, and lay through country of an entirely different character to that already traversed, and which showed marked evidence of agricultural richness and prosperity by the quantity of cattle that we saw grazing, and the extensive tracts that were under cultivation with rice and sugar cane, fruit and taro. "The train" was quite comical in its diminutiveness, and I hope we did not hurt the feelings of the driver by laughing at it. It consisted of a tiny locomotive and a small open truck, with two cross benches in front for the passengers to sit upon, and a "well" in the back part of it for their luggage.

We could see the sea from the train nearly all the way, and soon caught sight of the yacht on her way to Punaluu, and it seemed a race between train and steamer as to which would be there first. The yacht, however, was having a rather rough time of it, for we saw biggish seas breaking on to her, making her roll heavily and whitening her with foam from stem to stern. When we reached Punaluu, the sea along the shore was in such a wildly tempestuous state that we were not surprised to find that the captain had turned her head to sea again, and that she was gradually disappearing out of sight. The weather continued so terribly bad during the next three days that we did not expect her to come again in sight until it had improved, which was not the case until the morning of the fourth, when nothing having been seen or heard of her, Mr. Wythes again made use of the friendly services of the telephone, and ascertaining that she had gone back to Hilo, ordered her to be brought round again, but this time to go to Kealakekua Bay further round, and on the west side of the island, where there is a good anchorage. We rejoined her there the following evening by taking passages in the *Hall* interisland steamer, which opportunely for us had just come to Punaluu, and was to call at Kealakekua. Fortunately the hotel accommodation at Punaluu was fairly good, and we managed to kill the time by some very enjoyable rambles along the shore and in its vicinity, but the mosquitos were something atrocious. If there were none at Kilauea, Punaluu made up for it, for the only way you could get an hour's peace to read or write during the day was to get on your bed under the curtains; and at night they hummed outside of them like bees swarming.

When in Kealakekua Bay we went ashore to look at Cook's monument—a plain obelisk of concrete, fenced round by a hawser chain, suspended from the muzzles of some old-fashioned ship's guns, stuck in as corner posts. On the monument I read the following inscription: "In memory of the great circumnavigator Captain James Cook, R.N., who discovered these islands on the 18th of January, A.D., 1778, and fell near this spot on the 14th of February, A.D., 1779. This monument was erected by some of his fellow countrymen." High up on the face of the lofty cliffs surrounding this bay are to be seen a great number of holes, which are the entrances to caves, in which the old Hawaiian chiefs were buried. How these excavations were made, and the interments effected is difficult to imagine. Our return voyage to

Oahu was along the same track as that by which we had come, and we were again settled in our former moorings, in Honolulu harbour by seven o'clock on the following morning. All of us felt very much gratified with the success of our trip to the volcano, and at having seen to so much advantage what is without doubt the most remarkable sight in nature, and one that is as inconceivable as it is indescribable.

A few days after our return, the Hawaiians having got up an international tug-of-war, asked our sailors to take part in it as the English team, the other competing nationalities besides the Hawaiians being Americans, represented by some fine fellows from the crew of the *Pensacola*, Germans, Scotch, and Portuguese. It proved a great success, and caused considerable public excitement, the large hall in which it was held being filled to overflowing every night. His Excellency Mr. Parker, who is a pure Hawaiian, took a keen interest in the success of the native team, and Major Wodehouse, the English Consul, was every whit as excited over our men, as representing the country he had been representing officially for over a quarter of a century. The "tug" resulted in an easy victory for the Hawaiians, who were all big powerful men, and averaged about twenty stones each, our team taking second honours. The following notice of the contest appeared in the "Honolulu Daily Bulletin," which I think is worth quoting, not only in connection with the yacht, but as an illustration of the social life of the inhabitants.

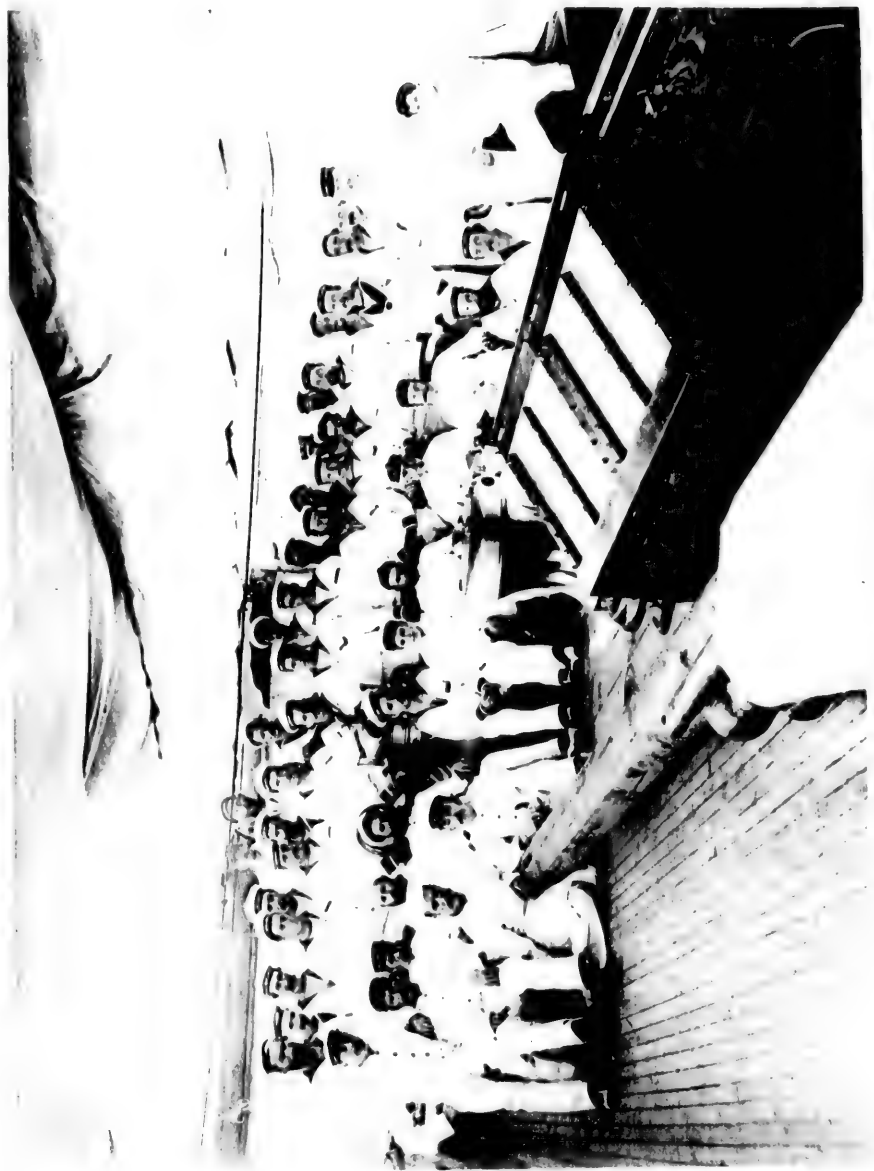
"HAWAII IN FIRST PLACE.

THE BRITONS PULL OVER THE TEUTONS.

The tug-of-war contests on Christmas Eve were largely attended by an enthusiastic but orderly crowd of people, the elite of Honolulu being conspicuous for the active interest they took in the pulls.

ENGLAND V. GERMANY.

The sons of Albion appeared first at eight thirty-five o'clock, and without any formalities dropped into their positions. The Teutons marched on the platform seven minutes later. A hitch occurred at this stage. The Germans had entered a new anchor, and, under his understanding of the rules, the referee decided that none not entered originally, as of the team or substitutes, could pull, and he gave the Germans ten minutes in which to prepare for the fray. They marched on, however, with the objectionable anchor, whereon Captain Thos. Wright, of the English team, entered a protest. The referee consulting the judges, the latter ruled against the former, when the English marched off the platform. They were given ten minutes to come on. England entered again at nine o'clock, and were accorded plaudits by the audience. They took their positions immediately



Officers and Crew.

and pulled under protest. At nine-two the battle began, and when the struggle relaxed the rope stood three inches in favour of Germany. It was nip and tuck between the burly sons of England and the brawny Teutons, and at nine-fifteen o'clock the ribbon hung at the sixteen-inch mark in German territory. Fifteen minutes later it hung panting at the notch. After that the rope travelled backwards and forwards, but it was easy to be seen that it was only a matter of time, and that the English were playing a waiting game. And so it proved when the watch dial registered two hours, England lay back and the rope crept aboard the *St. George*. The anchor, a muscular man, sat rigid and motionless, and no exertion of their opponents moved him the slightest. As the hour hand neared twelve o'clock (midnight), someone cried out "Christmas is coming," and the English gave a persistent drag, pulling the rope over the six foot mark in two hours fifty-seven and three-quarter minutes. Enthusiasts shouted themselves hoarse, and the excitement was intense. It was dangerous to stand near the cranks, as the waving of hats and hands resembled a riot of windmills. The team as constituted in that night's pull consisted of W. Marsh, stroke; G. Harwood, F. Cottell, W. Ward, F. Jarvis, J. Williams, S. Callaway, anchor; and W. Smith, F. Turtle, and G. Green, substitutes.

Quartermaster W. Marsh, of the yacht *St. George* has had a somewhat remarkable career. He was born in Southampton, England. In 1883 he was in the Greeley rescuing expedition to the Arctic, on board the steamer *Bear*, which was presented by the British Government to the American Government. Afterward he served in the American navy, and went to Hayti with a Gatling battery to put down a rebellion. They were sent on a large steamer to meet the rebels. The captain of the steamer died in his berth the first night, and Marsh was given command. He had a leg badly wounded by a shell in one of seven battles in which he took part. Returning to Port au Prince the battery and whole outfit were sold by the Government general to the enemy for a million dollars. This act of treachery left Marsh in a peculiar position. President Legitime wanted him to take command of the forces, but was not prepared to put up enough money to reward him for such a perilous position. Marsh decided to pack up and leave. While making his way to a vessel he was fired at twice, one bullet passing between him and the driver."

Before closing this account of our stay in the Sandwich Islands, I ought not to omit some reference to an interesting conversation I had with Major Wodehouse, upon the political questions involved in the prospective and exclusive ownership or guardianship of them by any one nation, seeing that from their geographical position in the North Pacific they are absolutely the only land between the Marquesas in the south and the Aleutians in the north that could be used as a coaling, refuge, refitting, and traffic distributing station. They are so situated as to be an almost indispensable half-way house between British Columbia and our Australian Colonies, and their importance and value to us in that respect will very much increase when the Nicaraguan Canal is opened for traffic, which there is every prospect it will be, two or three years hence. Through it, ten million tons of shipping

are reckoned to be certain to pass every year, and nine-tenths of it will be (at first at least) in British bottoms. The distance from Victoria B. C. to Sydney is about seven thousand miles, and from Nicaragua to Hong-Kong, nine thousand; and although steamers could carry coal enough for the whole of either voyages, still its bulk would so diminish their freight carrying capacity as to make it almost unprofitable. The Major told me that formerly the English Government took a great deal of political interest in the Sandwich Islands, regarding them, as he considered, in their true light as being prospectively of great strategical and commercial importance, and both supplied him with a policy and acknowledged his despatches. Now it does neither, nor has done so for the last fifteen years, and which he says, is all the more to be regretted at the present time, as the United States have already secured by treaty a conditional ownership of Pearl Harbour, for the purpose of a naval station, and are putting great pressure upon the Hawaiian Government by means of the McKinley tariff in connection with the sugar bounties, sugar being the staple export from the islands, not only to get the ownership made absolute, but also to get the exclusive right to land troops for the purposes of defence and order, and that the Hawaiian Government should make no treaties with any other nation without their knowledge and sanction.

We spent a very happy Christmas day at Honolulu, and had a large and merry party to dine with us that night, and next day, as we did not weigh anchor until after lunch time, a large party came on board to see the last of us and wish us the compliments of the season, and *bon voyage*. When the yacht began to move, three ringing cheers were given us by some of the ships in the harbour, and which our sailors, you may be sure heartily responded to; and the United States man-of-war, the *Pensacola*, which had been our nearest neighbour during the previous six weeks, and with whose captain and officers we had exchanged many courtesies and hospitalities, having signalled a "prosperous voyage," and the other ships dipping ensigns as we passed, we soon were clear of the reef, and began to steam full ahead on our southward track for the Fiji Islands.

LETTER 12.

FROM OAHU TO NEW ZEALAND.

FROM Honolulu to Suva, the capital of the Fiji Islands, and which is situated on the south-east corner of Viti Levu, the central and largest island of the group, was a run of two thousand seven hundred and eighty knots in a south south-westerly direction. We thus crossed, somewhat diagonally, nearly the entire inter-tropical belt of the Pacific, that is, from entering the Tropic of Cancer to leaving the Tropic of Capricorn, as Honolulu is situated on the twenty first parallel north of the Equator, and Suva on the eighteenth south of it. When approaching Suva we crossed for the second time the hundred and eightieth meridian and had to give back to Chronos the twenty-four hours we had borrowed, when we previously crossed in the opposite direction on our voyage from Yokohama to Vancouver. This hundred and eightieth meridian, that is the imaginary line dividing the Eastern from the Western Hemispheres on this side of the globe, runs through some of the smaller islands of the Fiji group, and among others the lovely and luxuriant island of Tavinui, which we passed on our way down through the Nanuka Passage. Tavinui, along with the others, therefore, laboured under the chronological difficulty of having the days of the week differently named on the opposite sides of it, and so ridiculous was the resulting state of things that, we heard of a Yankee resident, who used to boast that as his house lay right athwart the hundred and eightieth degree he could always dodge the Sundays by stepping from one side of his house to the other on the Saturday night, when he passed at once out of Saturday into Monday. This dual time was subsequently found to be such an inconvenience to commercial arrangements and legal notices that it was assimilated by ordinance to that of Australia, so that now the days are similar all over the entire group, of which there are a hundred inhabited islands, out of a total of two hundred and fifty, part being in the one hemisphere and part in the other.

Our sailing track lay through the central group of the Pacific Islands, and is considered the most dangerous for navigation throughout this ocean on account, of its numerous coral reefs and low islands and its cyclonic storms. All the islands of these groups—with the exception of the larger ones, such as Viti Levu, Vanua Levu, &c., which are of volcanic origin—and also all the submarine reefs, are coral formations and rise perpendicularly from the bottom of the sea at great depths.* Indeed, soundings for reefs from the ship's side, often give no indications of their presence, as deep water is met with until you are actually over them, and therefore should a ship be wrecked on one of them and afterwards blown off, it would be like falling over a precipice, thousands of feet in height, and it would sink at once

"Full many a fathom deep."

The possibility of coming upon reefs not marked in the charts, as well as those that are, must always be a source of anxiety and perplexity to navigators in these seas; and in our own case, whenever a patch of greenness was seen in the distance on the otherwise blue surface of the ocean—a colour effect produced by coral reefs even at a depth of three fathoms—or when disturbed or broken water was observed, exciting suspicions of breakers, a man was sent to the mast head to keep a sharp look out. These appearances, however, are often deceptive, as they may be simulated by a variety of other causes, and a want of accurate investigation on the spot, as to their true nature, by those who have reported them, has led to many reefs being entered on the charts which never had any existence. Among the causes that have been mentioned as producing these deceptive appearances, are, reflections from the clouds, volcanic dust in the water, marine animalculæ, the confervoid algæ (*oscillatoria*) called by sailors "sea sawdust," of which we saw a patch several miles long in the Bay of Bengal, and the thick white scum, thrown off by that curious little creature, the sea worm, or *balolo*, as the Fijians call it; while reef-breakers may be simulated by the commotion produced by fish, (which sometimes collect in large quantities where a cold and warm current meet), and especially when they are attacked by

* Although the coral producing polypes cannot exist at a greater depth than one hundred and eighty feet, still, according to the theory of Darwin—now generally accepted by naturalists—the gradual subsidence of the sea bottom has enabled these tiny toilers of the sea to continue upward their colossal building operations, and thus account for the depth to which many of these reefs extend.

their piscine enemies; also by the splashing and leaping of the larger kinds (instances of both we have seen several times in the course of our cruise), and lastly by volcanic disturbance at the bottom of the sea.

The sea worm, to which I have just alluded, is so peculiar to the islands of this part of the Pacific, and has so much that is curious and interesting about it, that the following particulars are worth mentioning. It is quite different, however, from the sea slug, or *bêche de mer*, which is collected in large quantities among these and other islands, cured and exported to China as an article of food, under the name of *trepang*. One of the strange things about the sea worm is that it makes its appearance on the Fijian coasts only once a year, generally in the month of November, when it comes to the top of the coral reefs fringing the shores, by wriggling its way up through the fissures and openings, and in such enormous quantities as to quite blacken the water; but where it has come from and where it goes to is equally a mystery. Another curious feature of its natural history is, that it only does so at three o'clock in the morning, never at any other time of the day, when, having remained until daybreak and thrown off the white scum referred to, it disappears again as completely and suddenly as it came, and is never seen again until about the corresponding date of the following year. The natives know about when to expect it, and are on the watch for it, and as soon as it is seen beginning to come, a cry of "*Balolo, balolo*" is passed about, when young and old of both sexes immediately rush to the reefs, with scoups, buckets and boats, to catch as much as they can. The *balolo* is regarded as a great dainty by the Fijians, being eaten both raw and cooked, and it is a custom with them to send presents of it to their friends living away from the coast, or who have been unable to join in the taking of it.

As Fanning and Christmas Islands, which are British, lay almost in our way, and Samoa not far out of it, Mr. Wythes at one time intended taking a passing look at the two former, and making a short stay at the latter, in order to see something of its inhabitants, who are spoken of so highly by all who have visited the Navigator Group, and who are said to be so hospitable and friendly to strangers, and especially so to the English. They are said to be the finest looking race in the Pacific, and Mr. James Churchward, who was four years at Apia, the capital, as British Consul, says of the Samoan women, in his interesting work, "*My Consulship in Samoa*," "that while none

of them are ugly, some of the dusky fair ones are really lovely." As, however, we were now in the hurricane season, which extends from December to the end of March, and as one hurricane at least of more or less severity occurs every season, Mr. Wythes decided that no extra risk should be incurred, but that we should steer a straight track for Fiji, and after a short stay at Suva, get out of the hurricane area as soon as possible. Some of these rotatory storms are terrible affairs, and are frequently accompanied by a storm-wave, sometimes ten feet high, that sweeps over and utterly devastates all the low islands and shores in its remorseless course. The disastrous cyclone that occurred at Samoa in February, 1889, is a sad illustration of what they can be, when, it will be remembered, that in Apia Harbour the United States ships of war, *Trenton* and *Vandalia* were wrecked and the *Nipsic* stranded, the German ships, the *Eber* and *Adler* also wrecked, and the *Olga* stranded; and one hundred and thirty lives lost, while the English man-of-war, *Calliope*, only escaped a similar fate by making for the open sea before the storm had reached its height, having acted promptly on the warnings of a falling barometer, violent squalls and sudden changes in the wind.

When we were at Honolulu I met Dr. Woods, who had been the surgeon, and several American naval officers who were serving aboard the *Trenton* when she was wrecked, and I asked how it was that they did not try to leave the harbour at the same time with the *Calliope*, seeing the indications of the approach of a cyclone were so unmistakable, namely, barometer beginning to fall on the 13th, wind s.s.w., with violent squalls and rain; on the 15th, barometer dropping to 29.1, and the wind suddenly shifting to N.E.E., and then to N.N.W. on the 16th; and they told me that they were all well aware of this and of the risk they were running, but owing to the strained relations existing at the time between their respective Governments, upon the question as to which should annex Samoa, neither felt inclined to be the first to move out for fear of compromising their national interests, and that but for this circumstance, there was no reason why all six should not have escaped as well as the *Calliope*. I don't know if the captain of the *Trenton's* pun on the name of the captain of the *Calliope* got into the newspapers at the time, but as it was made at the terrible and critical moment when the one ship was a wreck, and the other was gallantly forging her way—at times with doubtful success—through the tremendous sea that was rushing into the harbour, I will venture to give it on the authority

of Dr. Woods, who told it to me. As the *Calliope* was thus passing the *Trenton*, cheered by the survivors of the shipwrecked crews, the one captain shouted to the other "You seem in a hurry Caine."

As we had the good fortune to have the wind in our favour all the way, we only steamed three days out of the nineteen that the voyage lasted, namely one at starting, so as to leave the land well astern before getting under sail, and two when nearing and steering among the islands of the Fiji group. This was the fewest number of days under steam of any run we had yet made, and at an expenditure of only thirty out of the hundred and twenty tons of the rather dear Welsh coal that we filled our bunkers with at Honolulu. This coal was five pounds a ton, if you please, and which at our steaming consumption of ten tons a day, would be three hundred and fifty pounds a week, making a not inconsiderable item in Madam *St. George's* domestic expenses. Of course Welsh coal could not be otherwise than high priced in the Sandwich Islands, as there is freight and shrinkage to be allowed for, but five pounds seems unreasonably high, considering that excellent steam-generating coal, burning without clinkers, and producing hardly a shovelful of ash to the ton, can be had in New Zealand, delivered at the wharf at thirteen shillings and sixpence per ton, and a fourteen knot coal tramp could land it at Honolulu in three weeks. For naval purposes, Welsh coal will always be in request, on account of its producing so little smoke, and therefore leaving no tell tale track behind it. Taking the voyage all through, it proved a very enjoyable one, with the exception of the first four days after getting under canvas, when we encountered a rather stiff gale that tossed and tumbled us about a good deal, and among other damages, slackened all our fore and main riggings.

The climate of this part of the Pacific, in the open sea, is very different from what we found it in Suva harbour, being pleasantly warm, yet comfortably cool, and the atmosphere for the most part clear and dry, though occasionally marred by heavy rain squalls—and pretty dusters some of them were south of the line—whereas the latter was simply an unceasing alternation of scorching sunshine and deluges of rain, with an exhausting moist heat, worse than that of Colombo, and that brought our prickly heat all back again. Squalls are among the most dangerous of the atmospheric disturbances that the navigator has to contend with, both on account of the force and violence of the wind, and the suddenness with which they

come on, often at times, when to all appearance they ought to be least expected. As I saw one of the worst of those we encountered during this voyage from beginning to end, I will try to describe it, as it impressed me as to their formidable nature, and enabled me to see how many a gallant ship may have foundered at sea, without leaving the smallest trace behind, of her terrible fate. When one day standing on the bridge, enjoying the seascape and the fine weather, our first officer, Mr. Cobby, drew my attention to a small black cloud on the horizon to windward, saying that he thought it would turn out to be a rain squall, and from its position would make straight for us. This seemed to me highly improbable, for the cloud was just then, so to speak, "no larger than a man's hand," and the sky overhead had a perfectly settled and stormless appearance, while the sea was quiet, and the wind hardly enough to keep the sails full. On deck, fine weather work was going on; ropes and sails were being overhauled, and tackle rove, and the men off duty were watching from the bow a school of dolphins racing in front of the stem, whilst one of them, standing out on the martingale guys, was trying to capture one by striking it with a harpoon. The small black cloud now rapidly developed into a big and still bigger one, until it blotted out sun and sky, and rushed towards us with the impetuous velocity of Mazeppa's

"tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Was in his limbs."

Then came a transformation scene from our former halcyon tranquillity, to one of indescribable bustle and exertion. A few words are shouted from the bridge, and promptly replied to by the boatswain's cheery "Aye, aye, sir!" and away goes everything under cover that required keeping dry; skylights, port-holes and companion-way hatches are closed and secured; down comes the yacht's big mizen sail, and all the rest of the canvas, both aloft and aloft, is either furled or close-reefed, and just as everything has been made safe and snug, and the ship's head put off from the wind, the squall bursts on us with the savage fury of a wild beast on its prey, straining spars and rigging to the utmost, while the rain came down in such torrents as flooded the deck from fore to aft, and made the waists look as if a big green sea had just been shipped. Fortunately it did not last long, and the sky soon began to clear again to windward, and the squall cloud that had just now enveloped us in its wrathful embrace was seen rushing on with

the same wild impetuosity far to leeward, until it dwindled down to the insignificant black cloud on the opposite horizon as when first seen to windward.

We crossed the equator on January 6th, and the time-honoured custom was gone through of making all on board "sons of Neptune" who had not been over it before. After sunset on the previous night, "ship ahoy" was heard shouted on the starboard bow; a blue light was burnt over the side, and Father Neptune and his wife were supposed to have come aboard, both excellent get-ups, and having shaken hands with all their sons aboard, that is, all who had already been across the line, left with the promise to come again next day and adopt all the rest of us. The paraphernalia of the ceremony consisted of a tank made out of the forecastle rain awning, and filled with about three feet of sea water, and a platform in front with steps up to it. On one end of this platform sat Neptune (Turtle) and his wife (Willock) and on the other the Doctor (G. Green) with his medicine chest, and the barber (J. Williams) and his assistant (Graham), with a sign board overhead to this effect: "Look here! Shaving, shampooing and bathing, only 3s. 6d. each—cheap!" Father Neptune's retinue also included three marine police (Ward, Calloway and Harwood), whose duty it was to arrest all aboard who could not prove to their satisfaction that they had already crossed the line, and to bring them up on the platform before him. The doctor, who affected to look very wise and knowing in his wig and broodingnagian spectacles and stethoscope, proceeded to sound you and feel your pulse, and give his opinion as to your fitness to undergo the treatment. He generally found that you were wanting in tone, and prescribed some of his "infallible pick-me-up mixture," which he administered by thrusting the neck of the bottle into your mouth; *entre nous* I believe he had different sorts of medicine, wine and water for the deck house, and salts and senna for the forecastle. The barber and his assistant now took you in hand, the latter first swathing you in the usual hairdresser's sheet, and then, having bound a handkerchief over your eyes, began lathering your chin with some black composition, which he applied with a big long-handled sash brush. Ahem! When any of the fo'castle were under hand, he applied it with ungrudging liberality, slapping it on, not only all over their faces, but sometimes over their heads as well. The master barber now commenced operations upon you, and with an exaggerated display of the liberties a barber takes with his customer's features, tweaking your nose,

and pulling it up and down and from side to side, proceeded to shave you, cleaning the lather on your shoulder or head. The razor was a formidable looking instrument, about three feet long, of the ship carpenter's best wooden cutlery, which the barber ever and anon frantically stropped, examining its edge and testing it on a grab of hair from the head of his assistant. You are now tumbled, head over heels into the tank, over the back of the platform, where Neptune's two "bears" (Smith and Cottel) are waiting for you, to bathe and shampoo you, and who take care to do their work thoroughly, and give you a good roll about in the water, while another of his marine majesty's retinue (Woolcot the boatswain) perched up in a corner of the tank, with the director of the deck hose in his hands, plays upon you until you have succeeded in scrambling out of it. When all had been thus duly shaved, shampooed, and bathed—and as no exceptions are made, Mr. Wythes and all the rest of us had to take our turn—Father Neptune, with his wife and myrmidons, returned to his watery domain, that is, all got into the tank, and then began the jolliest rumpus of splashing and floundering, wrestling and tumbling, like a bedlam of mad dolphins broken loose, and creating roars of laughter by their comic antics and practical jokes and tricks upon one another. The hydraulic artist in the corner now plied his hose with redoubled energy—and "quite by accident on purpose" giving an occasional sly swish of it among the laughing spectators—until he seemed gradually to extinguish the fire of the humorous turbulence and comic energies of the Neptunian troupe. The mysteries of our initiation into the sonship of the Sea God were brought to a close by three cheers being proposed by the first officer for Mr. Wythes, and then the same for the captain, both of which were heartily accorded by all aboard.

After an hour and a half of as hearty laughter as we had ever enjoyed in all our "born days," we dispersed to our respective cabins to change our wet clothes, and on re-assembling in the saloon for our usual five o'clock tea, the evening post was announced to have just arrived, when letters were handed to each of us from his marine majesty to notify, under his sign manual, that we had been duly initiated, and to express his gratification at having received us into the bosom of his family. Mr. R. E. Walker, one of our party, who is rather clever with his kodak, in catching comic situations and ridiculous attitudes—we think sometimes too clever, as he has "snapped" some of us unawares when in ignominious deshabille or in-

gloriously indulging in an afternoon snooze—succeeded in taking some amusing groups and views of the ceremony.

Continuing our voyage, south-west a half-west, we passed Horne island at four p.m. on the 12th, bearing three miles to port, and on the following day at 11-50 a.m. the island of Naitambol was abeam, and at 2-30 that of Nukulolu. Shortly after passing the latter island, some little excitement was occasioned by one of the crew (Page) falling overboard. He had been standing on one of the gripes of the port dingey, when it gave way under him, and he dropped clear of the side of the yacht into the sea. As we were steaming full ahead at the time, he was soon a long way behind, but knowing that he was a good swimmer, as soon as we saw his head above water we had no fears for his safety, except on account of the sharks which infest these inter-island waters in great numbers. The engines were promptly reversed, a life buoy thrown out astern and a boat lowered, and in twenty minutes he was safely aboard again, none the worse for his dip and swim—indeed, professing to feel very much refreshed by it. During the 14th we steamed all day through the Goro Sea, and arrived about six a.m. the following morning off the entrance to Suva Harbour, but owing to a dense fog blotting out the coast line, we had to wait outside until it had cleared off, so that it was 10-30 a.m. before we got in and had dropped anchor.

If you want to see sharks, Suva Harbour is the place to come to, as it fairly teemed with them. We had no sooner got settled in our anchorage than about a score of them came round the yacht, crowding together here and tumbling and splashing there, and making such a disturbance in the water as if they were quarrelling among themselves which were to wait upon us during our stay in the harbour. They seemed at last to have settled their little differences, as six of the largest took exclusive possession of the yacht's hull, and could always be seen lying there, on a clear day, from a boat alongside. One or two pilot fish could also be seen resting on their backs or on the roots of the pectoral fins, and as soon as any galley offal was thrown overboard, they would dart off after it and examine and report to the shark whether suitable for him to eat, and when the shark had gobbled up all but what was too small for his capacious mouth to take in, the pilot fish regaled themselves with the crumbs, and then both retired again to their former place of outlook under the hull. We also saw in this harbour numbers of sea snakes, the first we had seen since we were in the China Sea, and were here told that they

were all more or less poisonous, whereas none of the Fiji land snakes are so.

Mr. F. Spence, the private secretary of Sir J. B. Thurston, the Governor of the Fiji Islands, called during the course of the day, and brought an invitation from the Governor to Mr. Wythes and some others of us to dine at the Residency on the following evening, and at the same time expressing his regret that he had not been able to call upon us himself in consequence of slight indisposition. The oarsmen of the Governor's gig were remarkably fine specimens of the Islanders—having not unpleasing features and a look of frankness and intelligence in their faces. The colour of their skins was a rich bronze, and they had their hair dressed much in the same way as the Somalis that we saw at Aden. It was dyed of a light brown colour and stiffened and made to stand out all over their heads and about four inches in length—by using lime to it. They were of strong build and splendid muscular development and averaged in height about five feet nine inches. The Fijians are the tallest race of mankind, averaging five feet nine and a half inches, while the Patagonians, who are next to them, average half an inch less. We were much struck with their stalwart proportions, and as they belonged to the Government military police, we asked Mr. Spence whether he thought they would make good soldiers, and he assured us they were as plucky as they were athletic and that if well led they would go in with fearless dash.

The white settlers in Fiji, although only numbering about two thousand to one hundred and fifteen thousand natives, have invested over four million pounds in agricultural and commercial pursuits; and as we were aware that a strong feeling of dissatisfaction existed amongst them with the system of Government carried on in the colony, we asked Mr. Spence if he knew of any real cause for it, to which he replied that to the best of his knowledge there was none, but that it was impossible to please everybody, especially the white trader and planter, who look at everything from the sole point of view of their personal gain. The policy of the present Governor, however, had given such complete satisfaction to the natives, that law and order were maintained throughout the whole group by a mere handful of military police, nor was it a new and untried policy, for it was merely a continuation and amplification of that of his predecessors, Mr. Des Vœux and Sir Arthur Gordon.

Next day, the Mayor of Suva, Mr. Marks called upon us, and in his civic capacity, as he expressed it, desired to welcome us

to the capital of the Fiji Islands. I may here mention interjectionally that Levuka was formerly the capital, but had to be given up owing to there not being sufficient building space in its vicinity for the requirements of a capital. After a desultory deck house conversation about Fiji generally with Mr. Marks, we made some enquiries as to his views, and those he represented, upon the subject of our conversation with the Governor's Secretary, namely, as to the working of Sir J. B. Thurston's system of government, and especially as to how it affected the interests of the whites and the commercial and agricultural prosperity of the colony. We had now an opportunity of hearing the other side of the question, for he proceeded to explain to us that the principle of the Governor's policy was simply and solely Fiji for the Fijians, and that as he treated the white portion of the population no better than aliens, it was a farce to talk of Fiji as an English Crown Colony. By the system at present in operation, the chiefs retain all their old power and authority over their respective tribes and village communities, and are supported in the exercise of it by the law. This he considered an unprogressive and mischievous policy, and as far as all other English Crown Colonies are concerned, was altogether anomalous, as it was sanctioning and supporting savage institutions that obstructed civilization and progress. The chiefs were no doubt required to maintain law and order in their respective districts under pain of removal, but in enforcing it, what a Fijian chief's ideas of law, justice, and humanity may be at the present day, can be inferred from what they were only fifty years ago, even after making ample allowance for the beneficent and civilizing influences of Christianity, which they have since adopted. At that date they not only ate their slain and captured enemies but when the larder of human flesh got empty, they were in the habit of poaching on one another's subjects for a fresh supply; and King Thackombau—who petitioned for the annexation, not certainly for the honour of being connected with the higher civilization of England, but to save himself from being conquered by his rival king and being made into roast meat for the victor's table—was in the habit of collecting a tribute of babies from his subjects, and when returning from his tribute cruise among the islands, had these dainty and appetising *bonnes bouches* displayed from the masts and rigging of his war canoe. Nor was their humanity to their own "kith and kin" less infamous and devilish than this horrible cannibalism, for whenever a chief died, his wives were immediately strangled; fathers, when they got beyond a

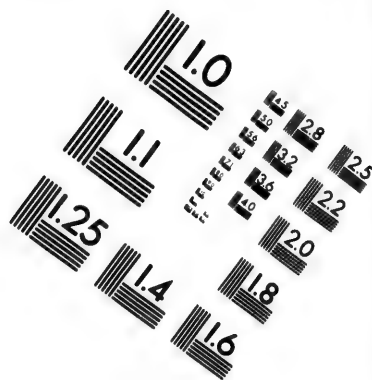
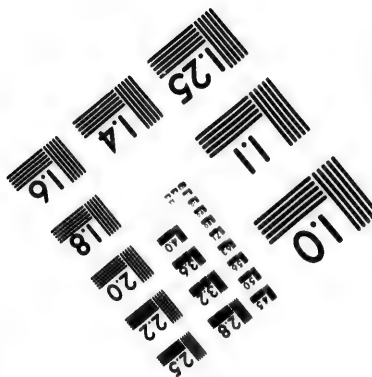
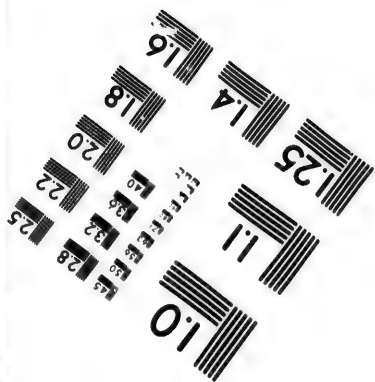
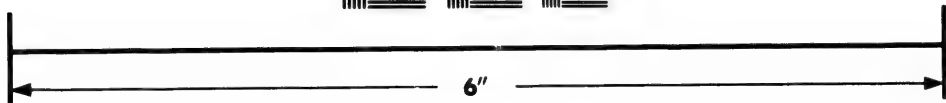
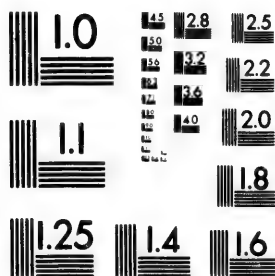


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certain age, were announced to be dead by their sons, and then deliberately murdered, that they might, figuratively speaking, "step into their shoes;" and the sick ones of the family were buried alive to get rid of the encumbrance and trouble of attending to them.

From what we heard while at Suva, and from various sources, it would not appear that cannibalism is even yet extinct, for we were told that in the outlying districts, when a man gets killed in a tribe fight, they will sometimes oven him and eat him, keeping it however, a strict secret among themselves. If this is true, pandering to native institutions capable of such things is surely wrong in principle, and discreditable to any form of Government. Moreover, it almost indicates an ineradicable racial propensity to cannibalism, as the old excuse can now no longer apply—that they resorted to human flesh because their country provided them with no other kind of animal food, the only forms of animal life formerly in the islands being small rats, bats, and lizards, whereas sheep and oxen now exist in abundance. What the white settlers complain most about with respect to this chief-rule, is its effect on the supply of native labour, for as the chiefs will not allow the natives to leave their respective districts or hire themselves to the white settlers, an arrangement that would have been advantageous to both, but compel them to stay and work for the common use and benefit of their tribes and communities, the whites have to import Polynesian and Coolie labour, and at a cost that makes cotton and sugar planting, &c., almost unremunerative, whilst the moral effect of this exclusive system upon the Fiji natives is to make them lazy and thriftless, by depriving them of all motive for personal exertion.

A ball was got up in our honour by the ladies of Suva, which we attended and enjoyed very much, and Mr. Wythes gave an "At Home" on board the following day which was largely attended. On another occasion, three of the principal chiefs, Ratu Epili (who would have been king, and was chief of the chiefs), Lakiosa and another, called on Mr. Wythes and asked to be shown over the yacht, which Mr. Wythes had much pleasure in doing, taking them round himself, and they appeared to take a very intelligent interest in all that was shown and explained to them. We afterwards visited some of their houses, when among other things of interest we saw Queen Victoria's portrait hung up in the centre of the main wall of the rooms, and of which they seemed very proud and drew our attention to it as "Queenie."

One of the Australian United Steam Navigation Company's steamers, the *Birksgate*, arrived at Suva while we were there, bringing the mails from Sydney, to be sent on by the 'Frisco mail route by connecting steamers. She took in a large cargo of native produce, such as sugar, cotton, coffee, copra, bananas, &c. A labour contract ship, named *Meg Merrilees*, also came in, and interested us very much in connection with the island labour question already alluded to, and the stir that has lately been going on both in Australia and England about the importation of Kanaka labour into Queensland. *Meg* runs chiefly between the Fiji and the Solomon islands, and there is no ground for any suspicion that she ever does any "black-birding" as she is under strict Government supervision and management, by which every contract labourer she brings must be proved to the satisfaction of the Government agent, to have come voluntarily, understood the contract he has entered into, be healthy, and be willing to submit to be vaccinated, be paid in cash at the end of the term, and be sent back to where he came from, unless he prefers to remain. Curiously these Polynesians make no objection to being vaccinated, indeed we were told they rather liked its being done on account of the resemblance of the operation to tattooing. Vaccination has proved very efficacious in preventing epidemics of small pox in Fiji, which formerly were both frequent and fatal. Among the European diseases introduced by the white man, whooping cough and measles have proved very fatal—an epidemic of the latter, the first that had occurred, and which happened in the year of the annexation, destroyed no less than forty thousand out of a population at the time of two hundred thousand, a fatality that greatly disquieted them lest it might be a judgment upon them for giving up their independence.

Among the endemic complaints of these islands, are elephantiasis and dysentery—the former assuming terrible proportions, and of which I secured some photographs, but they are so dreadful to look upon as to be only fit for medical eyes; and the latter being prevalent in the moist-heat season, as when we were there. Drinking yangona, or kava, as it is called in the other groups, is said to be both a preventive and a cure for it, and nearly all the Europeans who have lived for some years in the islands, not only use it medicinally for that purpose, but also drink it as an ordinary beverage, saying that it diminishes thirst and the action of the skin, and enables them to stand the climate better. We drank some of it; not, how-

ever, made in the Samoan fashion, by being chewed into a pulp by girls, and spat out into a Yangona bowl, but grated into a powder, and when mixed with water, to a requisite consistence, stirred and strained, it is ready for drinking. None of us however could perceive much effect from it, and it certainly had neither an inviting look nor taste, for it resembled in both respects a mixture of chalk and ipecacuanha—as someone not inaptly described it.

The heat and rains of Suva proved so trying that we left on the 23rd January, after a stay of only eight days, and as we saw by the latest newspapers from Sydney that the heat of Australia was just then exceptionally great, January and February there, corresponding with our English July and August, Mr. Wythes decided that instead of going first to Sydney, Melbourne, Hobart, and then to New Zealand, to reverse the programme, and go first to "windy Wellington," which we did, and found it comfortably cool. As there was no ice to be had at Suva, we had to take live stock with us (the first time we had occasion to do so) and had quite a little farm yard on board, of sheep, turkeys, ducks, and chickens. The interest the sailors took in them was quite amusing, giving them pet names, fondling and feeding them until by the time they were wanted for the galley they had become quite tame and familiar.

After leaving Suva Harbour we steamed down through the Kandavu Passage for the open sea, and being favoured with a fair wind, we next morning got under sail, and had a pleasant passage all the way to New Zealand, seeing our first albatross when near the thirty-fifth degree south, and sighting the first land of New Zealand, East Cape, at four thirty p.m., on January 28th, three points on our starboard bow. At noon of the following day we passed Hawkes Bay, and next morning, being January 30th, entered Port Nicholson—the port of Wellington—completing a run of fifteen hundred and fifty knots from Suva in the week.



LETTER 13.

NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, AND AUSTRALIA.

NEW ZEALAND, where we had just arrived at the conclusion of my last letter, spreads over thirteen degrees of latitude, and consists chiefly of two large islands, the North Island and the South Island, separated from one another by Cook's Strait, so named after the great English navigator, who used to make Queen Charlotte's Sound—an inlet upon it—his favourite rendezvous during his various visits to the country between 1769 and 1777, and where he hoisted the British flag, and took formal possession of the Islands in the name of King George III. There is also a small island at the southern extremity of the latter, called Stewart Island, and separated from it by the Foveaux Strait. The Chatham and Kermadec Islands—two clusters of small islands, the former about five hundred miles to the east of Lyttleton, and the latter about the same distance to the north of Auckland—have also in recent years been incorporated with it. In superficial area New Zealand is about equal to that of Great Britain, and its geographical position is exactly its antipodes, while in physical characters and conformation it has so many points of resemblance, that numerous places all over the islands are now called by names familiar to English and Scottish ears, and which have been given by settlers in affectionate remembrance of the districts they have come from, on account of their mutual similarity. As to climate it is much superior, being both milder and less variable, than that of the North Island resembling Montpellier and Milan, and that of the South Island, Jersey in the English Channel; and it is also one of the healthiest in the world, the vital statistics for 1888 disclosing the interesting and surprising fact that the average death-rate was only 9.43. All our domestic animals, ground and winged game, and river and lake fish, thrive and do well in New Zealand, and the same is the case with all our flowers, fruits, vegetables, and every kind of agricultural produce.

New Zealand was first brought to the knowledge of the civilized world by the celebrated Dutch navigator, Captain Abel Jansen Tasman, to whom it is indebted for its present name, and who discovered it two hundred and fifty years ago, although he did not himself land upon it. Indeed, in consequence of the boat that he first sent ashore having been attacked and cut off by the then savage and cannibal natives, he did not again attempt to open communication with them, but contented himself by merely sailing up the west side of the North Island, and giving names to some of its more conspicuous bays and promontories, some of which still remain upon the chart; Murderers' Bay, however, the name he gave to the scene of his disaster, situated to the north of the South Island, has since been superseded by the more complimentary one of Golden Bay.

From the time of Tasman, New Zealand was not again visited by any European until by Cook during his first great voyage in 1769, a gap of one hundred and twenty seven years. The first land he sighted was a bluff on the east coast of the North Island, which we passed on our voyage towards Wellington, and which he called Young Nick's Head, from the name of the lad Nicholas Young, who first saw the loom of it from the mast-head. It forms the south-west corner of the small bay where he anchored, and which he afterwards called Poverty Bay, and refers to it in his journal as "an inhospitable and unfortunate place," because in addition to not being able to obtain any supplies, his boat's crew only escaped a similar fate to what befell Tasman's, by shooting some of the natives. Nothing daunted, however, he landed in various other parts of the coast, and establishing friendly relations with the natives, procured such supplies as were obtainable, by way of barter, and spent altogether three hundred and twenty-seven days in his several visits to the islands, and in circumnavigating them. Cook found the Maoris a very warlike race, and that their tribes and families were continually fighting against one another—fighting being almost the sole occupation of the men, while the women did all the work and acted as the beasts of burden. As they were universally cannibals, the bodies of the slain proved serviceable spoil of war to the victors, and supplied the tribal larders with almost the only animal food which the country afforded—the only animals in New Zealand suitable for the purpose consisting of a small species of dog, a small rat, two kinds of bats, and some lizards, and therefore they had more excuse for their

cannibalism than the Australian Aborigines, who had snakes and marsupials in abundance.

The Maoris are not an indigenous race, but according to their own traditions, only came here twenty generations ago—which would be some time in the fifteenth century—from an island they called Haiwaiki, and which was probably Hawaii of the Sandwich Islands, or Savai of the Navigator group, as there is only a slight dialectical difference in the languages, so that a Tahiti islander that Cook had with him could make himself easily understood. Cook introduced among the Maoris the sheep, goat and pig, but only the latter became naturalized, and as their vegetable food was limited to taro and kumera—a kind of yam—with the root of the edible wild fern for bread, he supplied them with seeds of various kinds of European vegetables; the potato, however, alone survived its introduction.

At the present time the Maoris live chiefly in North Island—only about a twentieth being in the South Island—and their number, which at the time of the treaty, about to be referred to, was estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand, has now dwindled down to forty-one thousand. Indeed the doctors appointed by the Government to the medical care of native districts, say that the beginning of the end of the race has come, as so many of them die from zymotic diseases, scrofula and consumption, brought on by their vicious and communistic habits, and their entire disregard of all sanitary laws. This gradual diminution of their race is certainly not due to any elbowing of them out of their lands to make room for the white settler, as is to some extent the case in the Sandwich Islands with the Hawaiian Kanaka, under his own native Government, because ample reservations of the best land in their respective districts have been made for them, and which they are not only unable to alienate, but are assisted by the Government in the management of it for their exclusive use and benefit, and if they spend what they derive from it in dissipation and ruining their health, instead of having comfortable and healthy houses and adopting civilized ways of living, it is entirely their own fault, and which the Government are helpless to interfere with.

No European is known to have resided in New Zealand, with the exception of a ship-wrecked sailor, until the year 1814, when four clergymen, named respectively Marsden, Hall, Kendall, and King, working in connection with the London Missionary Society, took up their residence and started a mis-

sion settlement at a place called Kororareka, in the Bay of Islands—afterwards called Russell in honour of the English statesman of that name—and so well did they succeed that, being favoured by the protection of the chiefs of the important Maori tribe, Ngapuhi, whom they had christianized and won over to their cause and interest, they so conciliated the natives of the district and the islands generally, that a treaty was agreed to and signed in 1840, acknowledging the supremacy of England over the whole of New Zealand, and to which these Ngapuhi chiefs were the first to attach their names. From 1814 to the time of the treaty, the mission settlement had gradually increased its European population to about a hundred and in addition to the Enderby whaling ships which had been in the habit of visiting the Bay of Islands twice a year from the end of last century, trading ships from New South Wales began to arrive, and commercial agencies in connection with them, to be established. No systematic attempt, however, was made to colonize New Zealand until the formation in England of the New Zealand Land Company in 1837, notwithstanding that Captain Cook in his time had strongly recommended it to the English Government on account of the excellence and suitability of its climate for our race and its richness in natural resources.

Two years later on, when some preliminary difficulties had been got over, Colonel Whitfield was sent out by this Company in the surveying ship *Tory* to select a site for a central colonization depôt, and having pitched upon Port Nicholson—a safe and commodious harbour formed by an inlet at the eastern entrance of Cook's Strait—on account of its central position (where the *St. George* is at present lying snugly at anchor, along with several representatives of the Australian squadron, and a large number of steamers and sailing vessels from all parts of the globe), he succeeded in purchasing from the Maoris an extensive tract of land in its neighbourhood for the object in view. In January of the following year (1840), in the height of the New Zealand summer, the first batch of immigrants arrived at Port Nicholson in the *Aurora*, and the other ships of the pioneer immigrant fleet having followed soon after, by the end of the year their numbers had increased to twelve hundred. This first settlement, thus auspiciously begun, occupied a picturesque and sheltered position on the south-western shore of the harbour, and soon afterwards was given its present name of Wellington, in honour of the Iron Duke. It has now become a large and imposing city, with a borough population of

thirty-one thousand, and with every modern municipal equipment of a well-to-do English city of similar size. The capital and seat of Government was transferred to it from Auckland in 1865 by a resolution of the Colonial Legislature, on account of its more central position ; and since then, by means of the railways and roads that have been formed, opening up the large area of rich country lying behind it, and the formation of several enterprising Steam Navigation Companies, such as the Union, Shaw Savill and Co., and the New Zealand Co., connecting it with all the island ports, as well as with all the great commercial ports of the world, it has steadily grown into its true position as the commercial and maritime, as well as the political and geographical centre of the Colony.

Wellington is now adorned with many handsome and spacious buildings, such as the Residency, an elegant looking edifice in the Italian style, the House of Representatives, the Government Buildings, said to be the largest wooden structure in the world, many churches and chapels of considerable size and architectural merit, a noble-looking college on a fine site of seventy acres, and several others worthy of special mention. I will only particularize further the Colonial Museum, and more on account of its contents than its exterior, as it contains an exceedingly interesting collection of New Zealand natural history, geology, and Maori curiosities. We visited it on several occasions, and were indebted to the courtesy of the curator for having our attention drawn, among other things, to its fine collection of mounted fishes, illustrating what has been said about the seas round New Zealand, that they are "the natural home of the fish," and where they are to be found in great variety, abundance, and fine quality ; the collection of skeletons of the extinct wingless bird of New Zealand, called Moa (*Dinornis*), the largest of the bird kind, and which appears to have all died out before the arrival of the Maoris ; specimens of Maori wood carving ; basket and net work made out of phormium, the prepared fibre of the native flax plant ; and a very good assortment of Maori weapons, notably the green stone "meré," or chief's club, although it was regarded not so much as a weapon to be used in fighting as the symbol of good luck of the chief and his tribe. The genuine "merés" of the old chiefs are now difficult to get and dear to buy, as each chief's meré was always buried with him, and a genuine one can only be had by ransacking their graves.

Other settlements soon followed that of Wellington ; Auckland about the same time ; New Plymouth, on the west coast,

and Nelson, on the east, in the following year; and later on Otago, in 1848, under the auspices of the Free Kirk of Scotland; and Canterbury in 1850, under that of the Church of England, reservations of land and revenue being made in both cases for ecclesiastical and educational purposes. Under the fostering care of a succession of able Governors, such as Sir George Grey, under whose regime the New Zealand Constitutional Act was passed; Sir George Bowen, under whom the Public Works Policy was instituted; Sir Hercules Robinson, whose administration in New Zealand had been as great a success as it had previously been in New South Wales; and Sir W. Francis D. Jervois' of whom on leaving it was said "Never in the history of New Zealand had a Governor been so deservedly popular," in her as yet short life-time of fifty years New Zealand has now become studded all over with thriving cities, towns, and villages, having a total English speaking population of about eight hundred thousand, while her annual exports—the chief items being gold, wool, tallow, and frozen meat—amount to ten millions, and the imports to seven.

It is no doubt true that she has already incurred an indebtedness of thirty-eight million pounds, an amount that seems disproportionately large for so young a Colony, but this is more apparent than real, as her annual revenue of four and a half millions is found adequate to meet both interest and Government expenditure with a surplus of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A considerable part of this debt was the unavoidable result of her long struggle with the natives, but it was chiefly incurred in connection with the Immigration and Public Works Acts, and has been used for the purpose of purchasing land from the Maoris, promoting immigration by State aid, constructing Government roads and railways, and other similar works of public utility, and which are certain to become more and more remunerative with the progressive development of the Colony. Its credit is also further strengthened by the amount that will eventually be realized from the sale of the land in the hands of the Government, and which should be adequate to wiping out a good third of the debt. Thus the superficial area of New Zealand is put at sixty-four and a half million acres, of which twelve millions are agricultural, and fifty millions pastoral, and of this entire amount only nineteen million acres have as yet been sold or otherwise disposed of, yielding thirteen million, five hundred thousand pounds, leaving therefore, in the hands of the Government for future disposal—in addition to what is held by the Maoris, and the sixteen million

acres reserved for selection—seventeen million acres of as good land, when cleared, as any as yet in occupation. It may be as well to explain here that the cessation of the State-aided immigration to New Zealand was neither due to repletion of population nor to growing scarcity of land, but solely from motives of economy and retrenchment on the part of the New Zealand Government; and it may also be desirable to explain for the information of intending immigrants to New Zealand, that there is no longer anything to fear from the Maoris, as their power is now thoroughly broken for mischief, at least on a large scale, and the ordinary police force of the country would probably be able to cope with any future ebullition of lawlessness.

In the early days of the Colony they gave a great deal of trouble, and much blood was shed on both sides in the various conflicts that took place between them and the British troops and the Colonists in the long desultory war, more particularly between 1861 and 1881. In the last attempt at a disturbance, which was so recent as 1889, Te Kooti and his followers were so promptly surrounded by the armed constabulary and the permanent artillery force, that, seeing the hopelessness of resistance, he surrendered without striking a blow. This disaffected leader, before being liberated was taken round, by the Governor's orders, and shown everything likely to impress him with the skill, knowledge, and power of his white co-subjects of Queen Victoria, and this would appear to have had an excellent effect, for when some time afterwards the Earl of Onslow went through the most dangerous of the Maori districts, namely, the King Country in the North Island, he was received with thorough friendliness and loyalty.

When we visited Gear and Company's establishment at Wellington to see the process of freezing meat for the English market, where among other places Te Kooti had also been taken to, we were told by the manager that the Maori King expressed himself to be more astonished with the freezing machine than with anything else he had seen, "for," said he, "the English can make snow out of fire." The Fijians expressed similar astonishment when they were shown the electric search light, and were told that the English were trying to make the sun, but as yet had only succeeded in making the moon.

As to the emigrant's prospects in New Zealand, so far as I was able to judge and heard from others, I should say that no other country in the world holds out such favourable inducements, for if he comes to it without capital and solely as a market for his labour, he will find both skilled and unskilled

labour well remunerated, while the cost of living is less than in England, the only really dear thing being stimulants, which ought not to affect him, sixpence being charged for a half-pint glass of beer, whereas beef and mutton is only two-pence halfpenny a pound. The conditions of success, however, rest entirely with himself, as he must be steady and respectable, healthy, strong, and industrious, and not particular what he turns his hand to at the first, if he has no craft, and even if he has one, until such time as he can find more congenial occupation. I purposely make these remarks, as there are "ne'er do weels" enough already in New Zealand--fellows who are too lazy to work, and spend the whole of the summer in tramping about the country, taking advantage of the hospitality customary at all the farm stations of never refusing a night's lodging and food to any wayfarer. These loafing tramps are called "Sundowners," from their always arriving at the stations about that time of the day, and professing to be on their way to some place or station further on. When the immigrant brings some capital with him, say from three to five hundred pounds, and has some knowledge of farming, he is almost certain to do well, increasing the size of his holding by degrees, and probably becoming fairly well off before he has been out many years.

A solicitor in large practice at Christchurch, and having an extensive acquaintance with the land and colonization questions, whose acquaintance we made when there, expressed similar views, but strongly advised every one about to take up land and begin farming or ranching on his own account, whether with or without any previous knowledge of English farming, to hire himself out in the first instance for a year on a large station, so as to get a practical knowledge of the system best adapted to the country, adding that nobody was ashamed of working in New Zealand, nor was thought any the less of for doing so, provided he was steady, respectable, and industrious. He further told us that by the usages of New Zealand life, no social inferiority was implied by being a servant, and that when the work was done servants mixed as equals with the family.

During our stay at Wellington, the Earl of Onslow was in process of retiring from the Governorship of the colony, although two years before the expiration of his proper term of office, for reasons in connection with his private affairs, and was delivering a series of valedictory addresses throughout the political divisions of the colony. The speech at Wellington,



Mr. Wythes and friends

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which was delivered on the occasion of a complimentary dinner given to him by the city, and at which Mr. Wythes was an invited guest, dealt with the vexed question of the colony's public debt and its discredited borrowing powers. In the course of an eloquent speech, while counselling the most rigid economy in the Government expenditure, he reviewed the colony's financial position in the hopeful light to which I have already adverted. Lord Onslow has been highly popular during the three years he has held office, and all those with whom we had any conversation on the subject spoke in the highest praise of his governing capacity, tact, and success, which is all the more flattering to him in having succeeded so popular a governor as Sir Francis Jervois. A farewell ball given at Government House, to which we all had invitations, gave us an opportunity of seeing to advantage some of the "braw lads and bonny lassies" of New Zealand.

We now made some excursions into the interior of the island, but although much of the scenery of the North Island is very striking, it has lost its chief interest since the Pink and White Terraces of the Hot Lake district were destroyed by the earthquake of June, 1886. The material of which these terraces was composed, was blown suddenly into the air, and formed a vast mud cloud, that buried several villages in its descent, and caused the loss of one hundred and four lives, while the face of the country for a considerable distance round was entirely altered in appearance. Preparations were now being made for our leaving "windy Wellington," and which we hoped to do on the arrival of the next mail from Sydney, due in a few days, and by which our long lost Sydney letters were expected to come, thanks to the obliging postmaster of Wellington, who had at last discovered their whereabouts and ordered them to be sent on. These letters which had been accumulating at Sydney from the time we left San Francisco, by some strange arrangement of the Sydney Post Office, had been handed over to the care of a shipping agent, without authority from us, and when the Sydney postmaster was written to, to send them on to us at Wellington, he replied that there was none, although we knew there must be several hundreds. I said "windy" Wellington, and it is not undeserving of the nick name, for the only fault we had to find with the fine sheet of water, covering six square miles, forming its harbour, was its breeziness, the gusts of wind being so sudden and strong as to occasionally upset small boats; so that guests who had come aboard could never be quite sure of getting back again just

when they wanted. It is a saying in New Zealand that you can always know a Wellington man by his involuntarily raising his hand to his head and clutching his hat whenever he turns a street corner. We spent altogether twenty days at Wellington, and very pleasant ones they were, and our best thanks are due to the secretary (Mr. Wherry) and members of the Wellington Club, to the Mayor and Mrs. Johnson, and to Messrs. Grace, Williams, Duncan, Tolhurst, and many others for their many acts of courtesy and hospitality to all of us.

The *St. George* weighed anchor at five-thirty p.m. on February 19th, and by six-thirty we had cleared Port Nicholson Heads and began steaming full ahead on our way to Lyttleton, the port of Christchurch, and where we came to moorings at eleven-thirty a.m. of the following day. We spent the next few days in exploring Christchurch and the places of interest in its neighbourhood. It is six miles distant from Lyttleton, but connected with it by a railway running fourteen trains a day, and having a tunnel of a mile and five-eighths in length through the high hills adjoining the port, and that completely intercept the view between the two places.

Christchurch is the capital of the provincial district of Canterbury, being situated on the extensive plain of that name, and is considered "eminently English in appearance, architecture, and surroundings." It has many noble-looking buildings, of which the Cathedral is the most striking. This handsome looking edifice was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, and is said to be a copy from Caen Cathedral in Normandy, but it had the misfortune to be somewhat damaged by an earthquake in 1888, when twenty-six feet of its spire was thrown down. Among the various places visited were the Museum, containing two hundred thousand exhibits, including a fine collection of skeletons of the moa, and representing thirteen different species of that extinct bird; Hagley Park, a beautiful pleasure ground of four hundred acres in extent, forming the southern boundary of the city, and through which the trout-teeming river Avon placidly meanders; the Government Domain and Botanic Gardens, seventy acres in area; and adjoining it the Acclimatization Grounds, where we saw, among other interesting sights, pisciculture being successfully carried on. Although Christchurch is essentially Church of England, just as Dunedin is Free Kirk of Scotland, there is evidently no lack of Christian liberality to all other forms of religious thought, for we found that besides the Cathedral and the handsome episcopal Churches of St. Michael, St. Luke, St. Matthew, and St. John,

there were Roman Catholic, Baptist, Congregational, and Presbyterian Churches, a Jewish Synagogue, United Methodist, Primitive Methodist, Wesleyan, and Bible Christian Chapels, and a Salvation Army Barracks.

Before leaving the district, some of us paid an interesting visit to one of the large sheep farms on Canterbury Plain. The plain is two and a half million acres in extent, and the fine natural pasturage of its splendid expanse of level grass country is so well adapted for sheep, that it has become the greatest sheep rearing district of the Colony, and the success of this remunerative industry has mainly contributed to the great and rapid development and prosperity of the province.

The *St. George* left Lyttleton at one-thirty p.m. of 24th February, and steaming round Banks Peninsula, passed Akaroa at five p.m., bearing w.n.w., and then shaping course for Otago Harbour, s. by w., three-quarters west, arrived in Port Chalmers at twelve-thirty of the following morning, where the pilot whom we had taken aboard at nine-thirty-five, brought her to moorings, two anchors being used, with forty-five fathoms each of cable, as the weather showed wind. It was remarkably fine, however, all the way, with sea of glassy smoothness, so that our little run was a very enjoyable one.

Some of us went to Dunedin from Christchurch by train, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, both to see the country and to visit the ranche of a gentleman who had been their fellow graduate at Christchurch College, Oxford; and which was situated in the vicinity of one of the intermediate stations. Mr. Wythes preferred keeping the yacht at Port Chalmers rather than going on to Otago Harbour, which is eight miles further on, up the Victoria Channel, on account of its shallowness, it being only seventeen feet at low water, and therefore under our draught. At full tide, however, this channel gives a depth of twenty-two feet, and being well buoyed and lighted, by studying the tide the big Union and other steamers come up to the Rattray Street wharves of Otago Harbour. The distance of Port Chalmers from Dunedin, however, was not felt an inconvenience, as there is a railway between the two places, as well as a delightful drive over the hill road. We had also the facilities of the yacht's steam launch, and greatly enjoyed the trips in it backwards and forwards along the Victoria Channel, as the scenery all the way is rather pretty, and the view of Dunedin, as seen when approached from the Channel, is decidedly picturesque.

Dunedin is the most commercial city in New Zealand, and

the focus of a great amount of maritime and business activity. Many of its buildings are constructed of a beautiful white stone got from Port Chalmers and Oamaru, a coast town a little way to the north of it, and which gives the place a substantial, well-off and lasting look, while some of the streets, particularly Princes Street have quite a noble look, and would be a credit to any city in the world. The Queen's drive along the Domain belt round the city, with its many diversified and romantic views, the race course at Ocean Beach (the races were on while we were there and were attended by an immense crowd, and the "Totalizators" appeared to be doing a big business), the handsome and massive New Zealand Bank, the Knox Church, the Presbyterian Church, the University, the Hospital, the Asylum, &c., are all worthy of mentioning as notable features of the city.

In the early days of the settlement, Dunedin, which was then very Scotchy and Free Kirky, and is still unco' muckle that away, did not make much progress, nor did it begin to do so until 1861, when gold was discovered in considerable quantities at Gabriel's gully, sixty miles from it. This soon brought an influx of gold diggers from all parts of Australia to the district, and as has been the case, wherever the precious metal had been found in payable quantities, and become a permanent industry, the enthusiasm and enterprise of the digger infused itself into every other industry, and Dunedin started straight away on its present career of prosperity and success.

Dunedin being a convenient centre for visiting the lake scenery of this part of the South Island, some of us availed ourselves of Cook's tourist tickets (this most obliging and useful firm to the tourist, seems to be nearly ubiquitous) for Lake Wakatipu, and were much gratified with what they saw notwithstanding that the weather proved most unpropitious, being cold, wet, and dull all the time. Those of us who did not go to the lakes had some excellent rabbit shooting at a place called Blue Skin, and when there, had an opportunity of seeing what a terrible pest this rodent has become to the New Zealand farmer. Pheasants, we were told, have become so thoroughly acclimatized in some parts of the North Island that they have also become a nuisance, but nothing like the rabbit, which in certain districts has taken absolute and entire possession of the land, converting the fields into veritable warrens. It was very pleasant no doubt for us to hear the acclimatized black-bird, thrush, and lark, mingling their notes with the native tui and bell-bird, and to see the hare, pheasant, and partridge in

the stubble fields, but the havoc the fecundity of the rabbit had made with this poor farmer's pastures, and his apparent utter helplessness and hopelessness to cope with it, was an aspect of acclimatization that was saddening to contemplate. Laws have now been made, compelling owners and occupiers of land to keep their numbers down, and when on our way by train to Blue Skin we met a number of attorneys, who told us that they were on their way to conduct prosecutions against some such who had neglected to do so, and had been complained of by their neighbours.

We left Port Chalmers on the fifth of March at three-thirty p.m., and steamed round the south of the island, through Foveaux Strait, on our way to the west coast sounds, where Mr. Wythes contemplated spending a fortnight in cruising in and out of the principal of them, and as our coal would be about expended by that time, had arranged for an Invercargill steamer to meet the yacht at Milford Sound with a fresh supply for our twelve hundred miles voyage across the South Pacific to Hobart. After passing Waipapa Point at the eastern entrance of the Foveaux Strait, and which we did at five o'clock next morning, the wind began to freshen, and by noon had increased to so strong a gale, with a high sea running, that the yacht's course had to be altered for Tewaewae Bay, which she reached at three p.m., and found excellent shelter. At five-thirty on the following morning (March the seventh), the weather having improved during the night, although still pretty rough, she resumed her course for Preservation Inlet, the most southerly of the sounds (or fiords), and which she entered at eleven-twenty a.m. We were no sooner fairly inside than the water became as still as a duck-pond, and as clear and reflective as a mirror. The banks enclosing the picturesquely tortuous passages of the inlet were often of great height and sheer with the water's edge, and along with the numerous islets that lay scattered in delightful irregularity at the various parts of our progress, were thickly clothed with forests of the characteristic glossy foliage of New Zealand trees and shrubs; and their intermixed light and dark-green masses, contrasted effectively with the scarred brown faces of projecting rocks, and the huge, bold and defiant looking abutments of the higher cliffs. As the yacht threaded her way further and further inland, we became more and more enchanted with the ever varying conformation of the outlines and the picturesque evolutions of fresh views and scenes.

Our first anchorage was the Cascade Basin, at the head of

the inlet, about eight miles from the entrance, and as we had finished mooring by one o'clock, there was a good long afternoon before us to enjoy the shooting and fishing, which the neighbourhood supplied in lavish copiousness. As to the different kinds of fish that we caught in these sounds (Milford Sound yielded most in quantity and variety) they consisted chiefly of groper, mackerel, pilchard, soles, and crayfish. A shark was also caught, eight feet long, and schools of dolphins were frequently seen hunting the shoals of the smaller fish. The groper is a large species of cod, called by the natives "hapuku," and is found in great abundance in deep water off the headlands all round the islands, and the sounds, averaging in depth from eighty to two hundred fathoms, are also much frequented by them, more than a score having being caught on this occasion over the ship's side, each weighing from forty to seventy five pounds. Curiously, the firemen and trimmers were the keenest fishermen among the ship's hands, and used to have their lines over the gunwale almost before the anchor was down. Among the birds that we met with in the sounds were the black swan, excellent to eat and in great abundance, nor indeed is that to be wondered at, if it is the case as we were told, that it hatches three times a year, each brood being from five to eight; ducks, which were also plentiful and of several varieties; the large native pigeon, which is so tame that it will almost let you put salt on its tail; woodhen, an indigenous bird, called by the natives "weka," not suitable for the table, although some of the sailors fancied it; the kakapu, or ground parrot; the kiwi, a wingless bird, and a pretty paroquet. All the small birds we met with on shore surprised us by their great tameness, perching within a few feet of you, and flitting about near you, as if they wanted to get acquainted.

Leaving Preservation Inlet, we next day entered Chalky Inlet, which, about three miles up it, branched off into two sounds of remarkable loveliness, called respectively Cunaris Sound and Edwardson's Sound. After cruising up and down the former, we turned into the latter, and moving slowly up to the head of it, anchored at what is called on the chart Freshwater Cove, barring Milford, the most lovely spot in all the sounds. The water was of such absolute stillness and marvellous transparency, that when the sun in its declining course began to throw the shadows eastward athwart the cove, the reflections of the surrounding scenery and the skies overhead on its surface were of that extraordinary purity and fidelity, and had a pictorial effect and beauty, as no poet's pen

could adequately depict in words, nor artist's brush reproduce in colours.

We now proceeded to visit in succession, Dusky Sound, Breaksea Sound, Doubtful Sound, and George Sound, spending an afternoon and night in each, and enjoyed the beauties of their scenery, as well as the sport they afforded, and at noon March seventeenth, arrived in Milford Sound, the most northerly of the series. There we found the Invercargill steamer waiting for us with the coal that had been ordered, and as we were under penalties of twenty pounds a day for detention, the coaling process was begun at once. The scenery of Milford Sound very properly comes last, as it surpasses that of all the others in beauty and grandeur. It was a pouring wet day when we entered it, but the thousand and one long white ribbons that streaked the steep sides of the green hills flanking the passage, and descended from out of their unseen and mist-clad summits, was a strangely novel sight, and a scene to be remembered. When at the head of the sound, we moored to a buoy—for Milford actually possesses such a commodity—not far from Bowen Fall, and were completely surrounded by mountains of great height and magnificent aspect.

If "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," the Bowen Waterfall is such a surprisingly beautiful sight that it ought to be so, and was certainly a never-failing pleasure to us to look at all the time we lay in its neighbourhood. It is produced by the waters of the Bowen river leaping over a ledge seven hundred feet high. Its first flight is broken, however, on an intermediate ledge about one hundred and twenty feet down, and from the momentum of the dash of the as yet solid mass of water, aided probably by a cup-shaped depression in the ledge, the water rebounds a considerable height into mid air, and the great white foaming curl that it then forms, as it turns downwards to fall the remaining five hundred and thirty feet, shakes itself out into myriads of snow white tresses, that break up as they continue to descend into showers of spray of filmy delicacy. When the sun's rays gleamed through this veil of falling spray, the most lovely rainbow iridescence was produced upon the adjacent rocks and vegetation, suggesting some such fanciful thought as a water nymph's bower in a bit of fairyland.

Of the mountains surrounding us, that on our left looking westward was of singularly grotesque outline, holding in its embrace a weird looking valley that sloped towards us down to the shore. It is five thousand five hundred and sixty feet in height, and called Mitre Peak, from a fanciful resemblance

to the ecclesiastical head dress of that name. On our right was the snow covered mountain of Pembroke, six thousand seven hundred and ten feet high, with an extensive glacier in a ravine between its ridges, the valley leading from it trending down towards Harrison Cove, a picturesque incurving of the head of the Sound; and as the whole scene lay well in view from the yacht, it presented a very striking spectacle both in sunshine and by moonlight. A lunar rainbow was seen to great advantage one night up this valley, its arc resting on its sides, and producing a singularly beautiful effect. Three other mountains within a radius of ten miles of us were conspicuous by their altitude, namely, Toto-ko Peak, nine thousand six hundred and forty; Castle Mountain, six thousand eight hundred and seventy; and Lawrenny Peak, sixty-five hundred.

The Sutherland Falls, which have a drop of one thousand nine hundred and four feet, and therefore rank as one of the highest in the world, are situated about fourteen miles up a narrow valley to the east of our moorings. The Scotchman after whom they are named, came aboard and offered his services as a guide to any of us who would like to go to them. Sutherland, who has resided fifteen years in the Sound (the greater part of the time entirely alone), has now built a small hotel at the head of it for the accommodation of visitors, and hopes that it will be patronized when the Government overland road to Milford is completed, and upon which we saw the convicts of the prison in the neighbourhood at work. Mr. Longley, who is an indefatigable explorer and mountain climber, was the only one of our party to make use of Sutherland's offer, all the rest of us preferring to remain where we were, and enjoy the sport and scenery of the Sound, especially as we understood that the excursion involved a toilsome tramp along a dripping bush track, much of it knee deep in mud and rotted vegetation, and having to pass the night on a shake-down of fern fronds on the floor of a damp hut, which was all the hotel accommodation the Sutherland Falls provided for its admirers. The visit to the Sutherland Falls, however, was successfully accomplished, Mr. Longley having induced the captain and some of the officers and quartermasters to go with him, but although they all professed on their return to have been much gratified with what they had seen and to have enjoyed the trip, their bedraggled and road-weary looks, some of them without soles to their boots rather belied the sentiment.

Whether these south-west Sounds of New Zealand surpass in grandeur and beauty of scenery the Fiords of Norway is a moot



Owner's Cabin,

question ; but Mr. Wythes who has seen both, unhesitatingly gives the palm of preference to the former. Be that however as it may, it is certain we shall all look back to our visit to them as one of the most delightful episodes in the cruise of the *St. George*. Fortunately too, for seeing the Sounds to advantage, the weather had proved most propitious, so that instead of being locked up for days, and some of the best scenery obscured by fogs, as we were told was not unlikely to happen at this time of the year, it continued excellent throughout, with the exception of a few hours fog when leaving Preservation Inlet, obliging us to grope our way into Cuttle Cove and remain there until it lifted ; a rather violent squall on passing from Acheron Passage into Breaksea Sound ; and on two occasions, when attempting to pass out of one Sound into another, being obliged to put back again owing to the state of matters outside. While according to the Sounds the praise they are entitled to, I must not omit to mention that a great drawback to their attractions is the attacks of that insignificant black dipterous insect, the sand-fly, which proved an ubiquitous pest and persistent disturber of our peace and comfort all the time we were in them. They bite as badly as mosquitos, indeed sometimes much worse, and being a thousandfold more numerous, are so much the more troublesome, although to give the devil his due, they have the negative virtue of marauding only in the daylight. They swarmed everywhere on shore, especially among the bushes by the water's edge, and before we had been a couple of hours at any anchorage they would come off to pay their respects to us. When rowing along the banks after water fowl, especially up narrow creeks and streams, they would literally blacken us with their numbers, and swelled up the faces of some of us with the venom of their bites until there was hardly a recognizable feature.

At eight-thirty on the morning of the twenty-first of March, we cast loose from the Milford Sound buoy, and at nine-thirty, being then clear of the entrance, the yacht's log was set, and she stood w. by s. on her course for Hobart. We were under canvas most of the way, and although the weather was a little rough occasionally, the voyage on the whole was a pleasant one. Scores of albatross followed us all the way, on the outlook for any offal that might be thrown over the ship's side, and we were much interested in noticing how their strong and stately flight was maintained with hardly any movement of their wings, except a slight quiver at the extremities. The first land of Tasmania that we sighted was Cape Pillar, at seven-forty

a.m., twenty-fifth March, bearing N.W. by N., and at ten-ten Cape Raoul was abeam; and steaming past some very picturesque scenery through Storm Bay and the entrance of Derwent River we came to anchor at two-fifteen p.m., in the beautiful harbour of Hobart, the capital of the island, the land, it is said, of the prettiest women and the finest apples in the world.

Tasmania was first discovered in 1642, the same year as New Zealand, by the Dutch navigator whose name it now bears, but who had called it Van Dieman's Land, after his father-in-law, the Dutch Governor of the East Indies. It is somewhat heart shaped, and about the size of Ireland, equally fertile, but with a much better climate, which, indeed, is so healthy that more people live to be octogenarians in Tasmania than in any other country of the world, and it is the paradise of children, as they either escape altogether the maladies peculiar to their time of life, or have them in the mildest form. All the horticultural and agricultural products of England flourish luxuriantly in it, and such is its excellence as a fruit country, that its gooseberries and strawberries, its apples and pears, in size and quality, surpass anything of the kind that the mother country can produce. The mineral resources of Tasmania are undoubtedly great and are only just beginning to be discovered, such as the valuable tin mines of the Bischoff district, while it has inexhaustible supplies of coal of good smelting and steam-generating quality.

The Aborigines of Tasmania have now become completely extinct, nor is this to be regretted as they were of the most savage and untameable character, and like the South Australian natives, entirely incapable of being either christianized or civilized. The same fate is evidently awaiting the forest animals of Tasmania—namely the tiger cat, the hyæna and the Tasmanian devil—which are now only found in the higher mountain regions, and are being gradually hunted down.

As we were only five days in Tasmania, I am unable from personal observation to give an adequate description of its physical features, but the following account of it so entirely harmonizes with all I saw of it, that I quote it in full confidence of its fairness and accuracy.

"Tasmania is a beautiful well watered island, rich in harbours and inlets, traversed by high mountain chains, full of crags, glens, and ravines of commanding appearance. The basaltic cliffs of some being several hundred feet in perpendicular height. Everywhere on the coast there are good anchorages and many excellent harbours. Altogether the coast offers the most manifold changes, and generally charming scenery, being for the most part of a bold and rocky character. The interior especially is de-

lightful, and here are united so to speak the climate of Italy, the beauty of the Apennines and the fertility of England. Mountain and valley, hill and dale, crowned with high forests, and rich pasture grounds in the plains afford the most pleasing variety."

As the population of this fine country is at present only one hundred and twenty thousand, there is ample room for many thousands more immigrants and all that I have said about New Zealand as a field for colonization is equally applicable to Tasmania.

The Governor, Sir Robert Hamilton, with Lady Hamilton and daughter, came to lunch with us on the second day of our arrival, and gave us some interesting accounts of the progress the Colony had made during his five years of office just then expiring. We visited several places of interest that he suggested to us, two of which I may refer to as being characteristic specimens of the local scenery. The first was Fern Tree Gully, about half-way up the front of Wellington Hill, at the foot of which lies Hobart, while from the top, a magnificent view is obtained of the surrounding country. The tree fern grows to a great size in Tasmania, chiefly in the gullies and ravines, and represents the palm trees of the latitudes nearer the equator. On the way to the gully, we saw some gigantic specimens of the blue gum tree (*Eucalyptus globulus*), the Huon pine (*Dacrydium Franklinii*), the Wattle and King William pine, and several other timber trees, valuable in commerce. The other, was an excursion up the Derwent river to New Norfolk, and where Mr. Wythes took us in the steam launch. The scenery all the way up the river was very fine, the first part of it reminding us of going through a chain of picturesque lakes, and on both sides, extensive tracts were seen under cultivation, some of it with fruit and hops, with substantial looking homesteads, built of stone, having gardens and lawns and a thoroughly well-off look about them.

The *St. George* left Hobart at eleven a.m. of March 31st, answering as she passed, the "good-bye" signal of H.M.S. *Royalist*, whose captain (Davies) had been several times aboard of her, and had also shown us much hospitality on his own ship. As we steamed out of Hobart's beautiful harbour—almost rivalling that of Sydney in beauty, safety and commodiousness—our gaze lingered as long as the view would last on this picturesque city of these southern seas, until one by one its most prominent buildings and features disappeared out of sight, such as the palatial Residency, built of white free stone, and of castellated architecture, the Houses of Parliament and various public buildings and churches, Mount

Nelson and Mount Rumney on opposite sides of the river, and finally Mount Wellington. We passed Cape Raoul and Cape Pillar as before, but now turned northward for our next destination of Melbourne. We had fine weather and a pleasant passage until we got through Banks Strait, at the north-east corner of Tasmania, and got into Bass Strait, which separates Tasmania from Australia, when we came in for a mild edition of its usual "rough and tumble" weather. At three-thirty a.m. 2nd April, Cape Schanck, on the Australian mainland was sighted, and by eight a.m. Port Phillip Head was abeam. When midway in the Rip, the narrow entrance to Port Phillip, the yacht came to a standstill, owing to the strong ebb current exactly neutralizing her reduced speed of eight knots. Fresh stoking soon put matters right, when we entered the capacious bay of Port Phillip, at the head of which Melbourne is situated, on a subsection of it, called Hobson Bay, and where we came to anchor at two p.m., near the Railway Pier, Melbourne, being two and a half miles distant, but accessible by trains running every half hour.

Port Phillip is of great extent, covering an area of eight hundred square miles, and its shores all round are studded with numerous thriving towns, the largest of which is Geelong, almost immediately to the left on entering it, having a population including suburbs of twenty-three thousand, in a harbour of its own, rather shallow but improvable, and is forty-five miles distant from Melbourne, which I purposely mention, both to give an idea of the extent of Port Phillip, and to account for the time we took to reach it after entering.

The Colony of Victoria, of which Melbourne is the capital, occupies the south-east corner of the island-continent of Australia, of which it forms only a thirty-fourth part, although it is as large as Great Britain, a fact that conveys a very good rough notion of the vast superficial area of Australia. For a period of thirty years, namely between 1804 and 1834, although the English Government's attention had been drawn to the district, and commissioners had been sent out to report on its suitability for colonization, it had been invariably discarded as unfit for the purpose, but its merits as a splendid grazing and agricultural country were at length discovered by some emigrants from Tasmania, and it has never looked behind since. The gold discoveries at Alexander and Ballarat in 1851 gave it a tremendous lift forward, and proved, "the tide, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;" for, from having in 1835 almost no domestic animals, except the five hundred sheep

and fifty cattle that these Tasmanian immigrants brought over with them, Victoria now possesses, according to the census returns of 1891, nearly half a million horses, two million cattle, and thirteen million sheep, and the total exports from the Colony for 1890, comprising gold, wool, tallow, hides, breadstuffs, minerals, bark, timber and manufactured goods, amounted to thirteen million, two hundred and sixty-six thousand, two hundred and thirty-two pounds, while the total population of the Colony, from being only fourteen whites in 1835, now amounts to eleven hundred and forty thousand, four hundred and five. As to Melbourne, it has had a career of growth and development unequalled by any city in the world, ancient or modern, not excepting San Francisco, which when we were there, and had seen what forty years had done for it, we thought could not be surpassed. It has a population including the suburbs of four hundred and seventy thousand, and without going into any descriptive details it will be enough to say that it is perfectly equipped with every appliance of modern civilization, and has all the appearance of a city of great wealth and immense commercial resources.

We went to one of the race meetings for which Melbourne is so famous; heard a very good operatic performance at the Opera House (one of its six theatres); attended a ball at Government House; heard an organ recital in the Town Hall, which seats twenty-five hundred people; visited the museum and art gallery, the Botanic and Zoological Gardens; and personally I went over the Hospital, and was much gratified with what I saw. Externally it is not ornamental, but its wards are large and airy, and the management admirable.

We left Hobson Bay at eleven-thirty a.m., 14th April, and by four p.m. stood clear of Port Phillip Head, and steering S.E. until Wilson Promontory was rounded at four a.m. on the 15th, the yacht's course was altered to N.E. half E. for Sydney. At three p.m. of the 16th, we passed St. George's Head, and hoisted our number, and at eight p.m. Port Jackson outer light—of great brilliancy, seen twenty-five miles away, and one of the finest in the world—was abeam. Having entered the Port, we dropped anchor in Watson Bay at eleven-thirty for the night, and moved on into Farm Cove in the morning.

We had often heard Sydney harbour spoken of as the finest in the world, and now that we have seen it we believe it to be so, for nothing could exceed the picturesque beauty of the scene by which we were surrounded, in addition to the essential qualities of every good harbour, safety and capacity, both

of which it possesses in a high degree. On our left was Government House ; on our right the Domain and Botanic Gardens ; in front the large, populous, wealthy and truly grand-looking city of Sydney and capital of the colony of New South Wales ; while behind and all around us were the numerous open bays with their jutting promontories, into which Port Jackson subdivides itself, most of them being of themselves spacious and deep water harbours, and skirted with wharves, alongside of which the largest ocean steamers can be moored. It is a curious historical fact that Captain Cook should have omitted to enter and discover this magnificent harbour at the time he discovered Botany Bay, only a few miles to the south of it, and which he recommended for settlement. He noted however, the entrance to it, and believing it to be connected with a port, gave it its present name of Port Jackson.

Sydney is so well-known and has been so often described, that it would be superfluous for me to attempt anything of the kind here, or even of the more remarkable scenery of the adjacent country, such as the Bouli Pass, with its tropical character of vegetation, the Blue Mountains and the Wentworth Falls. It is not possible, however, to omit a passing reference to the many nice people we met there, and the brightness, frankness, gaiety and hospitality of the Sydney society that it was our good fortune to be thrown amongst. As we had introductions, amongst others to Lord Charles Scott, Port Admiral, the Earl of Jersey, the Governor, and also as his four A.D.C.'s. were all personal friends of one or other of our party, we were put on for everything that was going, and balls, garden parties, dinners, at-homes, picnics, &c., followed fast and furious. Besides the ordinary reciprocated hospitalities of the yacht, Mr. Wythes endeavoured to repay some small portion of the lavish hospitality that had thus been extended to us by giving a ball on board the *St. George*, of which the following is an account, taken from the "Sydney Mail" of June 4th, 1892, and which will also give an insight as to who formed the Sydney society I have been alluding to :—

"DANCE ON THE *St. George*.—This beautiful yacht, now on her maiden voyage, to which is given the unprecedented rank of "a first-class for 24 years," has during her six weeks stay in Farm Cove, contributed very much to the pleasure of the people of Sydney, the hospitalities culminating in a dance given on the evening of Friday, 27th ultimo, by the fortunate owner, Mr. Ernest J. Wythes. The *St. George* was built expressly for Mr. Wythes, the construction being carefully watched by the officer (Captain Tutton), who is now so proud of her beauty and powers. A perfect picture of yacht architecture is this latest dedication to the patron saint of England, and the decorations are as perfect in taste as the lines are beautiful.

One can scarcely imagine a more enjoyable way of passing a couple of years than has been chosen by Mr. Wythes, who, with his three Christchurch College chums—Mr. R. E. Walker, Mr. Blencowe, and Mr. Longley—Captain Smirke (who is taking a well-earned rest after a distinguished service in India), and Dr. Fyfe, are seeing the world under such auspicious circumstances. The officers and crew of forty-seven have the yacht in perfect order; every detail has been carefully thought out, and many a matron would rejoice if her kitchen were as well arranged as the galley, from which, placed on the deck, all fumes of cooking are carried at once far away, and no warning of stimulating savouries, fish, or preparations reaches the senses in advance.

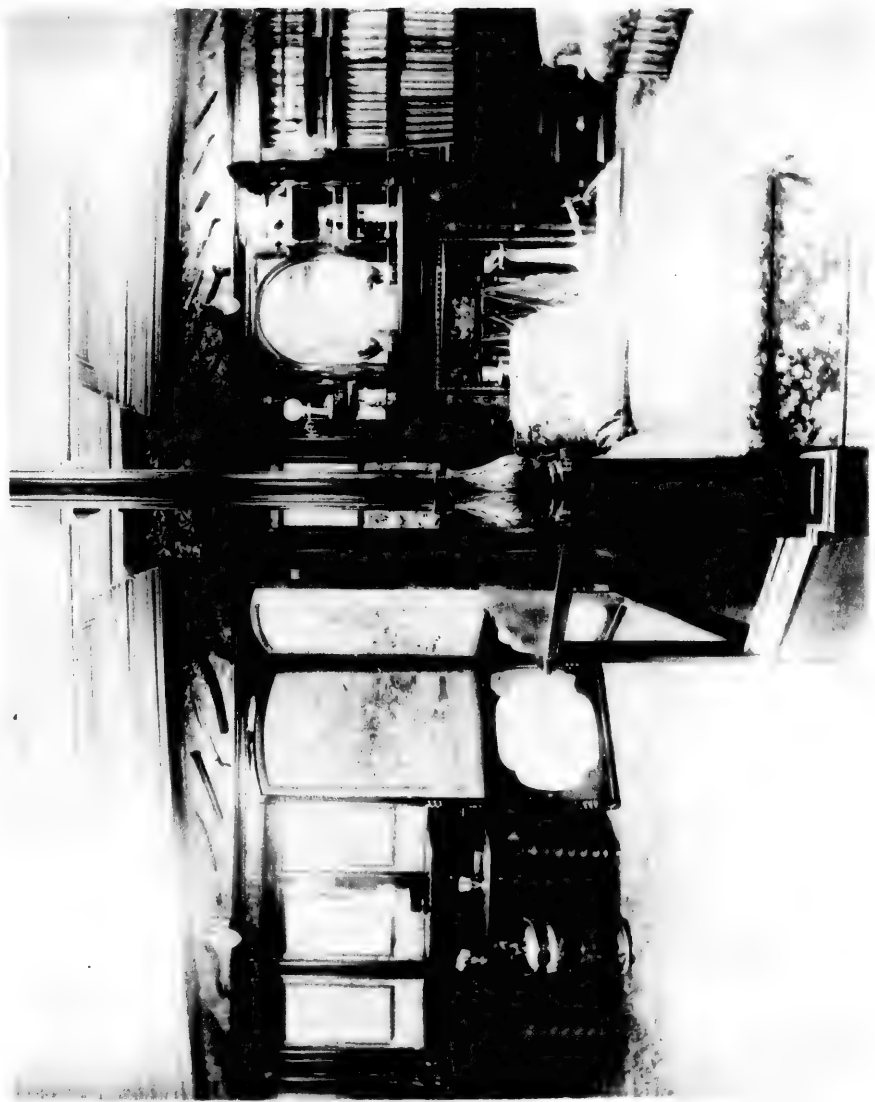
Throughout, the *St. George* is most handsomely appointed. The thick carpets on every step and floor deaden the sounds below, and the carved balustrades are so well polished that they might serve as mirrors. The cabins occupied by the visitors are all panelled with Hungarian ash and walnut, and furnished with every requisite for ease and comfort, with that skilful disposal and yet economy of space which is so conspicuous in ship arrangements. The cosy smoking room is fitted with most inviting chairs, and the artistic looking stove has painted panels and bright steel frame, which make it quite an attractive ornament. The well-filled book shelves offer inducements to readers; whilst the row of glittering revolvers above the rifles opposite, and the formidable six-pounders beyond, show that there is ample protection from possible foes. The saloon is also panelled, but a rich brocaded satin takes the place of Hungarian ash. The panels are headed by a rich carving of black oak, and between this and the cornice a border of brocade makes an effective background for rare weapons and curios from Japan. Fine engravings and choice etchings decorate the walls, also specimens of old Sèvres formerly belonging to Napoleon the Great, which would delight a connoisseur in china. A loving cup, presented by his tenantry to Mr. Wythes on attaining his majority, though an admirable specimen of the silversmith's art, was eagerly examined by some ladies anxious to inspect the date recorded. The marble baths with their appliances would be considered luxurious in a family mansion, but they are simply in keeping with the general surroundings. In Mr. Wythes's own cabin the height of luxury seems to be attained in the sumptuously carved and balanced bedstead, which maintains its level no matter how fiercely the winds blow or the waves dash. A jar of old Satsuma and a weird mask, carved from a solid block by a skilful Jap, were in strange contrast with the modern accessories, the satin covered eider down quilt, and silver toilet requisites. Here, too, is a large treasury of photographs collected from the places visited.

Beautiful as the yacht appeared by day, on the night of the dance the attractions were great indeed. All that could be removed from the deck had been cleared away, and as much as possible of the two hundred feet of length made available for the dancers. In the securely curtained stern an ideal drawing room was arranged, cosy corners were found for rest between the dances, and an alcove below made a specially attractive retreat. Flags, palms, and electric lights contributed to the brilliant picture; and such was the effect of the combination of the beauty of the yacht, the strains of sweet music, the perfume of flowers, the triumphs of an excellent *chef de cuisine*, and the genial qualities of the host and his friends, that it was small matter for wonder that when the programme of dances was finished some joined with Juliet as to the sweets of prolonged good nights, and, unwilling to leave the enchanted spot, lingered far beyond the limits of an

ordinary ball. Mrs. W. B. Mitchell acted as hostess, and with Mrs. Pilcher chaperoned a number of maidens.

Miss Gore, cousin to Mrs. W. B. Mitchell, was the debutante of the evening, and was much to be congratulated upon so delightful an introduction to the social world. She wore white satin, veiled with white silk Tosca net figured with large wafers; the net skirt bordered with two rows of white satin ribbon. Mrs. W. B. Mitchell wore buttercup bengaline with long train, the bodice cuirass length and of rich brocade, outlined with a deep gold bullion fringe, and loosely draped across the front in diagonal folds. Mrs. Pilcher's handsome black toilette was of striped silk, lace, and jet; Miss Pilcher wore white corded silk trimmed with beaver fur, a drapery of white chiffon, in Marie Antoinette style, arranged below the fur trimming on the bodice, violets on the corsage and in the hair. The group with Mrs. Pilcher included the Misses Austin, the elder wearing a trained gown of deep gold bengaline full sleeves and zouaves of white lace edged with pearls, and carrying a fragrant posy of roses and daphne; the younger in an Empire frock of soft white silk, the bodice draped with white chiffon; Miss Caird, whose pink-silk gown fell in soft graceful folds, and another young girl wearing cowslip-coloured surah with braces and Watteau streamers of brown velvet. Lady Innes wore black silk and lace, with diamond ornament; Miss Innes, a gown of amethyst silk, with corslet bodice of full chiffon. Mrs. C. B. Fairfax's pink brocade would have delighted a lady of Louis XV's Court. The floral design was charming, and the combination of the lily-leaf green very artistic. Miss Mitchell's heliotrope satin was veiled with net of the same shade and decorated across the front of the skirt and on the bodice with clusters of velvet pansies. Mrs. Browning's white silk gown was trimmed with gold passementerie. Miss Lamb's simply-made pink silk was very becoming. Miss Dight and her sister wore pretty gowns of white cashmere, with silk bodices. Miss Gowland's toilette of black and yellow lace over black silk, with bands and streamers of yellow velvet, suited the wearer admirably. Miss Nellie Hill's fair complexion was heightened by contrast with her black dress, upon the bodice of which a richly tinted passementerie of silk and jewels was effectively arranged. Mrs. Erbsleh's rich white brocade had soft folds of Liberty silk introduced. Miss Cox wore white, with blue in her hair. Miss Maggie Cox was also dressed in white. Miss Stephenson (Melbourne) wore pink silk. The Misses Sutter (Eurolas) chose white and pink respectively. Miss Paul's white satin slip was veiled with white Tosca net; her sister's toilette was similarly carried out in pale blue. Miss Clara Manning wore white, Miss Simpson grey and gold. The company included the host's party, Captain Smirke, Mr. Walker, Mr. Blencowe, Mr. Longley, Dr. Fyfe, the Earl of Ancram, Captain the Hon. Rupert Lee, the Hon. C. E. Pilcher, Mr. C. B. Fairfax, Mr. Erbsleh, Captain Clayton, Lieutenant Abdy, Mr. W. B. Mitchell, Mr. R. J. Browning, Mr. H. Darley, Mr. Innes, Mr. Gordon Burnside, Mr. E. Fosbery, Mr. A. W. Nathan, Mr. C. Austin, Messrs. R. and C. Laidley, Mr. Cobham Cox, Mr. Arthur Cox, Mr. George Forbes, Mr. Edgar, and Mr. E. Blomfield.

The saloon was arranged for supper, which was of the daintiest and most varied kind. The carving was deftly accomplished at a separate table in the centre. The tables were beautifully arranged with flowers and the soft light from the acorn-shaped electric lamps was increased by the rosy tints of the shade which protected the wax candles on the silver-plated candelabra. Every relay of guests found delicious hot soup awaiting them, brought down in the lift as if by magic, and during the evening, at a well



The Saloon.



laden buffet, all needs in the matter of refreshments were continually available. It was a memorable evening, and will long be remembered by the guests.

On Sunday, Professor Anderson Stuart, Dr. A. Murray Oram, Dr. M'Cormick, Dr. Hull, and Dr. Jenkins were the guests of Dr. Fyfe on board at luncheon, Mr. Wythes, through a previous engagement, being unable to be present. On Tuesday a small party including Lord Ancram, Mr. Frank Lee, and Mr. H. Darley, lunched there for the last time; and at three-fifteen o'clock the *St. George* steamed down the harbour, bound first for Auckland and leaving many friends wishing for a second visit of the yacht to Sydney."

Some necessary repairs to the yacht having been completed, and an evaporator put in to distil fresh water, should it be required during the long voyage that was before us from Auckland to Valparaiso—the greater part of which must be done under sail, owing to the yacht's limited coal carrying capacity—we weighed anchor at three-fifteen p.m., on the thirty-first of May, and were clear of Port Jackson Heads by four o'clock, and by midnight the log showed seventy-two knots on our course E. by N. for Auckland. H.M.S. *Hinamoa*, with Lord and Lady Glasgow aboard—his lordship being on his way to New Zealand as Lord Onslow's successor—had started for Wellington a few hours before us, and we afterwards heard that they had a very rough passage, which we did not wonder at if they got as bad weather as we did, because the *Hinamoa* is much narrower and shallower in her build, and could not be anything like so good a seaboat as the *St. George*. Indeed, when they were lunching with us, along with Lord and Lady Jersey the day previous, they were wishing they were to make the voyage with us, as they had heard something about the *Hinamoa's* bad sea-going qualities.

We reached Auckland early in the morning of June seventh, and as the yacht had to go into Devonport dry dock, to have her bottom scraped—the six weeks in Sydney harbour having coated it so heavily as to make a difference of two knots an hour—we made our home for the time at the Auckland Club, of which we had been made members. Among others that we met there was Sir George Gray, late Governor of New Zealand, under whose auspices the constitution was framed, on lines that had been suggested by him. His conversations on subjects connected with New Zealand history were very interesting, and he made Mr. Wythes a present of a copy of his interesting and learned work, "Polynesian mythology and ancient traditional history of the New Zealand race."

We bade a final adieu to the "Brighter Britain" of the future at three-fifteen p.m. of June fifteenth, and started on

our long voyage of nearly six thousand miles across the Pacific Ocean to Valparaiso. We began by steaming s.e. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., until we got to the fifty-first degree of south latitude—the temperature becoming very cold after the third day out and continued so for about three weeks. The object in going so far south was for the double purpose of shortening the distance by great-circle-sailing and to get into a good steady wind, which Mr. Eldred—the Chilian consul at Sydney, who came aboard the yacht to ask us to take the Chilian mail bags across with us—assured us as the result of his experience, having frequently made the voyage, we would be sure to do, and that would take us across in twenty-three days. No such luck however, was in store for us, for when we had wind it was terrific, doing more or less damage, and making it very trying and uncomfortable for everybody. Half the crew fell ill with influenza, and I myself was so utterly ill from the same cause that I could hardly be of any medical use to them. And anon, when the wind abated, it would die away to a dead calm, obliging us to get up steam, and run on under it, until we picked the wind up again, and creating an alternate anxiety about delay and provisions, and of expending more coal than was wise, where there was a coast to meet, and the hundred and one possible contingencies of so long a voyage.

We did not sight a ship of any kind until about five days off Valparaiso, when the *Wallacetown*, a large bark from Cardiff, bound for the Gulf of California with coal, passed so close under our bows, that the two captains were able to converse with one another from their respective bridges, and the only forms of animal life seen al' the way were albatrosses, cape pigeons and occasionally a few whales. Towards evening on the seventeenth July a good look-out was kept for land, and at two a.m., the following morning a lofty barren rock called Mas-a-Fuera was abeam, and at noon the island of Juan Fernandez, about one point on the starboard bow, and twelve miles off. Having come round the north side of the island to Cumberland Bay we let go anchor at three p.m. of the thirty-fourth day since we left Auckland. I will begin my next letter from Robinson Crusoe's Island, and hope to give some account of Chili and the recent seat of war, and our interesting cruise through Smythe's Channel and the Magellan Straits.

LETTER 14.

JUAN FERNANDEZ TO MONTE VIDEO.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK was not the only individual who had spent some years of solitary existence upon Juan Fernandez, as several others are known to have done so, but his name is alone associated with it in connection with De Foe's charming romance of Robinson Crusoe. The only other facts of any historical interest in connection with this lone isle of the sea are, that it was at one time a resort of the buccaneers who used to prey upon the Spanish commerce; that the colony that Spain established upon it after formally taking possession of it, to prevent any other nation doing so, was entirely destroyed by an earthquake, and that when it fell into the possession of the Chilian Government, as a result of the War of Independence in 1810, it was made a convict establishment of (as many as five hundred Chilian prisoners being there at a time), and continued so until they mutinied in 1835, and the prisoners having thereafter been removed, it remained again uninhabited for many years. It is at present rented by a Chilian merchant for pastoral uses, for which some of its grassy plains and valleys are well adapted, although the great bulk of its superficial area, twelve miles by four, consists of bare rock, scrub and forest. The general physical aspect of the island is strikingly volcanic. This is notably observable in the valley in front of our anchorage in Cumberland Bay, which is enclosed on its land sides by broken mountain peaks of fantastic shapes, such as the one called the Anvil, from its resemblance to the smith's implement of that name, and by jagged and sharp-edged ridges that extend on both sides to the shore, where they break off abruptly—a conformation suggesting that it had been at one time a part of an immense crater that had burst away to seaward.

Our explorations on shore were very much interfered with by the state of the weather, there being frequent and sudden squalls of rain and wind from the south south-east, their violence at times making the yacht strain so badly that in addition to the forty-five fathoms of cable already out, forty more had to be paid to each anchor to mitigate the jerking. We managed, however, in the fine intervals, to see nearly all that was interesting in the neighbourhood, such as the old fort of St. Juan Bautista, where there is now a flag-staff flying the Chilian ensign; the Caves, about a dozen in number, though some of them have got closed up by land-slips, excavated out of a soft friable rock—a formation characteristic to the district—and facing the shore but a little back and up from it. In size, they are large enough to allow a loaded waggon to back into them, and are supposed to have been excavated by the convicts, and used as dormitories and store chambers, the present inhabitants making use of some of the dryest of them for the latter purpose. The interior of some of these caves presented a singularly beautiful appearance by their walls and roofs being completely covered by a tiny maiden hair fern of a delicate green hue. Then, the site of the old Spanish colonists' gardens, a good way up the valley, and indicated by the remains of the walls that separated them; and near to them we came upon an old graveyard, where some comparatively recent interments had taken place, and which were marked by clumps of the white arum lily, with a border of large stones, enclosing a memorial stone or wooden cross. On the horizontal slab of one of them, was the following inscription: "Here lies the body of S. B. Groom, aged twenty-seven years, blacksmith, of H.M.S. *Chanticleer*, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a rifle, December 2nd, 1869." The weather, much to our regret, prevented us from getting up to Selkirk's look-out, which is at an elevation of two thousand feet and commands extensive views north and south, and where the lonely "monarch of all he surveyed" must have spent many a weary hour scanning the horizon in the long deferred hope of sighting the ship *The Duke* privateer that at last took him off on February second, 1709.

Cumberland Bay had a somewhat Robinson Crusoe look about it when we were there, owing to the stranded wreck of a large coal ship, her cargo having caught fire by spontaneous combustion, as occasionally happens in the case of these ships, especially with certain kinds of coal, and the captain knowing that he must be near Juan Fernandez, by a great effort suc-

ceeded in keeping the fire in abeyance until he had gained this bay, and then beached her, saving all lives and what else he could. During our short stay, I had an opportunity of making myself medically useful to the inhabitants of this bay village, as a great many of them were suffering from influenza, and not having any doctor, they asked assistance from us. This was readily granted, and Mr. Wythes having accompanied me, offered to supply them with any medical comforts that their cases might require. They told us it had been brought to them by a Chilean ship of war *The Abtao* that had been there a fortnight before, and had it very badly on board, quite half being down with it. Their houses, however, were such poor miserable hovels, letting both wind and wet in as to be enough to give them influenza without requiring a ship of war to import it to them from the mainland. Their number all told, was about thirty, the greater part being children, and they appear to derive a scanty subsistence from the sale of such supplies as the island produces, to calling vessels. As they have no use for coin, they do business by bartering for such goods as they are most in want of. In our case they took soap, soda, bread and flour, in exchange for poultry, eggs and milk, but the ox carcase that we also had was paid for in gold, as it belonged to the owner of the stock on the island, and had to be accounted for to him. Fish of various kinds are very plentiful in Cumberland Bay, but the quantity of craw fish was quite phenomenal. They certainly must be crawling about the bottom in large numbers, for whenever the baited basket-net was pulled up, although it had only been down but a few minutes, there was always one or more, and sometimes four in it.

We left our moorings in Cumberland Bay on the morning of July twentieth, the port pilot and general factotum of the island dipping the Chilean flag to us as we moved away, and which we duly responded to; and after a pleasant voyage, with a smooth sea and clear sky all the three hundred and eighty knots of the way, we arrived in the open semi-circular bay of Valparaiso on the morning of the twenty-second, with a few tons of coal still left in the bunkers, which was a satisfaction, after all our uneasy apprehensions that what we had taken in at Auckland might not outlast the requirements of so long a voyage. After several hours delay and the annoyance of having to shift twice from the buoys that a sham pilot, who had sneaked himself on board, had tethered us to, the port captain at length turned up, and found us a good position at one of the man-of-war buoys. He had been unable to be with us

sooner, in consequence of having to attend in his official capacity, the funeral of Admiral Molini, of the Chilian Navy, and which was taking place at the time we entered, as was apparent by the minute guns, and the long procession of blue jackets that we saw moving along the streets. As in the case of all the other ships in the harbour, the yacht was secured fore and aft, and with her stem to seaward, to facilitate her escape to the open sea in the event of a "Norther" coming on—a wind to which the roadstead of Valparaiso is peculiarly exposed, and which sometimes proves very destructive to the shipping, as many as nine on one occasion, we were told, having been wrecked in half an hour after it began to blow.

We were very much disappointed with the appearance of Valparaiso, with its long line of barren, red sandstone hills, that form the coast fronting the bay. The chief part of the city, through which the main "calles" or streets run, is situated on a narrow strip of level land skirting the shore, but the greater portion of it is built along the faces of several projecting spurs of the hill range immediately behind it and the sides of the gullies running up between them. Many parts of the city are disfigured by the miserable looking hovels of the poorer classes, which are often stuck in conspicuous places, or in the near vicinity of some of the nicest looking private residences. I saw many of these dwellings that were ingenious master-pieces of patchwork made out of old boards and beams, discarded doors and sashes, and sheets of old tin and iron, tied together with old ropes or anything that would hold, and plastered over with the red mud of the roads. Some of them were stuck high up on the nearly perpendicular sides of the gullies and hill fronts, supported in position on long, slender poles, but how they managed to maintain their hold in a gale of wind, is a puzzle. The Bay, as seen from the hills is certainly a very fine sight and is said to rival in beauty that of Naples. The amount of shipping that it contained and the loading and unloading that was ceaselessly going on, greatly astonished us. Valparaiso is the port of the capital, Santiago, and is in frequent communication with all parts of the world, by several splendid lines of steamers. Looking from the same elevated position in a north-easterly direction, on a clear day, a fine view is obtained of the volcano mountain of Aconcagua, twenty-three thousand feet high, and the highest of the Andean range.

As we were anxious to hear and see all we could about the late civil war, the enquiries that we made on the subject of

some of the gentlemen that we met at the Union Club, of which we had been made members, led to an excursion being arranged for us to go to Placilla, where the decisive action was fought that decided the fate of Balmaceda. It is situated about seven miles to the east of the city, and can be reached either by carriage or saddle, the latter being the best for seeing the country, and is moreover very enjoyable, if you can ride, as the Chilian horses are so sure of foot, and have such a free springy action. Among the party that accompanied us was Bishop Stirling of the Falkland Islands, and the Rev. Mr. Weatherall, the incumbent of the English Church at Valparaiso, both of whom delighted us very much with their conversation, the former from his large knowledge of the whole of South America, but especially of Patagonia where he at one time established a mission and lived among the natives for some years, and the latter, from his having a thorough knowledge of both the political and military aspects of the late war, and being able to describe to us the positions of the opposing armies and many interesting incidents of the fight. While viewing the positions with him we picked up various mementos of the action, among others, some unexploded cartridges of the "Mannlicher" repeating rifles, that the opposition forces had been armed with by General Störner, the German military instructor to the Government, but who had joined the opposition on the outbreak of the war and acted as tactician throughout the campaign.

The materials for a substantial lunch having been sent on before hand, we adjourned to partake of it to the farm house that had formed the Government head quarters and the hospital. As the day was rather raw and cold, although it may be unromantic to confess to it on the scene of so recent a battlefield—we greatly appreciated a hot dish of the Chilian soup, called Cazuela, that was supplied to begin upon. The native wine called Chica, was also on the table, that we might taste it as a curiosity, but our generous entertainer had provided a copious supply of a prime brand of fizz, to wash down the delicacies of the repast. Along the roads in the neighbourhood of the house, our host, Mr. Morrison, told us that large numbers of the Government troops got killed—chiefly owing to the circumstance that the Government cavalry having gone to attack Stone, General of the opposition cavalry, instead of doing so, joined with him, and then returning, the change not being suspected, the Government infantry and artillery got knocked over like nine pins. Mr. Morrison and his two sisters

having gone with the ambulance corps to the relief of the wounded, immediately after the news of the victory had reached Valparaiso, was able to speak to this large fatality from what he had seen himself, and further mentioned that the bodies were got rid of by an impromptu kind of cremation, effected by piling them together—saturating the clothes with kerosene and setting fire to them, when incineration was rapidly effected.

On enquiry at our entertainer and fellow guests what would have been the result to them and other sympathizers with the opposition, had the Government scored, they said that no European's life in Valparaiso would have been worth an hour's purchase, and that as they all knew this, they had been making clandestine preparations to defend the European quarter (as that part of the city is called where foreigners chiefly reside), and that they had their valuables all packed up in readiness to escape on board ship should the crisis arise and the chance offer itself. All this, and much more to the same effect was eye-opening news to us, who had become very much biassed in favour of Balmaceda and his cause, from reading Hervey's—the "Times" correspondent—book, "Dark Days in Chili." But the more we enquired the more convinced we became, that Hervey's representations, as to the political difficulties that led to the strife, and the character and conduct of Balmaceda, were entirely erroneous, but whether wilful and mercenary, as we invariably heard asserted, or only an error of judgment on his part, I cannot pretend to judge; and that Balmaceda, so far from being the amicable, kind-hearted, and misunderstood enthusiast in the cause of good government within the limits of the constitution, was an unscrupulous and ruthless tyrant, whose deliberate intentions were to suppress popular rights and liberty, and close the country against European enterprise, and who did not shrink from straining both the laws and the constitution, and making a free use of bribery and chicanery, and arbitrary injustice and even atrocious cruelty to attain his ends.

To show what he was capable of, the following two instances were quoted to us. One was, that after his death a list was found among his papers of all the leading people on the opposition side, who were to be executed and their estates confiscated; and the other, that of the murder of the hundred and twenty children at Santiago, many of them sons of the best families. These misguided schoolboys, all between fourteen and seventeen years of age, in a freak of playing at soldiers,

and to air their anti-Balmacedist sympathies, had armed themselves and marched out of the city and encamped. They were all speedily arrested, and when Balmaceda was informed of what had occurred, and asked for orders as to what was to be done with them, he sent instructions that they were to be all executed, but first forced by cruelties, to disclose implicating information about their fathers and relatives, and sad to say his instructions were only too faithfully carried out, with details too horrible for repetition. The Rev. W. Weatheral, we understood, is at present engaged in writing a refutation of Hervey's book, wherein these and other kindred matters will be referred to, and which will show up Balmaceda in his true colours.

A few days visit to Santiago having been decided upon, Mr. Wythes and three others left by train on the morning of the thirty-first, but as I did not go with them, I am indebted to Mr. Wythes for the following account of it. "Santiago is reached by rail one hundred and thirty miles from Valparaiso. The track is an ordinary gauge and well laid, engines English or Scotch, carriages Chilian or American Pullman. You start seven forty-five, first going through the Customs, where the man in possession has the usual difficulty about understanding what a piece of soap is, which he regards as either dynamite or tobacco; then you pass through Vina de Mara, a pretty suburb where the business people of Valparaiso live. Near here is a fort, which was shelled during the war—the only piece of fighting proper in Valparaiso itself, though there was plenty of rioting. The Consulates of England, America and Germany were guarded by their man o'warships, but the rest of the town, especially the pawnbrokers' shops, were plundered by the mob. Then through a very fertile country about Timache, which produces a nice white wine called Umbello, like Sauterne, and other red wines, besides lager beer.

You breakfast at Hai-Hai. They have little or no breakfast on rising, but a heavy meal with wine at eleven or so. This will effectually give you a head, or make you sleepy for the rest of the day. You climb gradually up one of the offskirts of the Andes, and then descend to Santiago, a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants. A long drive through the Alameda, which is a long broad street with an avenue in the middle planted with trees, bandstands and statues—two noticeable ones being, one to the City of Buenos Ayres on the completion of the trans-Andean telegraph, the other to a mysterious character, General O'Higgin, who must have been from his name a

pure-bred Chileno, and from his exploits a genuine home-ruler. At the end of this Delicias, as it is called, is the fine back ground of the snow-capped Andes. One safe thing about this country is, that any mountain you see is part of the Andes. We suffered from the Hotel Oddo, kept by a Frenchman. I say suffered because it lies under these snow mountains, and there is only one fire place in it, in the dining room, the heat of which is carefully led up the chimney, and only serves to increase the icy gale, which speeds through the room. Your bedrooms open on to corridors "sub Jove frigidissimo," the walls are very thin, the doors loose, and if a white man does not catch cold he ought to be painted black. There is a comfortable club, the "Union," having a good many European members, Chilian in its ways however, hospitable to strangers after the manner of the upper classes of the country.

The sights are, the Cathedral, a nice warm toned old building outside, inside very painted! gilded! rouged! The finest sight in the city I think is to climb up St. Lucia, a peculiar natural rock-fort on the N.E. side of the city, with a chapel, a time gun, flowers, and a statue of Don Pedro Valdivia, who with one hundred and fifty men occupied the rock in 1541 and founded the City of Santiago at its feet, but the inscription does not say with whom he disputed possession. The panorama seen from the top of this rock is perfect. The whole city lies beneath you on all sides, unmarred by fog or trace of smoke. The little courtyards, two or more, belonging to a house, give glimpses of palms, or tell-tale orange trees, and the pure air and colours, softened by the height at which you stand, give an edge to the moving living picture below. The Park, a track laid out with trees and scarified with roads, haunted in the proper season by the rank and beauty of Santiago, now represented by ourselves, the driver driving us round and round in a well-horsed, well-got-up carriage, top hat and etcetras, until we urged him on our knees to take us away. Apropos of the Park, two English people were riding there a short time ago, when they were surprised by a volley and a humming of bullets. They dismounted and each propped up a tree from the opposite side of the unwelcome interruption, and afterwards learnt that a picket of soldiers had been sent to arrest others who were said to be rioting; and to them, the most expeditious way of doing this seemed to be to march into the park just outside their barrack gate, and without consulting the convenience of the innocent spectators, empty their repeating rifles. The Chilian has happily no regard for his own

life, but unhappily also no regard for the lives of others. There are some good shops, especially in an arcade, a market, and tram line crowded with trams. The Moneda, which is the fountain of Government, contains the various departments of the State, and is also the President's dwelling, a very old Spanish building, but they have successfully sham marbled and white washed every trace out of it.

We went to the Opera, a nice house inside, and the meeting place of society on one night of the week, namely, Sunday. An Italian Company gave us two scenes of "Ruy Blas" and a new piece called "Cavalliera Rusticana," rather of the squeally order, also to a Theatre Comic, where a Spanish company gave "El Misino Demonis" (*i.e.* the same devil) which turned on people being concealed in cupboards, under tables, &c. This was followed by "Carmella," a skit on "Carmen." They were both great fun in spite of not understanding a word. Of course the actors were not dressed much, but they were acting, not grinning at the audience, or looking like tailors' dummies, as I have seen them in the theatres further north. The streets are of course interesting and amusing. There are very few beggars, and these cripples, for the Chileno get excellent wages, every man has a horse, the best, cost thirty-eight dollars or three pounds. He saves nothing, his bourne in life is to get drunk on chico (grape cider) or aguardiente (live-fire, kills at a mile). The people of the upper classes are very civil to strangers. They care only for trading or politics. They have some fine and large houses in Santiago, one in particular, being electric-lighted, built in the Italian style, but when they go to their country hovels, live like pigs. The climate encourages this. It is just warm enough not to insist on having fire places. They will not improve their estates by planting any trees except poplars, which grow quickly and sell well, and a person who ought to know tells me that any English farmer has better taste in household decoration than the whole crowd put together.

Of the country itself, it is better to speak mercifully at the present time. The fact is, inland, it is unsafe, forty thousand troops were disbanded after the late revolution, and as the army now is only six thousand, very few could have been re-enlisted, and these cut-throats, armed with their repeating rifles, revolvers, and as much ammunition as they could carry off the battle field, can go and do go, and "stick up" any house they like. A Chileno will shoot any man who has a better sombrero (broad-brimmed hat worth a dollar at most)

than himself, in order to possess that hat. A state of affairs like this is fostered by taking the police out of the Government's hands and making them municipal. The towns may be able to pay the police but the country cannot, so the country goes without. Everybody tells you that the country is a silver mine, fore and aft. It will grow good grapes, corn, and everything that has been tried has done well. It could be made a grand shooting country, and is a good grazing one; in fact if it had not been for their victory over Peru and the sudden accession of wealth which came from it, bringing about the unsettling of the country with its results last year, Chili would now be doing well. The hopefuls say all is going to be well now, but others say everyone is armed and a revolution could be formed in five minutes. The constitution which brought about the last revolution is unaltered. The banks, in fact all trade depends on paper forced on the country. The answer to this is that the figurehead, Admiral President Monte is a steady man and used to discipline, and that behind him are others who really work for the good of the country. The result is that the English pound is worth a lot, and the rest, time will show. I asked our minister if he thought it a good place for a young man to start in, and he said "if he understood farming, had five hundred pounds, and meant to work himself, he thought so; but he must not follow the careless example of other Europeans he would find in the country."

The sprung jibboom and foretopmast having been replaced, and the other damages incurred in our voyage across the Pacific made good, and coal, water, and stores got aboard, the *St. George* left Valparaiso Bay on the morning of August 8th, bound for Monte Video, by the Gulf of Peñas, Smythe's Channel, and the Straits of Magellan, and was to put in for a day at Coronel, to replace the coal she had expended on the way. We had a very good passage until noon of the following day, when, according to the entry in the log book, "the weather became very bad, a heavy gale blowing from the northward, high sea and heavy rain, and thick atmosphere." We arrived safely, however, in Coronel Bay, and by two p.m. had dropped anchor in ten fathoms, although the weather continued in a very wild state until midnight. One of the *Cosmos* steamers passed us when opposite Concepcion Bay, on her way north to Valparaiso, but finding it impossible to make much progress against such a strong head wind and sea, in addition to the damage she might get by persevering in the attempt, returned to Coronel in the course of the after-

noon, where she found a telegram waiting that had arrived immediately after she had left, advising her not to start, as a severe "nother" had come on. It was therefore lucky for us that we got away from Valparaiso Bay when we did, although we had not heard up to the time we left Coronel, whether much damage had been done.

We got under weigh again on the morning of August 11th, and continued our course southward for the Gulf of Penas, but owing to the wind and current, being now from the opposite direction, the yacht rolled heavily at intervals. To make matters still more uncomfortable, when at four p.m. we had got into the Gulf of Penas, the weather became so thick that Cape Tres Montes was barely visible, and the captain found it impossible to proceed further towards his intended anchorage at Port Otway. Accordingly the yacht's head had to be put about, and the open sea again made for, and a nice lively time we had of it until noon of the following day, when Tres Montes was again abeam and about five miles off. After entering the gulf, the weather completely changed, to still, bright, and clear, and the sea gradually settled down as we approached Port Otway, which we entered at two-fifty in water as smooth as a duck pond. As soon as the anchor was down the private dingey was lowered, and a couple of hours rowing and rambling along the shore thoroughly enjoyed; and in the evening, after dinner, Mr. Walker entertained the crew in the saloon with a lantern exhibition of the scenery we had visited in the course of the cruise, slides of which he had been collecting as he went along.

Soon after six o'clock of the following morning (August 16th) we steamed out of Port Otway, and after a run of eighty miles across the gulf in a south-easterly direction in the most brilliant weather, and with a magnificent view of the snow-capped range of the Andes all the way on our left, we arrived at Hale Cove in Messier channel at three-twenty, leaving time for a couple of hours shooting, Mr. Wythes securing a specimen of the large and handsome kingfisher, peculiar to the straits.

Our next anchorage was in Gray Harbour, sixty-six miles further down the channel, and here, as at all the other places we stopped at, sign boards innumerable were to be seen—generally nailed high up on tree stems—on which were recorded the names of the ships that had visited them, along with their captains' names, and the dates. Our crew, of course, soon became infected with the craze, and left similar mementos

of the *St. George* at all the places we stopped at, although it is nothing uncommon to visit such places now-a-days, as steamers are constantly going through, three having passed us in the channel and two more in the Straits, and the Cosmos Company's captains are now so well accustomed to the route that if the weather is only clear enough for them to see they steam night and day all the way through.

Next morning we passed through the English Narrows, selecting the time of slack tide, as the navigation at other times is somewhat dangerous from the strength of the current, and the double turn that has to be made in a short and narrow passage. The scenery about here was strikingly rich in picturesque beauty. Indeed the same remark applies to a great deal of what we saw all the way from entering Messier Channel, until we passed out into the Atlantic at Cape Virgins at the eastern extremity of the Magellan Straits, and as the weather we got was almost uniformly bright and fine—a contrast to the usual experience of mist and rain squalls,—the snow-covered mountains of the Andean range running parallel all the way with our course, were silhouetted to their highest peaks against clear blue skies, and presented a constant enchantment of the sublimest grandeur. At noon we passed Grappler Reach, where the snow lay heavily on all the adjacent hills, and as large quantities of ice were floating about, having come down from the glacier at the head of Eyre Sound, the yacht was stopped and enough taken aboard to fill her ice chamber. We had a fine view of this magnificent glacier as we passed. Its immense transparent light blue mass, occupies the converging and far-hailing gorges of the very lofty mountains of this neighbourhood, whose sides were clothed with the accumulated snows of untold ages that gleamed with dazzling whiteness in the sunshine.

Ringdove Inlet was our next resting place, and where we were detained all the following day by a dense fog that completely blotted everything out of sight. It cleared off, however, in the afternoon and some very good shooting was obtained, including oyster-catchers and steamer ducks, and a fine specimen of the perigrine falcon fell to Mr. Wythes' gun. Churua Bay, Landship Bay and Mayne Harbour, were in daily succession our next halting places. When approaching the latter place we were visited by some of the Channel natives, about whom Mr. Wythes has made the following remarks in his journal, and has kindly allowed me to transcribe into this letter.

"We fell in with the bottom stratum of humanity this morning. Smoke was seen on Cardell Point at eleven-thirty, and when we blew the syren, two canoes rowed off, containing fourteen Channel Fuegeans. The oldest woman continually bales with a bark scoop, while three men row with rough oars—a bit of board lashed to the end of a pole, not paddles—and the rest of the boat is taken up with dogs and a fire. They have no matches, so they keep their fire burning by taking it about with them not only for the sake of preserving the fire, but its warmth, as they have no clothes. Their boat is built of a few planks, a long one being keel, stem and stern-post in one. The other four planks form the sides of the canoe and are caulked with moss. They had no weapons with them, but exchanged their already scanty clothing of fur for tobacco (tabak), and biscuits (galitas), and some old clothes. These last will probably follow the fate of a pair of trousers one of the men was wearing round his neck as a sort of comforter, the legs having been cut off. Four of the men came aboard, reminding one by their actions and gibbering of the late lamented "Jacko" (the ship's monkey). They all shivered with cold, and two of them who penetrated the galley, reached out their skinny, coloured arms to catch the welcome heat, but presented a great contrast to the second cook who is a very fine Englishman. Their height was, I judged, about five feet four inches, hair unkempt, and in a condition to fill their spare time with "head-hunting," noses flat, and with little hair on the face. One slovenly spat on the cook's clean floor, and was summarily ejected by him. As they got for their skins, necklaces and a fresh killed otter, about four pounds of biscuits, some tobacco and pipes, besides a hauling line some "sodger" let go, they must have been pleased with their visit. We ultimately "cleared" our visitors by steaming full ahead. Since then we have met with more civilized Fuegeans, who had not for us the charm of their uncivilized brethren, as what they gained in clothing they lose in cleanliness and interest."

Our course was now shaped down through Sarmiento Channel, and we reached Isthmus Bay at three p.m. on Wednesday, the 24th August. At different places on the way we came upon some shag rookeries, and shags innumerable, penguins clustered thickly wherever there was a low isolated rock well out in the water, the handsome kelp goose, the male bird being pure white, the female black, doubtless a provision of nature to protect her during the hatching process, numerous seals and sea otters, besides large quantities of the various birds

I have already mentioned. At several of the places we stopped at we came upon the frames of native huts, which consist of slender branches of trees, stuck by their thick ends into the ground in a circular arrangement, and fastened together at the top so as to assume a hay-cock shape. Over this frame work are thrown skins laced together, when the dwelling is completed. As they live a nomadic life they take the skins with them, but leave these skeleton huts standing, so as to be ready for use at their next visit. By the side of all these skeleton huts we invariably saw heaps of mussel and other shells, shell fish—especially the mussel, which line the shores nearly everywhere, and are of large size—being their chief article of food. We also came upon several "portages," that is, a kind of slip, formed by pieces of wood laid parallel to one another like sleepers on a railway, and by means of this primitive specimen of engineering, these most primitive of all the varieties of the human family are able to slide or drag their boats over from one bay to another, where they may happen to be closely adjacent by land, but would be a long way round by water. On August 26th we entered the straits of Magellan—Desolation Island being right in front, and Cape Pillar at its western entrance from the Pacific away on our right—and steaming across it, entered Port Churruca, and anchored in a very narrow landlocked cove at the head of it. The cold of this weird looking place was very keen, but it did not deter the shooting men from landing, although they got nothing for their pains. It is as well they did not meet with any of the natives, as we were subsequently told that they were here a very savage class and would always attack strangers whenever they saw a chance of overpowering them.

Our next destination was Port Gallant on the south coast of Brunswick Peninsula, and as it was a run of ninety miles, we were off as soon as it was daylight. The scenery all along this part of the Straits was chiefly characterised by wild grandeur, but many pretty and picturesque views were constantly turning up as we steamed along. Port Gallant was just as full of wild fowl as Cherruca was destitute of it, and a large bag was made of the brown and the crested duck, snipe and sandpiper, and other members of the feathered species. As next day was Sunday—Mr. Wythes never depriving the sailor of his day of rest when the yacht is in port—we remained in this charming place until the Monday morning, and all the hands that could be spared were allowed to land, and they spent a very enjoyable afternoon, rambling in the woods along the shore and the

island adjoining it, every one bringing back with him some memento of the place according to fancy, such as queer shaped sticks, curious stones, shells, &c.

Our next run was to Sandy Point (Puncta Arenas), passing Cape Froward on the way, the former being the most southern town in the world, and the latter the most southern point of all the Continents. Having taken in coal enough for our voyage to Monte Video, we left next morning, and were soon again in the Atlantic Ocean, and with the exception of a rather stiff blow, throughout the first day, we reached our destination without any noteworthy incident.

LETTER 15.

MONTE VIDEO, BUENOS AYRES, AND HOME.

Our anchorage at Monte Video was over three miles from the shore, as there is no harbour in the proper sense of the term, but only an open roadstead; and this being fully exposed to the prevailing local winds from the south-east and south-west, made it desirable to give the shore and the shipping so wide a berth. The wind from the latter quarter, called *pampero*, from its coming overland across the pampas, sometimes blows with terrific violence, and the wild turbulence that it quickly stirs up in the sea, owing to its shallow depth over all that part of the estuary of the Rio de la Plata, is often the cause of much damage to shore works and shipping—some vessels occasionally foundering at their anchors.

This shallowness of the water, not only over a large extent of the estuary, but also for a long way round the contiguous coasts, is occasioned, and is being gradually increased and extended by the immense amount of alluvial deposit brought down by the great rivers, Rio Uruguay and Rio Parana, that

combine to form the Plate river a short distance above Buenos Ayres, and drain the vast area of the country to the north and west of it. And just as these low level regions of the pampas have been formed in the remotely prehistoric past, by a combination of this silting up process, and the gradual elevation of the sea bottom, of which evidence is not wanting both as to the past and the present, so in a similar way all this extensive area of shallow mud banks—at present a fruitful source of maritime disaster, as may be seen by the wrecks of ships that have gone aground upon them in fogs and foul weather, or from the banks themselves having shifted their position—will, in course of time, be also converted into similar pampas country.

A very good harbour could easily be made at Monte Video, and at a comparatively small outlay, by running out a breakwater. The opposition, however, by the steam launch owners, lightermen, and others who consider their interests concerned in maintaining things as they are, have always prevented anything being done in the matter, just as was the case for a long time with the Boca of Buenos Ayres, and the proposed breakwater at Maldonado. Monte Video is certainly as much in need of a well sheltered harbour as Colombo in Ceylon was before the present splendid breakwater was constructed; and would commercially be as much benefited by it, for the delay and damage at present incurred in transshipping during the frequently disturbed state of the weather, are often very considerable, and of which we had some experience ourselves during the first three days of our stay there, delaying coaling, &c., and making it difficult and even hazardous to get off and on the yacht.

The city is somewhat picturesquely situated on a whale-back-shaped peninsula on the north side of the river, and as the distance to the opposite side is about a hundred miles, it looks more like facing the open sea than a river. Its drainage ought to be perfection, as it has a natural fall to the sea on both sides—the streets being arranged rectangularly to the ridge of the peninsula, and to do it justice, so far as we saw and smelt, its sanitary condition appeared to be blameless. We were all rather charmed with Monte Video, because of its clean, trim, and tasteful look, even the commonest houses and shops having some attempt at artistic embellishment. Its public buildings—chiefly in the plazas or squares—have a handsome and substantial appearance, and many of the residences of the better classes in the suburbs, built in the Italian

style, are not devoid of architectural elegance, and are surrounded with prettily laid out gardens and shrubberies.

Among the sights of Monte Video, we were particularly struck with the cemetery, which was certainly the most ornate thing of the kind we had anywhere seen. It was adorned with many artistically executed sculptures and memorial emblems, and which seemed to be taken as much care of as the contents of an art gallery. On expressing our surprise to the native gentleman who accompanied us, he remarked that it was characteristic of the Monte Videans, that however badly they may have got on with their relatives and public men during their lives, they made up for it after their deaths by giving them splendid funerals and expensive tombstones. In illustration of his remark, he drew our attention to a memorial structure of massive proportions and costly workmanship, adorned with skilfully executed medallion portraits of the leaders of an abortive attempt at a revolution, who, having surrendered on the promise and condition of a pardon, were nevertheless executed, and then, to make amends for the treachery, were honoured with this imposing tribute to their private worth and public virtues.

The last place we visited was not the least in interest, though of a peculiar kind, namely, the new swimming bath, and the large hotel in connection with it, the former, perhaps, the most pretentious thing of the kind in existence, and the latter an imposing five storey block, facing seaward, and forming a conspicuous object in the view of the city as seen from the roadstead. They were both in liquidation and shut up, and the interest to us lay in the illustration they afforded of the worthless and wasteful uses, to which much of the lost Baring capital was applied.

Our time would not admit of more than a short trip into the interior, to a place called Santa Lucia, about forty miles by rail from Monte Video, but it lay through a district sufficiently characteristic as to give us a good notion of the general aspect of the country. Uruguay, or Banda Oriental—of which Monte Video is the capital—consists of low undulating plains, in contrast to the adjoining country of Argentina, which is all on a dead level. It has hardly any indigenous trees, although many imported kinds grow with great vigour and luxuriance, but its soil and climate are admirably adapted for agricultural and pastoral purposes. With respect to the latter, it is stated that Uruguay possesses live stock to the extent of ten million cattle, twenty million sheep, and two

million horses. Although the smallest of the South American Republics, it is nevertheless the richest, and would be very much more so, but for the constant recurrence of political revolutions. With every change of Government the country gets more and more burdened with debt and taxes, each dominant party considering it the legitimate privilege of office to help themselves while they have the chance, knowing they will speedily be superseded by a fresh set of political adventurers, who will follow the beaten track, and ask no questions as to the peculations of their predecessors in office. Uruguay's two powerful neighbours, Brazil and Argentina, would each like to annex her, but between the two she is quite safe, as neither will let the other take what it cannot get itself.

From the train, as we proceeded towards Santa Lucia, prodigious quantities of cattle were to be seen grazing over the plains as far as the eye could reach, enabling us to realize where the various meat preserving establishments obtained their supplies from, for their enormous annual consumption, and of which the Leibig's Company at Fray Bentos alone uses annually over two hundred thousand head. Not a tree or shrub was to be seen anywhere throughout these vast grassy plains, except where they had been planted round the Estancias, which as a rule are low roofed dwellings, and situated from one to two miles apart. Indeed, beside the herbage, the only other form of vegetation to be seen was the "giant prickly thistle," and even that became scantier as we proceeded and altogether disappears further inland. In the dearth of timber and shrubs for fencing, it was a curious sight to see the hedge rows, when any were used, formed of plants of aloe and cactus. Besides cattle, great numbers of horses, mules, and sheep were also to be seen; and moving about among them were numbers of cape ostriches, and which we were told were allowed to run wild and unheeded, as the cost of farming them was found to exceed the profit from the feathers.

A notable feature of the country was the equestrian habits of the inhabitants—everybody riding, the peasant as well as the rancho owner. The keep of a horse costs nothing, and a very good one can be had for a few dollars, and hence Uruguay can boast of having what is not possessed by any European country—namely an equestrian peasantry. We can scarcely venture to say that we saw any gauchos; for in the first place they are hardly distinguishable from the mounted peasantry; and secondly, we were told that in recent years they had been almost entirely suppressed, and which is neither to be

wondered at nor regretted, because whatever admiration they were entitled to for their consummate horsemanship, their hardihood and pluck, they were, as a class, only nomadic highwaymen and adventurers, who lived honestly, when that could be done easily, but never scrupled to rob and murder when the exigencies of the situation pressed their honesty too closely.

On arriving at Santa Lucia, we adjourned to the station hotel, where an excellent *dejeuner* (the customary first meal of the country), consisting of native dishes, was partaken of. While waiting for the return train, we enjoyed a saunter under the long avenue of eucalyptus trees in front of the hotel, whose tall stems were crowned with leafy branches that interlaced tree with tree, and afforded a delightfully cool and refreshing shade from the glare and heat of the solar rays. Treeless region though Uruguay is, these eucalyptus trees, in elegance of form and profusion of foliage, excelled any we had seen in Australia, where they are indigenous.

On September 12th, having decided to visit Buenos Ayres, we took berths in the Platense Company's paddle steamer *Eolo*, which starts at six p.m., and therefore makes the passage up the river during the night. The Company's boats represent English capital; are splendidly fitted up, and can go fifteen knots, drawing seven feet. The captain, who is English, as are also the engineers, has a very easy time of it, as he has only to unmoor the ship and ring the engines ahead, when his work is finished, the pilots doing all the rest, while a host of other officials look after the cargo, &c. Some of the following remarks may be thought to reflect too severely upon the Argentines and their ways. It may therefore be as well to state that they are not derived from our short stay—short stays always bringing the faults of a people more before one's notice than a longer one—but from what we heard from those who lived there.

The entrance to the Buenos Ayres docks, in which we moored, is still unfinished, after the manner of the Argentines. Its wharves are built on land reclaimed from the river, but there are interspaces of marshland left unfilled in, that look admirably adapted for mosquito and fever hatcheries. We got through the Customs about seven in the morning, and being met by two residents, drove first along the wharf fronts, by a good road, and then turned up for the town by another just as execrably bad, the cobbles offering eight-inch obstacles to the horses, and which they could not face in spite of much whip-

ping. This, however, might have been as much due to the wretched way the poor brutes are treated as to the barbarities of the road, as they feed them but once a day, beginning work at day-break, and giving them nothing until they have finished in the evening. In the end, our conveyance was towed up by a boy, mounted, who waits about for such contingencies. On our right we passed the Old Custom House, built by the Spaniards, and which is in the form of a circular fort. During the English occupation it was held by our troops under Beresford, but they were driven out of it, and eventually compelled to capitulate in the Calle (street) Ruonquista, owing to the combined exertions of the Argentines at either end of the street, and their women pouring molten lead and boiling water from the roofs. The captured flag (seventy-first Highlanders) is in one of the churches, and the possession of it is very soothing to the Argentines, who hate the English because they have so successfully swindled them.

We went to the Strangers' Club, formerly English, but now fast becoming German, as the trade also tends to do. As no breakfast could be had there until twelve, we breakfasted at the French Café (more French is spoken than Spanish), and then started on a tour of exploration to find where the English loans have gone to. The streets have fine shops, but are narrow and dirty, and are traversed by numerous trams for which Barings had the first concession, and placed their line in the middle of the street. The Argentine Government, however, to squeeze the P.B.P. (poor British public) gave another concession to others, who cut out the former trams by running at the sides of the streets (also made by British money), and the Government now insists on this second English company (the first having gone bankrupt), charging only eight cents for five miles—the double injustice being that there is no change to represent that amount except stamps—(all the copper currency being exported by Italians as soon as issued—*sub lege sed contra legem*—for the value of the copper)—and that this fare won't pay a dividend to the English shareholders, whereas a ten cents would. This treatment is analogous to a tram company in England being compelled by law to charge only a three-farthings fare, which would be inconvenient as to change, and would not pay, instead of a penny, which would be satisfactory in both respects.

We are now on our way to the suburb Belgrano, the driver keeping as much as possible on the tram lines as the roads are so bad, because of the road staff not getting paid. We

pass splendid looking, expensive houses, which stand there solely through the handling and misappropriation of the P.B.P.'s loans. You notice the streets are lit with gas, while the electric poles gape empty of fittings. A peep behind the scenes shows that the Electric Light Company (American) stopped lighting when they found no pay coming to them. Thereupon the governors of this land of freedom tried to force them to do so, but the United States sent down men of war, and the American Company retired with the honours of war. The Gas Company, however, belongs to the P.B.P., but their supine Government refuses to protect its subjects, who trade in this den of thieves, and they have to go on supplying the gas and receive nothing for it. At the entrance of the Prada (park), down which we next drove, is the house of the notorious Rosas, where many of his barbarities were committed. This prada has many very pleasant avenues, one very pretty one of weeping willows, others of palms and subtropical trees, and all of them affording a grateful shade when the thermometer stands at a hundred and three degrees, as it often does in the summer.

We returned by another road, where, judging by the surrounding squalor, the P.B.P.'s money had not yet percolated, and made our way to that Temple of folly, the Buenos Ayres Waterworks. If the crash had not come when it did, the P.B.P. would have had this also on their hands. It is a five-storey building, which would make a town hall or public buildings for some rich municipality not endowed with economy, or a distaste for glaring colours. The inside shows some good engineering, countless columns of iron with ingenious derricks for counteracting seismic shocks or lateral expansions of the girders, support huge iron tanks to contain the water stored there at this enormous expense, for the purpose of supplying houses, the inhabitants of which do not wash or if they inclined to try an experiment so hazardous to their health, would satisfy their desire from the wells in the court yard. From the top of this whitest of elephants, we might have obtained a fine view, but the custodian said that some journalists having been up and abused the progress of the works in print, we were not allowed to go up. He was, however, quite open to corruption—more *Argentinorum*—but was afraid of one of his subordinates reporting him. We lunched at the club, and then drove to see the docks, which are really a surprise by the immense amount of shipping they contain. On the Boca is a large warehouse, called a fruit market, well

arranged and efficiently managed by an English company, where the produce of the country can be stored and run along the wharves to the ship's side for transmission. After dining at the club, we went to the opera, but our Italian being out of repair, soon adjourned.

Next day, Wednesday, 14th, we started for Ensenada and La Plata, passing through undeniably good grazing land, and seeing some ostriches, which in the rich days, were brought from the Cape of Good Hope to start ostrich farming. The docks of Ensenada are really splendid, and are capacious and of substantial construction, and to get a good view of them we first walked down along the quay side and then rowed up through them. They were constructed in 1883 with English capital, though much of it seems to have been expended in forming useless canals, having in some cases neither entrance nor exit. These docks suffer from native management and the competition of the new Buenos Ayres docks, where costly rail'way freights have not to be paid.

We went next to La Plata by another line, and which is typical of the country, being built with English money and handicapped by the enormous number of free passes that are given, we being about the only people in the train who had paid for their tickets. This town, which was built on a very ambitious scale, with grand public buildings, theatre, museum, railway station, &c., and intended to become the capital of Argentina, is now nicknamed "Ciudad de Los Muertos," because grass grows in its streets. The houses are untenanted, the market empty, and the schools have never been used, its history being, that a former president wishing to have some English money pass through his hands, designed the town, with the docks at Ensenada, to be the port of Argentina. Commerce, however, cannot be created by wishing. The president fell, and the party now in power are interested in Buenos Ayres, being the port of Argentina, hence the change that has given rise to such an epithet. The future of Ensenada docks depends on the hope of getting English management, and the country to the south being opened up and requiring a corn port. The docks at Buenos Ayres will always take the other trade of the country, subject, of course, to the pocket filling tendencies and eccentricities of its owners.

Argentina is a garden, which, with well directed labour, will produce food sufficient for itself and half Europe as well. In fact only a naturally rich country could stand the abuse it indures. It has an excellent code of laws, but which are only

observed in the breach. Thus, our friends told us of a case, and of which they had a personal knowledge, where a client was advised by his lawyer, that it was useless to go to law, as the other side had "squared the judge." And as for murder it is a most trivial offence, a month's exile of the murderer, at Monte Video quite appeasing the majesty of the law. A case in point occurred only a few weeks ago. An Italian opera singer, being incensed at an editor's criticism, requested an apology in his paper, which by an oversight was omitted, whereupon the Italian challenged the editor, who declined, as the former was a skilled duellist. The Italian then having threatened to insult the editor the first time he met him in public, the editor went to the police and informed them in the most naive manner, that if the Italian did so he would shoot him, the result being that the police, having delayed taking any precautionary steps in the matter until "manana," (literally, "to-morrow" but which in Argentine parlance, has no chronological definition, and may mean any time between now and doomsday) the editor was met in the theatre by the Italian, who slapped his face and is shot dead. Although the rest of the performance was suspended, the paper appeared next day, as usual, and nothing has been done to the Editor. The strong tide of European immigration will of course remedy much of the utter and surprising barbarism that at present exists, but no cure can be effected until the Government shows a vigorous determination to keep the law itself and make others do so too.

We made our return passage aboard the *Platensé* steamer for the day, namely the *Saturno*—not quite so sumptuously fitted up, or so good in its cuisine as the *Eolo*—clearing the docks at six-fifty. As in the up trip, the run down the river was made in the dark, a distance of a hundred and twenty miles, but even if it had been made by day light nothing could have been seen of either bank, as the Río de la Plata is fifty miles wide at the narrowest part, and all the contiguous country of Argentine bounding it on the south, and that of Uruguay on the north, is low lying. A farewell look at Monte Video (population one hundred and twenty-five thousand), after seeing Buenos Ayres (population three hundred thousand) strengthened the favourable impressions we had already formed of it, and made us admire more than ever its bright looking streets and plazas, and fashionable promenades, such as the calle (street) called 25th of May street (many of the streets being named with the dates of important national events),

where its reputedly handsome and well-dressed ladies take their passeos (strolls), or sit at their windows or balconies in the cool of the evening. The Monte Video Sunday bull fights have now been given up, not on account of their barbarities, but because they were generally followed by disturbance and free fights. The pernicious lottery system, however, goes on as flourishingly as ever, the tickets being hawked everywhere, in the streets, in the trams, in the trains, and you are fairly pestered and irritated by the ubiquitous importunity of the vendors of them. The Caridad Hospital is said to be entirely supported by its proceeds, but the moral injury that it does to the poor, who put every dollar they can get hold of into it, is commensurately great, as it tends to make them thriftless and idle, by trusting to luck rather than to honest labour for a livelihood.

The *St. George* weighed anchor from Monte Video on 17th September, and we were not sorry to leave so exposed an anchorage, but we were sorry to lose a bright companion, in Mr. Blencowe, who had been telegraphed home and left the day before in *The Tagus*, thus reducing the number at the saloon table to five. We were soon clear of the roadstead—into which as many as four hundred large steamers enter every year, half being British—and began gradually to lose sight of the low lying coast of Uruguay, with its bare, treeless landscapes, unrelieved by hill or bluff, valley or gully. The coast lighthouse and Lobos Island also in time disappeared, the former of which ought to have been on the latter, but as it would disturb the seals that frequent it, ships are wrecked and lives lost, rather than the owners of the seal rookeries should incur any diminution of their profits. We arrived at Rio Janeiro on the morning of the 24th, after an uneventful but very enjoyable passage, losing for good the albatross, both white and sooty, that had been the yacht's companions and fellow travellers during the previous eight months, on the fourth day northward, and on the fifth and sixth days making the acquaintance of the large sphynx moth, that came on board in great quantities and bespattered everything with their presence. We had to wait outside the fort of Santa Cruz at the entrance of the harbour, until an official from it came alongside and made enquiries as to where we had come from, &c. Our replies being satisfactory, permission was given to enter and we took up an anchorage under fort Villagagnon, and in the immediate vicinity of several English ships of war, namely, *Beagle*, *Basilisk*, *Sirius*, and *Magpie*.

Now that we had seen Rio harbour, we were unanimous in awarding it the place of merit, as the most picturesquely beautiful in the world, and perhaps the finest in every respect. Sydney harbour, which runs it very close for first place on the score of natural beauty, certainly excels it as a shipping port, by having deep water close in to the shore, so that ships of the largest class can lie along-side the wharves, whereas at Rio they have nearly all to lie out in the water. The view on entering Rio harbour—allowing for the enhanced charm it must have to eyes just coming in from a long sea voyage—is particularly striking and beautiful. The fort of Santa Cruz, with its double tier of heavy guns, is on the right, and the comical looking "Sugar Loaf" Hill (1270) on the left. Further in are other forts, and here and there, lovely green islets, some surmounted by Government buildings of rather showy architecture, such as the Harbour Guard House. In the fore-ground is spread out on one of the most picturesque of sites, the capital city of Brazil, enshrined among grotesque-looking hills, of which Corcovado (2272) is the most conspicuous and fantastic in shape. Away to the right, where the largest portion of the harbour is situated, is to be seen a maze of interlacing shores, formed by the numerous sinuosities and indentations, inclosing this noble sheet of water (fourteen miles by sixteen miles) and which is surrounded by a chain of isolated low hills. Moreover, wherever your eye may turn, it is refreshed and charmed with the richness and profusion of the tropical vegetation that clothes and adorns all the varied aspects of this comprehensive and truly magnificent scene.

Our time being short the sights of Rio were quickly got through, such as (1) the market with its queer looking fish—some of them hideous looking creatures—its monkeys and parrots, and *ferae naturae* of various kinds, brought in from the country and here offered for sale, the negro vendors and hangers on, and last, but certainly not the least striking feature of the market—enough to knock you down—was its awful, overpowering, pestilential stinks; (2) the shops in the Rua Ouvidor (the principal street), in which are a great display of costly goods. The shopkeepers complained to us that the trade in *objets de luxe*, had greatly fallen off, since the abolition of slavery four years ago, as so many of the coffee and sugar planters had been ruined through it, owing to the cost and scarcity of labour, because the liberated negro, although well paid for his free labour, will only work when he chooses; (3) The botanical gardens, with their splendid avenue of royal

palms—the finest sight of the kind in the world, and where also we saw the largest known meteorolite—five tons in weight, and composed of iron and nickel, that fell at Bahia some years ago, and is now placed on a pedestal on an artificial islet in the aquatic plant pond of the gardens ; (4) The railway up Corcovado, with its ascent of from twenty-five to thirty degrees, on the Righi system, with central rail and cogged wheel ; (5) The magnificent view you get from the top of it ; (6) The Jesuit aqueducts ; (7) The trams to the suburbs—everybody goes by tram—and the stylish looking Quintas, or suburban mansions of the wealthier classes, embowered in palms—Brazil is the natural home of the palm—and various tropical flowering and ornamental trees and shrubs. I intended visiting the large Misericordia Hospital, with its eighteen hundred beds, but with the bad reputation of Rio for "Yellow Jack," it was not considered advisable by my companions to do so, although this is the healthy season.

Rio and the other coast cities of Brazil are quite healthy, as much as London or New York, from the beginning of May to the end of November (the country inland is so all the year round) but from the latter date to the end of April, yellow fever is always prevalent and sometimes to a terribly fatal extent. The climate is especially dangerous to Europeans during these five summer months, and we heard of a melancholy illustration of this in the case of eleven clerks, sent out by a London and Brazil Bank, and of whom, no less than seven died in the course of the first year. All the Consular representatives reside at Petropolis, about twenty miles out, which has the reputation of being exempt from the endemic malady, but they say of it that it is a very dull place to live at, possessing neither the amusements nor the society of Rio.

At present the Brazilians are in as great a state of dread about cholera from Europe as ever Europeans could be about yellow fever, and to such an extent is this the case, that Mr. Wythes, who understands these matters, told me that all British vessels should be cautious on entering the port at the present time, for in the first place the signal staff on Santa Cruz, on which the signal, "Heave to" is displayed, is in so obscure a position, that it might easily escape being noticed ; and secondly, if the too enthusiastic individual in the Fort is afraid that his orders are not going to be obeyed, having first fired two blank charges, but without sufficient interval to attract attention, he will quickly follow them with a shot. Only a short time ago, Lambert and Holt's boat was 'holed,'

filling her fore compartment. Beside the damage thereby done to the ship and cargo, this was a high-handed act, because in this case the signal "Heave-to" was not even displayed. Vessels, when leaving the harbour, are given a "pass-word" (the word when we left was "Bahia," and which we chalked on a piece of black painted canvas and hung out over the ship side), which is to be shouted or displayed on a board, &c., and it is extremely probable that the same extraordinary courtesy would be extended to a leaving vessel, should the Colonel of the Fort happen to be suffering from temporary deafness or blindness.

Brazil has but a small army, only fourteen thousand for a country as large as the whole of Europe; but then its population is small, being only equal to twice that of London. One of its gallant defenders, a major in rank, tried to commit suicide while we were in the harbour, by jumping into the water from off a harbour ferry steamer, and but for our men in the yacht's launch, which happened to be passing near the spot just at the moment, he certainly would have been successful. Having picked him up in an unconscious state, they brought him on board the yacht, where everything was done for him that humanity and science could suggest, with the happy result that he came quite round and was able to leave in a few hours apparently none the worse for his self-inflicted sousing. He told us that domestic unhappiness was the cause of his trying to drown himself, but he now felt thankful that his life had been preserved. When one of our quartermasters (Marsh) passed the barracks the following day, the guard turned out and saluted the uniform of the *St. George* in recognition of what had been done for their rescued officer. The Brazilian navy is on a much larger scale than the army, as they have a long line of coast to defend, and of which we saw two large ironclads, built at Blackwall, lying in the harbour, as well as some smaller representatives of their fleet.

We left Rio Janeiro on the 28th, and after 24 hours steaming eastward to clear the coast, the *St. George* hooked on to the south-east trade wind, and sped on her course for St. Vincent under full sail. The northerly limit of this wind, on which depends the region of equatorial calms and squalls, was favourable to us on the present occasion, as it carried us gaily on to the sixth degree north. In the dead calm that then supervened the advantage of an auxiliary screw, became strongly apparent, as it enabled us to hold on our way, whereas sailing vessels are often detained weeks before they can get

wind enough to carry them through, so as to catch the trade from the opposite quarter. Our first officer tells me that when formerly in the South American Mail Service he has often passed sailing vessels becalmed in this region, and fell in with them again nearly at the same spot on his return voyage three weeks afterwards. When north of the line the wind at one time began to show signs of slackening, whereupon all available canvas was crowded on, such as stunsails and balloon sails. And a prettier sight human eyes could scarcely gaze upon than what the yacht then presented, especially by moonlight, as she floated majestically down the wind, like a great white sea bird on outspread pinions. It was the poetry of motion to be going ten knots an hour, with hardly any perception of movement, as she leant over steadily to leeward under the friendly propulsion of the travelling breeze.

On our second day out we were again visited by our old friends, the sphynx moth. It was curious to see with what avidity two Brazilian monkeys that had been purchased at Rio, devoured them, grasping the moth in their hands, much as a child would a stick of sweetmeat, and always eating them head first. Of the surface feeding ocean birds, the petrel was the only one that followed us all the way to the Cape Verd Islands—distant from Rio, two thousand, nine hundred and fifty-three miles. Whenever the galley bucket was emptied over the ship's side, they collected in astonishing numbers to feed, and amused us by their strange way of standing and walking on the water—a habit that is said to have given rise to their name from the incident in the life of St. Peter. We arrived at Porto Grande, St. Vincent (sixteen degrees, forty-five N.) on the morning of October 16th and took up a position in the harbour, on a line between the Bird Rock, which is surmounted by the tall white tower of the port entrance lighthouse, and the small innocent looking fort at the east side of the town. Rio having been our last port of call, we were afraid from what had been told us, that "pratique" would be refused us, but on showing a clean bill of health from Rio, backed by my personal assurance that all on board were in good health, permission was promptly given to haul down the yellow flag from the foretruck.

St. Vincent has a volcanic aspect—indeed so have all the Cape Verd islands—that reminded us very much of Aden. There were about a hundred and twenty English in the island, and among those of them whose acquaintance we made, were a number of pleasant young gentlemen, forming the staff

of the Brazilian S. M. Telegraph Company, who all live together in a very comfortable bungalow of the company's. Although our stay was so short they good-naturedly got up a cricket match for our amusement, batting off cocoa-nut matting as the ground was sandy and loose, and we had the pleasure of their company on board the yacht in the evening. The natives are very fond of the English, saying that but for us they would be starving, and we were told that when the late difficulty with Portugal occurred, they were for hoisting the British flag, and would have done it, if they could have induced any of the ships to sell them one, and for which they offered as much as ten pounds.

On Wednesday, the 19th, having taken live stock on board as our ice was exhausted, we started for our last calling place before reaching home, namely Funchall Madeira. The quantity of flying fish that we saw during the first part of this voyage was something quite amazing, and they appeared really to fly, fluttering their wings and turning in their flight such as we had never seen before or thought a flying fish capable of. On the evening of the 20th the Peak of Tenerife was distinctly visible far away on the eastern horizon at an estimated distance of a hundred and twenty miles. After as delightful a run as we had ever made, we arrived in the afternoon of Monday, 24th October, in Funchall Bay. As at St. Vincent we had our fears about being quarantined, especially as we understood that the Funchall authorities were extra particular on the point, in the interest of the good name of the island as a health resort. On presenting a clean bill of health, however, from Porto Grande, it was accepted as satisfactory, and as no question was asked as to our previous port of call we of course did not volunteer to mention it.

Most of the consumptive cases that formerly went to Madeira, now go to Tenerife, and we were told that this was not regretted by the Funchall people, because the sight of so many invalids, coughing and spitting as used to be the case, deterred the tourist and holiday taker and those seeking thorough change and rest, from coming to it. This may be only a sour-grapes explanation, but there is certainly much to be said in favour of Madeira in the latter capacity as it is only a four days run from Southampton, and is well adapted by its delightful and salubrious climate, to refresh and renovate the brain-fagged and physically over-toiled professional or business man. The island affords ample scope for many enjoyable excursions such as to the Grande Corral. Do not however be tempted

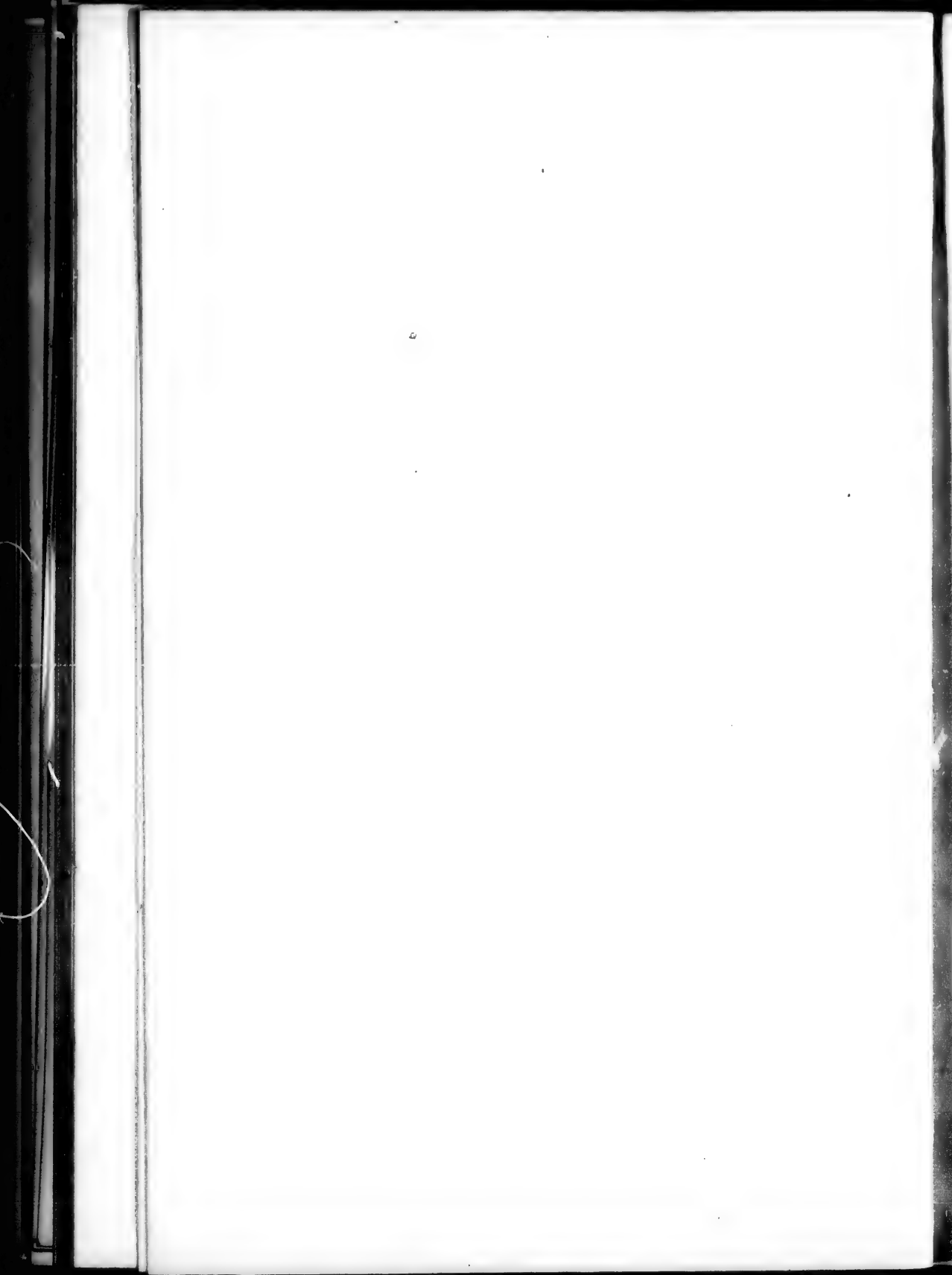
by the charms of the scenery and the exhilaration of the atmosphere to do too much in one day, or you may repent it as we did. Having only one entire day at our disposal, we endeavoured to make the most of it by going to the Corral, but although we were recompensed by what we saw it was a very toilsome journey. As I did not go all the way myself, I am indebted to Mr. Wythes for the following extract from his diary, describing it :

"We started on horseback at seven a.m., and by half-past nine had done a third of our journey up the steep road leading from the town, passing quintas (country houses), with their pretty gardens and carefully worked vineyards, the grapes being grown on lattice work, and after various adventures with cows and pigs in the narrow lanes, began to mount the hills which bound the Corral on the west. Three ranges of hills converge, and when you have reached the head of the watershed, you have a wonderful view of the Corral Valley, the sides offering a drop of four thousand feet, and a view which from its own peculiar loveliness and the mellowing effects of distance, defies description. We next proceeded up paths, which though suited to goats, makes a stranger wonder why he brought a horse there—and oh!—such places to go down!—slippery as a company promoter and steep as the dome of St. Paul's. Lovely views are to be seen—in the intervals of wondering how far you would go, if your horse fell. The horses, however, are really wonderful—seldom requiring the groom's assistance, who always accompanies them. At two o'clock we reach the place where the horses return, and then walked an awful walk—seven miles of good road, so we were told—more like twelve of the most execrable, and which delayed our start back from Ribeira Brava, a fishing village about ten miles west of Funchall, where the yacht's steam launch had been sent to meet us, so that it was eight-thirty before we got back on board."

Having taken in coal enough to steam, if necessary, the whole of the thirteen hundred miles still separating us from dear old England, we left Funchall Bay on the morning of Wednesday, 26th October ; and with a south west wind in our favour the yacht tore along at her best pace, as if impatient to be home again. This, however, only lasted until we entered the Bay of Biscay, when the wind changed to north east, and blew so fiercely, that all Sunday little or no progress was made. Matters began to mend, however, on Monday morning, and continued to do so as the day wore on, so that the yacht was

again in her best form all through Tuesday and succeeding night. The Lizard's double light showed up at eight-thirty on Tuesday night, the Start light at two a.m. on Wednesday, the Needles abeam at eleven, and we arrived in Cowes harbour at one-thirty p.m., thus bringing to a close a delightful social cruise of nearly twenty-two months duration, during which the globe had been circumnavigated and over forty-three thousand geographical miles of its seas and oceans traversed, without a death or case of serious illness, or accident, and all of us returning in as good health as when we left the shores of England on the 19th day of January, 1891.





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Of "THE AMADOR GOLD MINE, LIMITED," referred to at page 137, the following remarks appeared in the *Weekly Sun* of the undermentioned dates, and are here reprinted as a caution to investors, by showing up the subtle and far reaching machinery by which such nefarious schemes are worked.—

23rd April, 1893.—The first report by the Inspector-General in Companies' Liquidation, under Section 29 of the Companies Winding-up Act 1890 remarks that the voluntary form of winding up has in many cases been adopted at the instance of promoters or directors for the purpose of stifling investigation. We are inclined to think that the real reason why voluntary liquidation is preferred to compulsory winding up is that it is so much cheaper and quicker. At the same time there are companies where it is highly desirable that the fierce light of public examination by the Official Receiver should be shed on the methods of promoters. Such a case now exists in the Amador Gold Mine, Limited, of which Colonel Francis Lean, Major R. A. Brutton and Mr. F. M. Eden are the Directors. The company was formed in 1889, the promoters being the English and Foreign Debenture Corporation, and the Capital is £250,000, of which £50,000 was supposed to be for working expenses. Will it be believed that the company has never even had a good title to the mine, which is in California? After three years and a half of existence, the company passed a resolution to wind up on March 22 last, and why? Because the American owners of the property have got a decree from the Law Courts for restitution of the mine, the purchase never having been properly carried out. Yet a dividend of 6d. a share was declared in 1890 in spite of what we have just said. An attempt is now being made to reconstruct the company by the old method of purchasing an adjoining property, it being thus hoped to avoid investigation into the scabrous history of the company's promotion and formation.

30th April, 1893.—In the last number of the *Weekly Sun* we said that we hoped to be able to obtain further information concerning the Amador Gold Mine, a company which it has just been decided to wind up. The following statement comes from an unfortunate gentleman who appears to have sunk £1,900 in this wretched undertaking. He writes:—

"As a bonâ fide shareholder will you allow me, through your columns, on behalf of my brother shareholders and fellow victims, to mention some of the information elicited at the Meeting on March 22, as well as some

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other, about this company's history and doings that has come to my knowledge by personally visiting the mine, and holding conversations about it with some representatives of the San Francisco press, and officials of the State Mining Bureau. The mine, I may state, was first brought under my notice by Messrs. Cochrane & Sons, of 12, Cornhill, who, professing to give me, as having been an occasional client of theirs, confidential advice, wrote to me, and *strongly recommended* me to purchase some of the shares—adding that the price would be from £3 to £4 by the end of the year (1889) and that they would pay a dividend of 15 per cent. early in the following year; and further, that they themselves held 4,000 of these shares, and had no intention of selling a single one of them until they had reached that price. I at first bought only 50 at 5s. premium, but having been influenced by the glowing reports of the great wealth of the mine, which they (the Cochranes) kept constantly sending to me, such as that, as an ascertained fact, there was already in sight a practically unlimited quantity of paying low grade ore, of from 4½dols. to 13dols. a ton, while 2dols. a ton would be sufficient to pay the working expenses, and that therefore at the lowest estimate—according to the statement in one of their own business circulars—the profits could not be less than £75,000 a year, I increased my holding from time to time until I had paid them altogether £1,900 for 1,800 shares.

“The commencing of the crushing was represented to have been delayed until about June, 1890, in consequence of the bad state of the weather preventing some heavy parts of the machinery from being brought up to the mine, but the 60 stamp mill, once started, was reported as running night and day and dealing with 200 tons of good payable rock every 24 hours; and shortly thereafter a dividend of 15 per cent., as predicted, was paid to the shareholders, professedly out of the earnings of the first three months' workings. In August, however, while similar glowing accounts were still reaching us, I heard from a trustworthy source, that all the workmen had been dismissed, that the mine had been closed down, and a sheriff's officer was in charge; and having written about this to Cochrane, at the same time requesting them to immediately sell out my shares—then at 10s., but in a few days subsequently at 2s. 6d.—they wrote back that in consequence of the depressed state of the market they had been unable to sell the shares, but as to the information I had obtained about the mine, they were in a position to assure me that it was entirely erroneous, and that although they held 20,000 shares themselves, they had not lost their faith in them.

“At the annual meeting at the end of that year, the chairman had a novel story to tell the shareholders—namely, that it was not the case, as had been represented, that the company had been working the mine themselves, but that they had leased it to a Mr. Whittaker Wright for 10,000dols. a month; that the dividend that had been paid came out of his first three months' rent; that another 30,000dols. was due from him, and that he had left behind him quite £5,000 of gold in the plates, and that both of these, when realised, would be distributed to the shareholders as a second dividend. The chairman went on to say that it was quite true that the mine had stopped working for a time, but it was only until Mr. Whittaker Wright could meet with honest servants, as he found he was being robbed of the gold as fast as it was turned out. This story was confirmed by the managing director of the English and Foreign Debenture Corporation, who said at the meeting that during all the time he was in Jackson (the neighbouring town in California) he had never

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met with an honest man, with one exception. At the last annual meeting another story was told us—that instead of getting the 30,000 dols. from Mr. W. Wright, they had to pay him over £2,000 as compensation for being disturbed in his lease. As to the disputed title we were then told that it need give the shareholders no anxiety, as it had been properly registered, and that as American laws were based on the same principle of justice as our own, the validity of our title would certainly be maintained by our Law Courts. The truth about the title at last came out at the meeting on the 22nd inst., when it was admitted that the company had no title, nor ever had one, to the Amador Gold Mine property, and that the American vendors, having established their claim to the restitution of the property, refuse all proposals for amalgamation and reconstruction."

We may remark here that the entire property of the Amador Gold Mine, Limited, in Amador County, California, was sold by the sheriff on January 30, 1893, and bought by parties adverse to the company. To go back a little to the history of the mine. My correspondent says that it was bought by a man named Minear from the original owner, and capitalists were found who spent about £50,000 on it in erecting a 60-stamp mill and machinery, and about a mile and a quarter of tunnelling. But with the exception of a small lode that would keep a five-stamp mill employed, none of the rest of the rock would pay for milling. "After trying in vain to raise more capital in the States, Minear was sent to London to sell it to an English company on certain specific terms—namely, £127,000—of which £50,000 was to be paid in cash and the balance in shares. Having duly arrived in London, Minear sold it to the English and Foreign Debenture Corporation, that is the Cochranes." We had something to say about this corporation in the *Sunday Sun*, of October, 30, 1892, for it is really nothing more than the promoting agency of the Cochrane group. To continue our correspondent's story:—

"Now the English and Foreign Contract Corporation, having purchased the mine and plant for £127,000, paid for it *in shares only*, and profess to say that Minear never told them that £50,000 was to be paid in cash, and that they trusted his word as he was armed with a very full power of attorney. How, then, did Minear get possession of the deeds of the Amador property? We were told by the board on the 22nd that they could not well explain it, but supposed that Minear must have imposed upon Mr. William Wallis—son of Senator Wallis—to whom had been deputed the power to give the order to liberate them, on his being satisfied that the American terms of sale had been fully complied with, and that Minear must have telegraphed or written him to that effect, and so fraudulently induced him to authorise Wells, Fargo & Company to give them up to him. Whether this dirty job was done by Minear alone or in collusion with other very much interested parties, the general facts of the case appear to afford the explanation which the board profess to be unable to give. Another trick seems to have been played upon the American vendors, for no sooner did Minear get the £127,000 in scrip than he pawned it with the London and Universal Bank (Cochrane's Bank, which they also strongly recommend to their clients as a safe investment paying 8 per cent.) for £8,000—professedly to pay off arrears of working expenses due against the mine, but the effect of this mortgage to the American vendors was to prevent them from selling their shares, and taking advantage of the fictitious value that had been created for them by the company's mendacious reports from the mine."

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Having got their sham title registered in the district American courts the English and Foreign Debenture Corporation floated the "Amador Gold Mine Limited," with a capital of £250,000, of which £50,000 was to be for working expenses. No prospectus was ever issued, but Amador shares suddenly appeared on the tape, and an effort was made to work them off on the public, by means of Messrs. Cochranes', the outside brokers, puffing circulars. From time to time encouraging reports were sent home from the mine by a Mr. James Dye. At the last meeting Mr. Dye was present, and shareholders were invited to ask him any question. Here we return once more to our correspondent's letter. He says:—

"I accordingly took advantage of this offer and read out to him the following reports that were signed with his name and purported to have been written by him, and requested him to state if their contents were true:—'The mill has run 60 days to August 1, 45 stamps, running day and night; 6,750 tons of ore have been treated—net profit to Amador Gold Mine, Limited, 30,000dols. I will have a ton of ore crushed next week at the 550ft. level, and will wire you the result as soon as possible. With regard to the ore in sight, without any further development in sinking, there is sufficient of the best ore to last 16 months—say 100,000 tons. This worked out at 6,000 tons per month, will give 16 months—and mind, I am absolutely safe in saying this. On the second west vein and the first west vein I have figured it out to be sufficient to last 13 years. Dr. Bosie, one of the owners of the Kennedy Mine, near here, and a great friend of Parks, told me to-day that the ore from the lower level milled 13dols. The cost of working the ore is from 2dols. to 2.50dols. per ton, and we can mill 24 tons per day.' The following is a cablegram from Mr. Dye: '13.84dols per ton.' Now sir, Mr. Dye had to confess, and did confess, that these reports in all essential points were absolutely untrue, and I am amply justified, by the use made of them in my own case, in assuming that they were 'made to order,' with the express object of deceiving the shareholders and the investing public, and of manufacturing a fictitious market for the Amador Company's shares. Mr. Dye is not a mining engineer, but was a clerk of Cochranes', and when I visited the mine he apparently was in sole charge of it, and at first refused me admittance, unless I produced a letter from the Cochranes.

"At the request of the chairman—who had referred to the matter in his remarks—Mr. Dye entered into a lengthy description of the wonderful indications of richness of the adjoining mine, the Amador Queen, which had been recently purchased by the Cochranes, by the foreclosure of a mortgage held over it of from £2,000 to £3,000, and upon the surface area of which, it now turns out, that the much vaunted mill of the Amador Gold Mines is situated—another trick of that naughty Minear, so it is said, and of which, of course, the poor-souled and unsuspecting Cochranes knew nothing about when they bought the Amador Gold Mine and its milling plant from him. The apparent object of Mr. Dye's eulogy of the Amador Queen was a proposal of reconstruction that would include it, but the real and primary one was to draw off the attention of the shareholders from regarding the wrong that had been done them over their own mine, and to get them to condone it and whitewash the Cochranes and their partisans, by agreeing to go into voluntary liquidation. On the occasion of my visiting the mine I met in Jackson Mr. Darling, who had been manager of it, at the time when these reports of Mr. James Dye were concocted, and having induced him, along with the

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editor of the local newspaper, the *Amador Ledger*, to accompany me over the property, I asked him the following questions.

(1) "How was it that you, being the mine manager, did not sign these reports instead of Dye?" His answer was: 'I was asked to do so, but got out of it by saying that I was Mr. Whittaker Wright's servant.' (2) 'Was any gold at all got while working the 60-stamp mill with the stuff that I saw in the bins (and of which I took a sample)?' His answer was: 'None whatever, for the little bit of good ore was lost amongst so much rubbish.' (3) 'Why was the mill used on such rubbish at all?' He replied: 'It was because of the orders from London to work the whole 60 stamps, no matter with what stuff, so that a report that all the 60 stamps were at work could be sent.' (4) 'Was the lease of the mine to Mr. Whittaker Wright a reality?' He said it was a paper reality, but it had no substantial existence, as Mr. Whittaker Wright had never been near the mine, and the worthless sulphurets were still lying in the shed as not worth removing. It was a sham lease to save their bacon after issuing such lying reports. Now, sir, seeing we unfortunate bonâ fide shareholders have been robbed of our money by these lies, and that a confidence trick has been practised upon us by these Cochranes 'strongly recommending' us—as their only too confiding clients—to buy their own worthless goods, do you not think that the law could be successfully appealed to, to compel them to refund it?"

The above is the version of the Amador Gold Mine as given by our correspondent. Much of it we know to be true, and we believe the whole of the story is accurate in the main. We have not space this week to deal further with the subject, and we therefore must reserve our comments until the next issue.

7th May, 1893.—Last week we gave a startling account of the Amador Gold Mine which was sent to us by an unfortunate shareholder, who has been victimised to the extent of £1,900. Our correspondent concluded his long letter by asking whether the law could not be appealed to in order to compel the Cochranes to refund his money. We are not at all sure that it could not. Here are the facts:—The English and Foreign Contract Corporation is started in 1888 by the Cochranes and Mr. C. Harrison, an American, who is called managing director. This Corporation pretends to acquire and resell to the Public the Amador Gold Mine in California. The American vendor having received £127,500 in shares as his purchase price, pawns the whole block of shares for £8,000 at the Cochrane's bank, the London and Universal. No prospectus is ever issued, but Amador shares are dealt in on the Stock Exchange—that is to say, "wash" sales are made, and the price is quoted on the tape. Then comes the part of Messrs. Cochrane and Sons, stockbrokers.

According to their advertisement in the *Mining Manual*. "This old-established firm has for nearly a quarter of a century gained the highest reputation for the character of its dealings. . . . They had never recommended pools, syndicates, or other ventures of a *pernicious* nature." To keep up this reputation they strongly recommended in their circulars the purchase of Amador shares and shares in the London and Universal Bank. A paper called *Society*, which was then owned by the Cochranes, curiously enough was also a great believer in Amador shares. While a fictitious market is being made on the Stock Exchange the outside brokers, Cochrane and Sons, 13 and 14, Cornhill, are busy working them off on the public

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whenever they can do so. It may interest people to know that *Grosvenor and Co.*, another firm of touting brokers was, and may be still, an alias of the Cochranes. Just as a gentleman named Ferdinando has run bucket-shops at different times under the names of "*Stanley Chester and Co.*," "*Stanhope and Co.*," "*Howard Bruce and Co.*," &c., so the Cochranes have dissembled as "*Grosvenor and Co.*" and "*Muir and Co.*"

All through the Amador business the Cochranes are the guiding spirit. Our correspondent alleged last week, and we have received no contradiction, that a Mr. James Dye, who sent the reports as to the operations of the mine, was *not* a mining engineer but a clerk of the Cochranes! Again, as there was no prospectus and no public issue of Amador shares, whose were the shares, we wonder, that the Cochranes had for disposal in tens of thousands? And, after all, the Amador Company never had a good title to the property, although the shares were sold as fast as possible to the credulous public. A voluntary reconstruction has recently been decided upon; but we think that it is a case where a compulsory winding-up order should be applied for, in order to have the affairs of the Amador Company thoroughly exposed. We have thought it right to deal at length with the matter, because the Cochranes are spreading their nets very wide. We are frequently asked whether the shares of the London and Universal Bank are safe? The answer is that the bank is another name for Cochrane, the money lender, as was disclosed in the action against Mr. Baring last October when it came out that his bill had been discounted at 60 per cent. The *Cercle de Luxe* is another creation of the Cochranes, and we may sum up the family by saying that they run a promoting company, a club, a bank, and bucket-shops. We have given the trading names of these concerns, and the public will now know by whom their strings are really pulled.



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